

THE
SATIRES
OF
HORACE.

IN LATIN and ENGLISH.

WITH

Critical NOTES collected from the best
Latin and French COMMENTATORS.

*Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetis,
Excerptam numero; neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis—* SAT. 4. L. 1.

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE first and principal Intention of this Work, was to explain, perhaps, the most difficult Author in the Latin Tongue; an Author who will always be more admired in proportion to his being better understood. Such a Design, if tolerably well executed, seemed to deserve some Encouragement; but to preserve his original Spirit in a punctual, regular Translation hath been so long considered as desperate, that it were hardly modest to attempt it.

Every Reader is a Critic in proportion to his Abilities and Judgment. He proposes whatever he thinks difficult, and expects an Explanation suited to his Taste and Understanding. These are too great a Number to

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be gratified by the present Work, which endeavours to explain those Passages only, that are of real, acknowledged Obscurity.

The Difficulties of Horace arise, in general, from his frequent Translations of Lines in Grecian Writers, and Parodies on those of his Cotemporaries; from his introducing new Characters on the Scene, and changing the Speakers of his Dialogues; from his not marking his Transitions from Thought to Thought, but giving them as they lay in his Mind. These unconnected Transitions are of great Life and Spirit, nor should a Translator be too coldly regular in supplying the Connexion, since it will be a tame Performance, that gives us the Sense of Horace, if it be not given in his peculiar Manner,

As his Editors have often perplexed the Text, by altering the Measures of our Author, for the Sake of a more musical Cadence, so they who have imitated or translated him with most Success in English, seem to have forgotten, that a Carelessness of Numbers is a peculiar Part of his Character, which

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which ought to be preserved almost as faithfully as his Sentiments.

Style is Genius, and justly numbered amongst the Fountains of the Sublime. Expression in Poetry is that Colouring in Painting which distinguishes a Master's Hand. But the Misfortune of our Translators is, that they have only one Style, and consequently all their Authors, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, are compelled to speak in the same Numbers, and the same unvaried Expression. The free-born Spirit of Poetry is confined in twenty constant Syllables, and the Sense regularly ends in every second Line, as if the Writer had not Strength enough to support himself, or Courage enough to venture into a third.

This unclassical Kind of Versification would be particularly unnatural in a Translation of Horace. It would make him argue in Couplets, and the Persons of his Dialogues converse almost in Epigrams. The Translator hath therefore followed the Sense in one unbroken Period. He hath often endeavoured to imitate the prosaic Cadence

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dence of his Author, when he could with much more ease, have made him write like a modern Original. He hath run the Lines into each other, as he believed it the best Manner of preserving that loose prosaic Poetry; that Negligence of Numbers, which hath ever been esteemed one of his peculiar Beauties.

If we consider the poetical Spirit, and numerous Variety of Measures in his Odes, we may believe this careless Versification in his Satires was not an Effect of Necessity, but Judgment. His frequent Use of Proverbs, and common Phrases; his different Manner of expressing the same Sentiments in his Odes and Satires, will convince us, that he really thought a Satirist and a Poet were extremely different Characters; and that the Language of Poetry was as unnatural to the Morality of Satire, as a low, familiar Style to the Majesty of an Epic Poem; or, as he himself expresses it, that the Muse of Satire walks on Foot, while all her Sisters soar into the Skies.

If

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If this Criticism be just, the Dispute between Juvenal and Horace may with Ease be decided. In Juvenal the Vices of his Age are shewn in all their natural Horrors. He commands his Readers in the Language of Authority, and terrifies them with Images drawn in the Boldness of a truly poetical Spirit. He stands like a Priest at an Altar sacrificing to his Gods; but even a Priest, in his warmest Zeal for Religion, might be forgiven, if he confessed so much Humanity, as not to take pleasure in hearing the Groans, and searching into the Entrails of the Victim.

There is a Kind of Satire of such Malignity, as too surely proceeds from a Desire of gratifying a constitutional Cruelty of Temper. The Satirist does not appear like a Magistrate to give Sentence on the Vices of Mankind, but like an Executioner to slaughter the Criminal. It was the Saying of a great Man, that he, who hated Vice, hated Mankind; but certainly he does not love them as he ought, who indulges to his natural Sagacity in a Discernment of their Faults, and an ill-

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ill-natured Pleasure of exposing them to public View.

Our Author was of another Spirit; of a natural Chearfulness of Temper, with an Easiness of Manners, fashioned by the Politeness of Courts; a good Understanding, improved by conversing with Mankind; a quick Discernment of their Frailties, but in general, so pleasing an Art of correcting them, that he reprovcs without offending, and instructs without an Affectation of Superiority. He preserves a Strength of Reasoning necessary to persuade, but without that dogmatical Seriousness, which is apt to disgust or disoblige. He has this Advantage over the rigid Satirist, that we receive him into our Bosoms, while he reasons with Good-humour and corrects in the Language of Friendship. Nor will his Satires be less useful to the present Age, than to that in which they were written; since he does not draw his Characters from particular Persons, but from human Nature itself, which is invariably the same in all Ages and Countries.

In

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In collecting the Notes, when the moral Reflexions of the Commentators seemed naturally to rise from their Author, the Translator hath been careful to preserve them, and hopes they will not be thought useless or unentertaining. In correcting the Text, the Reader will find several Alterations from the common Editions, besides those particularly marked in the Notes, but he may be assured they are of Manuscript-Authority. As to the Translation, it is cheerfully submitted to the Judgment of the Public. The Translator neither hopes nor desires, that it should be received without a fair and manly Correction. This was his first Attempt in any Kind of Writing; and if he hath offered his Opinion on the difficult Passages of his Author with that Modesty due to the Public (nor is there a single Egotism in his whole Work) let him expect such Tendernefs for his Mistakes, as he hath shewn to those of others, while he confesses, without Affectation, that he hath much need of it. If he hath made no impertinent Display of his Learning, let him not be thought ignorant;

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rant; and if in the Course of five Years he hath sometimes slumbered too long over his Work, let him not be too rudely wakened,

— A kind indulgent Sleep
O'er Works of Length allowably may creep

London, December 31.
1745.

Q. Horatii Flacci

S A T I R Æ.

THE

S A T I R E S

OF

H O R A C E.

VOL. III.

Q. HORATII FLACCI
SATIRARUM
LIBER PRIMUS.

SAT. I. *Ad* MÆCENATEM.

QUI fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem,
Seu Ratio dederit, seu Fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat ; laudet diversa sequentes ?

Horace addresses this first Satire to Mæcenas, as he hath inscribed to him the first of his Odes, Epodes and Epistles: at least they have been handed down to us in this Form, and may be considered as Dedications of the different Parts of our Poet's Works. Inconstancy and Avarice are here treated of with so much Art and Address (as indeed are all the Subjects of his Satires) that if his Odes have given our Author the Character of the first and greatest Lyric Poet, we may be bold to say, that his Epistles and Satires shall make him ever esteemed as a Philosopher inferior only to Socrates. It has been long acknowledged, that Philosophy is the Daughter of Poetry ; but she was carried off, when very young, and concealed under various Disguises. At last she hath found her real Parents, the Poets, and Horace hath been the first to raise her from Obscurity.

DACIER,

Verf. 1. *Qui fit.*] The Conduct of Mankind is a perfect Riddle. Always discontented with their present Situation, and fond of changing it for any other ; yet put it into their Power to change, and they certainly refuse, what they so ardently desired. What Words can define an Animal of this Character. SANADON.

2. *Seu*

THE FIRST
B O O K
OF THE
SATIRES of HORACE.

SAT. I. TO MÆCENAS.

WHENCE is it, Sir, that none contented lives
With the fair Lot, which prudent Reason gives,
Or Chance presents, yet all with Envy view
The Schemes, that others variously pursue?

Broken

2. *Seu ratio dederit.*] The Choice of Words in this Expression is worth observing. The Gifts of Reason are always valuable, because they are bestowed with Judgment and Discernment. *Ratio dat.* But Fortune, incapable of distinguishing, blindly throws her Favours round her. *Fors objicit.*

Perhaps the Poet intended to balance between the Principles of the Stoics, who believed, that all the Events of Life were directed by the Reason and Order of Providence; and the Opinion of the Epicureans, who imagined that the World was wholly governed by Fortune.

VETUS INTERPRES.

3. *Laudet diversa sequentes.*] Horace hath been reproached for contradicting, in this Satire, what he said in the first Ode. But he there speaks of the Passions, which direct Mankind in their Pursuits of Happiness; here he treats of the different Professions in which they are engaged.

DAC.

O fortunati mercatores ! gravis armis

Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore.

Contra mercator, navim jactantibus Austris,

Militia est potior. Quid enim ? concurritur : horæ

Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.

Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,

Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.

Ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem est,

Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.

Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem

Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi

Quò rem deducam. Si quis Deus, en ego, dicat,

Jam faciam quod vultis ; eris tu, qui modò miles,

Mercator : tu consultus modò, rusticus : hinc vos,

Vos hinc, mutatis discedite partibus ; Eia,

Quid ! statis ? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.

Quid causæ est, meritò quin illis Juppiter ambas

Iratus buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac

Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem ?

Præ-

4. *Gravis armis.*] We shall acknowledge the Necessity of this Correction (proposed by a Person, who has concealed his Name) if we consider, that Soldiers, beyond six or seven and forty Years of Age, were discharged from the Service in the Time of Augustus. Indeed it would be difficult to find an older Man, capable of carrying that almost incredible Weight of Arms and Baggage, which a Roman Soldier was obliged to bear. Besides, if these Complaints were caused by the Soldier's Age, they must probably continue for his Life ; but in the other Examples, cited by the Poet, they arise only from some light occasional Disgust. The Merchant envies the Soldier, only while the Tempest continues ; as the Lawyer, when his Clients disturb his Rest, would exchange his Condition for that of the Rustic, who envies not the Citizen, but when he is summoned to Town. What, beyond all Doubt, confirms the Necessity of this Correction, is, that when the Poet asks, why they do not accept this Offer of Jupiter, they answer, they were determined to bear the Dangers and Fatigues of their Professions, that they might gain an easy Competence for their old Age. *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.*

Broken with Toils, with ponderous Arms oppress'd,
 The Soldier thinks the Merchant solely blest.
 In opposite Extreme; when Tempests rise,
 War is a better Choice, the Merchant cries;
 The Battle joins, and in a Moment's Flight,
 Death, or a joyful Conquest, ends the Fight.

When early Clients thunder at his Gate,
 The Barrister applauds the Rustic's Fate.
 While, by Subpcenas drag'd from home, the Clown
 Thinks the supremely happy dwell in Town.

But every various Instance to repeat,
 Would tire even Fabius, of incessant Prate.
 Not to be tedious, mark the moral Aim
 Of these Examples — Should some God proclaim,
 "Your Prayers are heard; You, Soldier, to your Seas;
 "You, Lawyer, take that envied Rustic's Ease:
 "Each to his several Part — What! Ha! not move
 "Even to the Bliss you wish'd! And shall not Jove,
 With Cheeks inflam'd, and angry Brow, forswear
 His weak Indulgence to their future Prayer?

But

7. *Hæc momento, &c.*] This Merchant, according to the usual Manner of those who envy another's Profession, looks only on the favourable Side. A Battle seems to have no other Consequences attending it, but immediate Death, or glorious Victory. Indeed War has a thousand Accidents far worse than Death. DAC.

14. *Delassare Fabium.*] The antient Commentator informs us, that Fabius had followed the Party of Pompey, and that he had written several Books in Defence of the Stoic Philosophy, with which he had probably full often teized our Epicurean Poet. The Greeks had a proverbial Expression, *Εὐκλείδης ᾠδὴν ἢ καλὴν ἀνάλυσεν.* A greater Praiser than a Mile of Euripides. Or, in a late very happy Imitation,

And H——y for the Period of a Mile.

19. *Licet esse beatus.*] The direct and regular Construction requires *beatus*. Yet this Manner of Expression has a beautiful Effect in Poetry, and is frequently used by our Author.

Prætereo; ne sic, ut qui jocularia, ridens
 Percurram: quamquam ridentem dicere verum
 Quid vetat? Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi 25
 Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima.
 Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo.
 Ille gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,
 Perfidus hic caupo, miles, nautæque per omne
 Audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem 30
 Sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant,
 Aiunt, cum sibi sint congesta cibaria: sicut

Parvula

———— dederim quibus esse poetis.

———— Mediocribus esse poetis,

Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ.

23. *Prætereo.*] Mr. Sanadon has here taken a Correction from the Person, who proposed that of the fourth Line, which hath somewhat too curious not to deserve being mentioned. He reads *prætereo*, and explains the whole Passage thus.

The Poet warmly asks, why Jupiter does not determine never to be so indulgent to their Prayers again? It were natural to expect, either that Horace should make Jupiter answer, or should himself answer for him to this Interrogation. But he stops short, *prætereo*, *ne sic, ut qui jocularia, ridens percurram.* I pass over the Reason in Silence, for the Subject is too serious for jesting. Thus he insinuates, that the Gods are so interested, that the smallest Presents (such as Masters give to their Scholars) can disarm their Anger. He does not indeed speak in plain Terms, but leads his Readers to make the Comparison themselves.

There is really some Difficulty in the common Reading. It is hard to say, to what *prætereo* refers, or how to make it agree with *sed tamen* in the twenty-seventh Verse. However, we may receive the Correction of the Text, yet not be obliged to alter the usual Manner of understanding the Remainder of the Sentence.

26. *Elementa prima.*] Letters of the Alphabet. Quintilian recommends to us the Example of Philip, who would not suffer any other than Aristotle to teach Alexander to read. Of so much Consequence to their future Education is the first opening and forming the Mouths of Children. *Os puerorum institueris.* Aristotle was probably of this Opinion, when he accepted such an Employment.

28. *Ille duro, &c.*] This Line is of a Stile more elevated than the rest; and Horace gives us, from Time to Time, these Heroic Verses,

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But not to treat my Subject as in jest,
(Yet may not Truth in laughing Guise be dress'd ?
As Masters fondly sooth their Boys to read
With Cakes and Sweetmeats) let us now proceed :
With graver Air, our serious Theme pursue,
And yet preserve our Moral full in view.

Who turns the Soil, and o'er the Plowshare bends ;
He who adulterates the Laws and vends ;
The Soldier, and th' Adventurers of the Main,
Profess, their various Labours they sustain,
A decent Competence for Age to raise,
And then retire with Indolence and Ease.

MISER.

Verfes, to enliven his Subject, and awake his Reader's Attention.
DAC.

29. *Perfidus hic caupo.*] It is a little extraordinary, that none of the Commentators have taken notice of the new Character introduced here instead of the Lawyer, who is mentioned twice before, and who should have been regularly remembered with the other Actors in this Scene. The Pronoun *hic* seems to point at a Person, whom the Poet already had in his View, in opposition to *ille*. Horace often mentions the Law, and its Professors, with Epithets of Perfidy and Cunning. Perhaps the *Perfidus caupo* was intended to describe a Lawyer, who sells by Retail, and adulterates the Law, to his Clients, as Vintners dash their Wines. Ennius says of Military Vintners, *cauponantes bellum, non belligerantes*, an Expression taken from the Greek, *καταλείπει μάχην. καταλείπει ελεῖν. καταλείπει τας διας. τὴν σοφίαν καταλείπει*. St. Paul to the Corinthians, *καταλείπει τὸν λόγον τοῦ Θεοῦ*. *Adulterating the Word of God*. The Author of Hudibras of an Attorney,

Hight Whackum, bred to dash and draw,
Not Wine, but more unwholesome Law.

A Critical Letter to Dr. Hare, which the Translator never saw until these Notes were written, very justly takes notice of the new Character introduced in the Person of this Vintner, but relieves the Difficulty by a pleasant Manner of altering the Text. The Letter *fidus hic cau*, says our ingenious Critic, being transposed, give us the Word *causidicus* ; for *j* and *f* are frequently mistaken in the Manuscripts for each other, and the Letter *b* is often thrown into the Middle of a Word by the blundering of Copyists. A Manner of

Q. HORATHI FLACCI SATIRARUM Lib. I.

Parvula (nam exemplo est) magni formica laboris
 Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo
 Quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri. 35
 Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,
 Non usquam prorepat, & illis utitur ante
 Quæsitis sapiens; cum te neque fervidus æstus
 Demoveat lucro, nec hyems, ignis, mare, ferrum.
 Nil obset tibi, dum ne sit te ditior alter. 40
 Quid juvat immensum te argenti pondus & auri
 Furtim defosâ timidum deponere terrâ?

AVAR.

Quod, si comminuas, vilem redigatur ad assem.

HORAT.

At nî id sit, quid habet pulchri constructus acervus?
 Millia frumenti tua triverit area centum; 45
 Non tuus hoc capiat venter plus ac meus: ut si
 Reticulum panis venales inter onusto
 Fortè vehas humero, nihilo plus accipias quàm

Qui

Criticism not unlike that of Lord Peter, who not being able to find the Word *Shoulder-knot* in the Will *totidem syllabis*, was determin'd to find it *totidem literis*. But Mr. Markland, by this fortuitous Concourse of Letters, seems only to have intended a Sacrifice to the God of Laughter, *Deo Risui sacra facere*, according to his own Expression.

35. *Haud ignara, &c.*] Virgil calls an Ant, *hyemis memorem*. It is not only sensible of the Change of the Seasons, and Approach of the Winter, but of the Wane of the Moon, and therefore works all Night when the Moon is at full.

Horace here answers the Merchant, who says, he imitates the Wisdom of the Ant. The Poet allows the Example to be good, but by no means an Object of the Merchant's Imitation, since it wisely enjoys in Winter the Stores which it had laboured to raise in Summer. DAC.

43. *Quod si comminuas.*] The Change of the Speakers gives to the Miser his proper Language, and presses him with this Dilemma; *If you touch your Treasure, you reduce it to Nothing; and if you do*

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MISER.

For thus the little Ant (to human Lore
No mean Example) forms her frugal Store,
Gather'd, with mighty Toils, on every side,
Nor ignorant, nor careless to provide
For future Want ———

HORACE.

———— Yet when the Stars appear,
That darkly sadden the declining Year,
No more she comes abroad, but wisely lives
On the fair Store, industrious Summer gives.
For thee — nor Summer's Heat, nor Winter's Cold,
Fire, Sea, nor Sword, stop thy Pursuit of Gold;
Nothing can break th' adventurous, bold Design,
So none possess a larger Sum than thine.
But, prithee, whence the Pleasure, thus by stealth,
Deep in the Earth to hide thy Weight of Wealth?

MISER.

One Farthing lessen'd, you the Mass reduce ———

HORACE.

And if not lessen'd, whence can rise its Use?
What though a thousand Acres yield thee Grain?
No more than mine, thy Stomach can contain.
The Slave, who bears the Load of Bread, shall eat
No more than he, who never felt the Weight.

Or

not, it is perfectly useless. But he hath more Pain in being obliged
to spend a little of his Wealth, than he hath Pleasure in the Re-
mainder.

45. *Millia frumenti.*] *Centum millia modiorum*; or *millia*, like
other Nouns of Number, may be an Adjective, and, to form the
Grammatical Construction, we may read *centum millia negotia mo-
diorum*.

DAC. SAN.

46. *Hoc capiat plus ac meus.*] *Ex hoc frumento.* The Altera-
tions

B.S

Qui nil portarit. Vel dic, quid referat, intra
Naturæ fines viventis, jugera centum, an
Mille aret? —

50

AVAR.

— At suave est de magno tollere acervo.

HORAT.

Dum ex parvo nobis tantundem haurire relinquo,
Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria nostris?
Ut, tibi si sit opus liquidi non ampliùs urnâ,
Vel cyathò; ac dicas: Magno de flumine malim
Quàm ex hoc fonticulo tantundem sumere. *Et sit,*
Plenior ut si quos delectet copia iusto,
Cum ripâ simul avulsos ferat Ausidus acer.
At qui tantuli eget, quantum est opus, is neque limo
Turbatam haurit aquam, nec vitam amittit in undis.
At bona pars hominum decepta cupidine falso:
Nil satis est, inquit; quia tanti, quantum habeas, sis.

Quid

tions in this Line from the common Reading, *copiet plus quam meus*, are of Manuscript Authority.

49. *Quàm qui nil portaris.*] The ancient Romans, in Imitation of the Wisdom and Modesty of the Greeks, had usually only one Slave to carry their Luggage, when they went into the Country. Eschines reproached Demosthenes for having two Slaves to attend him in an Embassy, as if it were luxurious and effeminate.

50. *Viventis.*] *Living within the Bounds which Nature has marked for her Creature Man.* This Correction in the Reading was proposed by Mr. Cunningham, and has been received by Mr. Sanadon; nor will the Latin Syntax bear any other Manner of speaking.

54. *Ut tibi sit opus liquidi.*] This Comparison rises from the Verb *haurire*. Nothing, says Mr. Dacier, can more open our Understanding, or better direct us in forming a Judgment of the Ancients, than observing what gives Rise to their Thoughts and Expressions.

61. *Decepta cupidine falso.*] After Horace hath proved, by unanswerable Arguments, that Riches, except we use them, have nothing

Sat. I. THE SATIRES OF HORACE.

Or say, what Difference, if we live confin'd
Within the Bounds, by Nature's Laws assign'd,
Whether a thousand Acres of Demaine,
Or one poor hundred, yield sufficient Grain?

MISER.

Oh! but 'tis Joy to take from larger Hoards.

HORACE.

Yet, if my little Heap as much affords,
Why shall your Granaries be valued more
Than my small Hampiers with their frugal Store?

You want a Cask of Water, or would fill
An ample Goblet; whence the froward Will
To chuse a mighty River's rapid Course,
Before this little Fountain's lenient Source?
But mark his Fate, insatiate, who desires
Deeper to drink, than Nature's Thirst requires;
With its torn Banks, the Torrent bears away
Th' intemperate Wretch; while he who would allay
With healthy Draughts his Thirst, shall drink secure,
Fearless of Death, and quaff his Water pure.

Some, self-deceiv'd, who think their Lust of Gold
Is but a Love of Fame, this Maxim hold,
No Fortune's great enough, since others rate
Our Worth proportion'd to a large Estate.

Say,

thing valuable, beautiful, or agreeable; he now prevents an Objection, which a Miser might possibly make, that this Love of Money is only a Desire of Reputation, since we are always valued in proportion to our Wealth. This Objection might have some Weight, for a Love of public Esteem has Virtue in it. But the Miser falsely disguises his Avarice under the Name of a more innocent Passion, and wilfully mistakes. *Decepta cupidine falso.* Dæc.

62. *Quia tanti, quantum habetas, sis.*] This Judgment, as absurd as it is universal, was unhappily authorized by the Laws of Rome, to which Pliny ascribes the first Wealeness of her State.

Quid facias illi ? Jubeas miseram esse, libenter
 Quatenus id facit : ut quidam memoratur Athenis
 Sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces 65
 Sic solitus : Populus me sibilat ; at mihi plaudo
 Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.
 Tantalus à labris sitiens fugientia captat
 Flumina——Quid ! rides ? Mutato nomine, de te
 Fabula narratur. Congestis undique faecis 70
 Indormis inhians, & tamquam parcere sacris
 Cogeris, aut pictis tamquam gaudere tabellis.
 Nescis quo valeat nummus ? quem præbeat usum ?
 Panis ematur, olus, vini sextarius ; adde
 Queis humana sibi doleat natura negatis. 75
 An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque
 Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,
 Ne te compilent fugientes ; hoc juvat ? Horum
 Semper ego optarim pauperrimus esse bonorum,

AVAR.

At si condoluit tentatum frigore corpus, 80
 Aut alius lecto casus te adfixit ; habes qui
 Adfideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te
 Suscitet, ac natis reddat carisque propinquis.

HORAT.

Indeed, what Justice could be expected from Persons chosen to determine the Lives and Properties of their Fellow-Citizens, not for their Understanding or Integrity, but because they were possessed of such a certain Sum of Money ?

69. *Quid rides.*] The Miser laughs, imagining that Horace had no more Arguments to support his Cause, since he throws himself into a Tale-telling Strain. But he is soon convinced of his Mistake.

Dac.

Say, for their Cure what Arts would you employ?
Let them be wretched, and their Choice enjoy.

At Athens liv'd a Wight, in Days of Yore,
Though miserably rich, yet fond of more,
But of intrepid Spirit to despise
Th' abusive Croud — Let them hiss on, he cries,
While, in my own Opinion fully blest,
I count my Money, and enjoy my Chest.

Burning with Thirst, when Tantalus would quaff
The flying Waters — Wherefore do you laugh?
Change but the Name, of thee the Tale is told,
With open Mouth when dozing o'er your Gold:
On every Side the numerous Bags are pil'd,
Whose hallow'd Stores must never be defil'd
To human Use; while you transported gaze,
As if, like Pictures, they were form'd to please.

Would you the real Use of Riches know?
Bread, Herbs and Wine are all they can bestow.
Or add, what Nature's deepest Wants supplies;
These, and no more thy Mass of Money buys.
But, with continual Watching almost dead,
House-breaking Thieves, and midnight Fires to dread,
Or the suspected Slave's untimely Flight
With the dear Pelf — If this be thy Delight,
Be it my Fate, so Heaven in Bounty please,
Still to be poor of Blessings such as these.

MISER.

If, by a Cold some painful Illness bred,
Or other Chance, confine me to my Bed,
My Wealth shall purchase some good-natur'd Friend
My Cordials to prepare, my Couch attend,
And urge the Doctor to preserve my Life,
And give me to my Children and my Wife.

HORACE.

HORAT.

Non uxor saluam te vult, non filius; omnes
 Vicini oderunt, noti, pueri, atque puellæ.
 Miraris, quum tu argento post omnia ponas,
 Si nemo præstet quem non merearis amorem?
 At, si cognatos, nullo, Natura, labore,
 Quos tibi dat, retinere velis servareque amicos,
 Infelix operam perdas; ut si quis asellum
 In campo doceat parentem currere frænis.
 Denique sit finis quærendi: quumque habeas plus,
 Pauperiem metuas minus; & finire laborem
 Incipias, parto quod avebas: ne facias quod
 Ummidius qui tam (non longa est fabula) dives
 Ut metiretur nummos, ita sordidus ut se
 Non umquam servo melius vestiret, ad usque
 Supremum tempus, ne se penuria victus
 Opprimeret, metuebat: at hunc liberta securi
 Divisit medium, fortissima Tyndaridarum.

AVAR.

Quid mihi igitur suades? ut vivam Mænius? ac sic,
 Ut Nomentanus?—

HORAT.

88. *At si cognatos.*] This Passage, says Mr. Dacier, hath more Difficulty than appears at first Sight. If we understand it, that Nature gives us Relations without Trouble, the Sense is flat, and unworthy of our Author. If we construe it, with the ancient Commentator, *nullo tuo labore*, it hath hardly any Meaning, and is not even Latin. The Punctuation will assist us to clear the real Perplexity and Confusion in the Words. They may be then easily ranged, *At si cognatos, quos Natura tibi dat, retinere velis nullo labore.*

100. *Fortissima Tyndaridarum.*] The Daughters of Tyndarus, Helen and Clytemnestra, who killed their Husbands, Deiphobus and Agamemnon. The Copyists being used to the Word *Tyndarida*, by which Castor and Pollux are frequently called, have here mistaken the Masculine for the Feminine Gender, writing the Word *Tyndaridarum*.

CUNINGHAM. SAN.

101. Ut

HORACE.

Thy Wife and Children with Impatience wait
Thy dying Breath. With universal Hate
Thy Neighbours and Acquaintance all pursue thee,
And untaught Infants even with Horror view thee.
What wonder, that they justly prove unkind,
When all thy Passions are to Gold confin'd?

Nature, 'tis true in each Relation gave
A Friend sincere; yet what you thus receive,
If you imagine, with an alien Heart,
And careless Manners to preserve; your Art
As well may teach an Ass to scour the Plain,
And bend obedient to the forming Rein.

Yet somewhere should your Views of Lucre cease,
Nor should your Fears of Poverty increase,
As does your Wealth; for since you now possess
Your utmost Wish, your Labour should be less.

Ummidius once (the Tale is quickly told)
So wond'rous rich he measur'd out his Gold,
Yet never dress'd him better than a Slave,
Afraid of starving ere he reach'd his Grave;
But a bold Wench, of right Virago Strain,
Cleft with an Axe the wretched Wight in twain.

MISER.

By your Advice what Party shall I take?
Like Mænius live a Prodigal, and Rake
Like Nomentanus?

HORACE.

101. *Ut vivam Mænius, ac sic, ut Nomentanus.*] We have the History of Mænius at length in the fifteenth Epistle of the first Book. Lucilius informs us, that he sold his House in the Forum, reserving only a Balcony to see the public Games. *Mænius columnam cum exciperet.* The Name of this Nomentanian, (so called from Nomentum, the Town where he was born) was Lucius Cassius.

HORAT.

Pergis pugnancia secum

Frontibus adversis componere. Non ego, avarum

Cum veto te fieri, vappam jubeo ac nebulonem.

Est inter Tanaïm quiddam socerumque Viselli.

Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines,

Quos ultra, citraque nequit consistere rectum.

Illuc, unde abii, redeo. Nemon' ut avarus

Se probet, ac potius laudet diversa sequentes?

Quódque aliena capella gerat distentius uber,

Tabescat ò neque se meliori pauperiorum

Turbæ comparet! hunc atque hunc superare laboret?

Sic festinanti semper locupletior obstat:

Ut quàm carceribus missos rapit ungula currus;

Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus, illum

Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.

Inde

Pergis pugnancia secum.] The Miser hitherto justifies his Avarice in the best Manner he can, but it does not appear, that he hath yet past in Practice from one Excess to the other. How then can Horace reproach him with such a Contradiction in his Character? Certainly the Poet does not mean it. *Pergis pugnancia secum frontibus adversis componere*, must be understood, *pergis te defendere componendo pugnancia frontibus adversis*. The Miser, by continuing to defend himself, runs into an Extreme directly opposite to that, which he is advised to leave. SAR.

105. *Tanaïm, socerumque Viselli.*] These Persons are wholly unknown to us, nor does it appear, whether the Poet sets them in opposition for their moral Vices, or their personal Deformities. The ancient Commentator indeed informs us, that Tanaïs was a Freed-man of Mæcenas, and that this Father-in-law of Visellius had a Rupture. But we know not whence he got their History, and therefore cannot depend on it.

108. *Illuc, unde abii, redeo.*] Mr. Sanadon, not unjustly, blames our Poet for this Digression from his Subject; for indeed, such Wanderings are more allowable in Lyric Poetry, than in Poems of serious and moral kind.

Nemon' ut avarus se probet.] Horace now returns to his Subject, which he left in the twenty-third Line. The Miser thinks himself the most miserable of Mankind, yet there is equal Wretchedness

HORACE.

Why will you pretend,

With such Extremes, your Vices to defend?

The sordid Miser when I justly blame,

Would not have you prodigal of Fame,

Scoundrel or Rake; for sure some Difference lies

Between the very Fool, and very Wise.

Some certain Mean in all Things may be found,

To mark our Virtues, and our Vices bound.

But to return from whence we have digress'd —

And is the Miser, then, alone unblest?

Does he alone applaud his Neighbour's Fate,

Or pine with Envy of his happier State?

To Crouds beneath him never turn his Eye,

Where in Distress the Sons of Virtue lie,

But, to outspeed the Wealthy, bend his Force,

As if they stop'd his own impetuous Course?

Thus, from the Goal when swift the Chariot flies,

The Charioteer the bending Lash applies,

To overtake the foremost on the Plain,

But looks on all behind him with Disdain.

From

es in all Professions, and Conditions of Life. Thus the Poet would convince us, that Mankind are generally as unhappy by their inconstancy, as their Avarice, which is the very Point he was obliged to prove. We may remark, with how much Art he returns from his Digression. *Probare se*, and *laudare se*, are synonymous Words to express, *He thinks himself happy*. DAC.

III. *Melliori turba*.] This Reading was recovered from an ancient Manuscript by Mr. Cuninghame, and is received into the Text by Mr. Sanadon. It adds a new Thought to the Sentence, and the usual Epithet, *majori*, is express'd in the Word *turba*. To look down on Crouds of valuable People in Distress, would be a wise Method of making us enjoy our own Conditions of Life with Satisfaction. Yet Mankind, who were born to be happy, too frequently view their present Circumstances in that Point of Light alone, which renders them most disagreeable.

114. *Ut quum carceribus*.] This Comparison equally shews the Folly

Inde fit, ut raro, qui se vixisse beatum
 Dicat, & exacto contentus tempore, vitâ
 Cedat uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.
 Jam satis est: ne me Crispini scrinia lippî
 Compilasse putes, verbum non ampliùs addam.

Folly and Ambition of Mankind. In the Chariot-race the Prize was given only to the foremost; but Happiness is not given to the first in our Pursuit of Riches. The Poet, apprehensive that long a Dispute might grow tedious to his Readers, ends it with the beautiful Comparison, which he hath enlivened by the Language of the Sublime. Would to Heaven, says Mr. Dasier, that Writers of our Times could imitate this Address.

118. *Vitâ cedat, uti conviva satur.*] There are few People, says Epicurus, who do not go out of Life, as if they were just come in to it; from whence their Lives, as Lucretius expresses it, are always

SAT. II. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

AMBUBAIARUM collegia, pharmacopolaë,
 Mendici, mimæ; balatrones hoc genus omne
 Mœstum

Our Poet looked upon Adultery with so much Horror, that in the Odes he calls it the Source from whence all the Misfortunes which afflicted Italy, arose. The second Excess, which Horace blames in this Satire, is the Vice of frequenting public Stews, and the Folly of being ruined by conversing with common Women. Thus far he may deserve our Praise, and the Satire may not be useless to the present World. But while he would direct us in a virtuous Medium between these two Extremes, he unhappily falls into Crimes, which we ought to be ashamed to name. He justly becomes an Object of his own Satire, and a Proof, that Fools, (those who suffer themselves to be governed by irregular Passions) while they avoid one Excess, constantly run into another. Such ever has been human Nature, since it lost its original Purity, when left to the Guidance of Natural Religion. For whatever our present Race of young Philosophers may think; however perfect Natural Religion may appear in Theory, it never has been able, in Practice, to preserve its wisest Votaries from Vices most abominable, and a Manner of Reasoning most infamous.

With

from hence, how few, like fated Guests, depart
from Life's full Banquet, with a chearful Heart?
But let me stop, lest you suspect I stole,
from blind Crispinus, this eternal Scrowl.

perfect. Perhaps our Poet had in View an Expression of Aristotle, *We should go out of Life, as we ought to rise from a Banquet, neither thirsty nor full of Wine.*

[120. *Crispini lippi.*] Crispinus was a blear-eyed, impertinent scribbler, *non oculorum ratione, sed mentis*, says the Scholiast, which Lord Rochester seems to have translated, *Who squints more in his Judgment than his Sight*; although Mr. Dacier thinks it unworthy of Horace. However, it is not unpleasant, to find our Poet apprehensive of being suspected of pillaging poor Crispinus, especially after the last beautiful Comparison. Yet Mr. Pope has been charged with a Theft, not unlike this, in stealing his own Lines from Mr. More.

SAT. II. TO MÆCENAS.

THE Tribe of Minstrels, strolling Priests and Players,
Perfumers, and Buffoons, are all in Tears,
For

With Preservatives of this Kind against the Poison of the present Satire. It may be translated, and not without Advantage to the present Age. Perhaps, as Mr. Dacier observes, we imprudently endeavour to conceal these dangerous Passages of ancient Authors from the Eyes of Youth, who might better be permitted to see them, under the Direction and Temper of their Teachers. Is it not waiting until the Storm of the Passions is raised, which drives them upon unknown Rocks, so fatal to their Virtue; that might have been prudently pointed out to them in the calmer Hours of Life?

Verf. 1. *Ambucatarum.*] *Women who played on the Flute.* It is derived from a Syrian Word, for the People of that Country usually excelled on this Instrument. *Pharmacopola* is a general Name for all who deal in Spices, Essence, and Perfumes. Ton.

2. *Mendici, mimæ, balatrone.*] The Priests of Isis and Cybele were Beggars by Profession, and under the Veil of Religion were often guilty of the most criminal Excesses. *Mimæ* were Players of the most debauched and dissolute Kind; and *balatrone* in general signifies all Scoundrels, Buffoons and Parasites, who had their Name, accord-

Mœstum ac sollicitum est cantoris morte Tigelli ;
 Quippe benignus erat. Contra hic, ne prodigus esse
 Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
 Frigus quo duramque famem depellere possit.
 Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
 Præclaram ingrata stringat malus ingluvie rem,
 Omnia conductis coëmens obsonia nummis :
 Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,
 Respondet. Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.
 Fufidius yappæ famam timet ac nebulonis,
 Dives agris, dives positis in scœnore nummis :
 Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat ; atque
 Quantò perditior quisque est, tantò acrius urget :
 Nomina sectatur, modò sumptâ veste virili
 Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
 Juppiter, exclamat, simul atque audit ? At in se
 Pro quæstu sumptum facit hic. VII credere possis

according to the old Commentator, from Servilius Balatro. *Balatro* *grones hoc genus omne*, for *omne hoc balatronum genus*, is a remarkable Sort of Construction. TOR. SAN.

3. *Tigellus.*] Tigallus was merely formed for Diversion : A Kind of Creature always acceptable to the Great. Of elegant Taste in Music ; a lively Buffoon ; a dexterous Flatterer, who had successively been a Favourite to Julius Cæsar, Cleopatra, and Augustus. Horace hath in three Lines made his Funeral Oration ; by telling us he had ruined his Fortune among Scoundrels of this Kind, by whom alone he was lamented, when he died. COMMENT. SAN.

13. *Dives agris.*] Mr. Sanadon justly suspects this Line, which more properly belongs to the Art of Poetry, and is here used without any Necessity : Nor is it the Custom of Horace to copy himself, without changing his Expression. However, we have one Instance in his Odes — *Mater sæva Cupidinum.*

14. *Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat.*] *Caput* is the Principal, *merces* the Interest, and *exsecare* is to deduct the Interest before the Money.

but Tigellius, sweetest Songster's dead,
 sure the Soul of Bounty with him fled.
 hold a Wretch, in opposite Extreme,
 fearful of a Spendthrift's odious Name,
 dare not even a sordid Pittance give,
 raise a worthy Friend, and bid him live.
 ask another, why, in thankless Feasts,
 Wealth of all his frugal Sires he wastes;
 in the luxurious Treat profuse supplies
 he borrow'd Sums — because I scorn, he cries,
 be a Wretch of narrow Spirit deem'd —
 some condemn'd, by others he's esteem'd.
 Fufidius, rich in Lands, and large Increase
 growing Usury, dreads the foul Disgrace
 be call'd Rake; and, ere the Money's lent,
 prudently deducts his Cent per Cent.
 then, as he finds the Borrower distress'd,
 he demands the higher Interest,
 lends profusely to the lavish Heir,
 whose Guardians prove too frugally severe.
 powerful Jove, th' indignant Reader cries,
 but his Expences, with his Income, rise" —

No—

Money is lent. For Instance, Fufidius lent an hundred Pounds,
 at the End of the Month the Borrower was to pay him an
 hundred and five; Principal and Interest. But he gives only ninety-
 Pounds, deducting his Interest when he lends the Money,
 which thus increases in twenty Months equal to his Principal.
 The Laws allowed an Usury called *Usuria centesima*, which doubled
 the capital Sum in an hundred Months, or eight Years and four
 Months.

TOM.

[*Nomina jectatur.*] *Nomen* signifies a Debt, because the Bor-
 rower gave the Lender a Note of Acknowledgment for the Money,
 signed with his Name. The Laws forbade lending Money to Mi-
 nor Persons under the Age of five and twenty Years. Cato.

20. Peter

Quàm sibi non sit amicus: ita ut pater ille, Terenti
 Fabula quem miserum nato vixisse fugato
 Inducit, non se pejùs cruciaverit atque hic.
 Si quis nunc quærat, quò res hæc pertinet? Illuc:
 Dum vitant stultæ vitia, in contraria eurrunt.
 Malchinus tunicis demissis ambulat: est qui
 Inguen ad obscœnum subductis atque facetus.
 Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum:
 Nil medium est. Sunt qui nolint tetigisse, nisi illas,
 Quarum subfutâ talos tegat insita veste:
 Contra alius nullam, nisi olenti in fornice stantem.
 Quidam notus homo cùm exiret fornice: Macte
 Virtute esto, inquit sententia dia Catonis.
 Nam simul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,
 Huc juvenes æquum est descendere, non alienas
 Permollere uxores. Nolim laudari, inquit,
 Sic me, mirator cunni Cupiennius albi.
 Audire est operæ pretium, procedere rectè
 Qui mœchos non vultis, ut omni parte laborent;
 Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
 Atque hæc rara, cadat dura inter sæpe pericla.

20. *Pater ille Terenti.*] Menedemus, and his Son Clinias, the Self-Tormentor of Terence.

25. *Malchinus.*] A Word derived from *μαλθακός*, *effeminate*. The old Commentator informs us, that some People imagined, *Malchinus* means his Patron Mæcenas, whom Velleius describes, *Florus in Idleness and Luxury beyond even a Woman's Effeminacy*. But is hardly possible, that he should thus ungratefully outrage a Man from whom he had received the last Obligations, and for whom he professes the tenderest Affection.

27. *Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.*] We know not who the Persons were; but, whether because they were People of Distinction, or supported by Men in Power, we find, this Line was publicly resented.

31. *Macte virtute esto.*] We may here add what Cato said

'tis amazing, that this Man of Pelf
yet so little Friendship for himself,
even the Self-Tormentor in the Play,
who drove his much-lov'd Son away,
list the willing Tortures of Despair,
and not, with Wretchedness like his, compare.
But say, at what this tedious Preface aims —
For Fools are ever vicious in Extremes.
Soft Malchinus trails a Length of Train :
that short Robe, how filthily obscene !
Illus with Perfumes distracts your Head ;
with his own Scents, Gargonius strikes you dead.
At Youth, when wanton Wishes fire his Veins,
but a robe-de-chamber Dame disdains ;
others their safer, cheaper Pleasures chuse,
and take a willing Mistress from the Stews.
When awful Cato saw a noted Spark
from a Night-Cellar stealing in the dark,
Well done, my Friend, if Love thy Breast enflame,
Indulge it here, and spare the married Dame.
Remove the silken Veil, Cupiennius cries,
with vulgar Praise and Pleasure I despise.
All you, that with some dire Mishap may wait
on this horning Tribe, attend while I relate
what Dangers and Disasters they sustain,
how few their Pleasures, and how mix'd with Pain.

A

notus homo, this Person of Distinction, whom he found frequently in the Stews. *Young Man*, I commended you for coming hither sometimes ; not for lodging here.

8. *Audire est operæ pretium.*] Is a pleasant Parody of a solemn Stage in Ennius,

*Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui rem Romanam, Latiumque augescere vultis.*

I

AN

Hic se præcipitem testo dedit : ille flagellis
 Ad mortem cæsus : fugiens hic decidit acrem
 Prædonum in turbam : dedit hic pro corpore nummos
 Hunc perminxerunt calones : quin etiam illud
 Accidit, ut cuidam testes caudamque salacem
 Demeteret ferrum. Jure omnes : Galba negabat.
 Tutior at quantò merx est in classe secundâ !
 Libertinarum dico ; Sallustius in quâ
 Non minùs insanit ; quàm qui mœchatur. At hic si,
 Quâ res, quâ ratio suaderet, quâque modeste
 Munifico esse licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
 Esse, daret quantum satis esset ; nec sibi damno
 Dedecorique foret. Verùm hoc se amplectitur uno,
 Hoc amat, hoc laudat : Matronam nullam ego tango :
 Ut quondam Marsæus amator Originis, ille
 Qui patrium mimæ donat fundumque laremque :
 Nil fuerit mî, inquit, cum uxoribus umquam alienis.
 Verùm est cum mimis, est cum meretricibus ; unde
 Famam malum gravius, quàm res, trahit. An tibi abunde
 Personam satis est, non illud, quidquid ubique
 Officit, evitare ? Bonam deperdere famam,
 Rem patris oblimare, malum est ubicunque. Quid inter-
 est in matronâ, ancillâ, peecesne togatâ ?
 Villius in Faustâ Sullæ gener, hoc miser uno
 Nomine deceptus, pœnas dedit usque, superque
 Quàm

All ye, who wish to see the Roman Name,
 And Latium flourish with Increase of Fame,
 May with Advantage hear —

63. *Togata.*] *A Prostitute.* Women of this Kind were obliged,
 when they went abroad, to wear a Robe, called *Toga*. The Re-
 semblance of it to the Robe, worn by Men, made it a Mark of
 Infamy.

A desperate Leap one luckless Caitiff tries ;
Torn by the flagrant Lash another dies ;
Some are by Robbers plunder'd as they fly ;
Others with Gold a wretched Safety buy.
Nor seldom do they feel, with keener Smart,
Their Cuckold's Vengeance on th' offending Part.
Such various Woes pursue these Sons of Lust,
And all, but Galba, own the Sentence just.

Far safer they, who venture their Estate,
And trade with Females of the second Rate —
Yet Sallust rages here with wild Desires,
As mad as those, which lawless Love inspires."

But had he been with less Profusion kind,
Had Common Sense his lavish Hand confin'd,
He had not now been wholly lost to Shame,
In Fortune ruin'd, as undone in Fame.

But here's the Joy and Comfort of his Life ;
To swear, he never touch'd his Neighbour's Wife.

Thus, to an Actress when with lavish Hand
Maræus gave his Mansion-House and Land ;
My Soul, thank Heaven, he cries from Guilt is free ;
The wedded Dames are Vestal Maids for me.

Actress or not, the Crime is still the same,
Equal the Ruin of Estate and Fame ;
Equal the Folly, whether in Pursuit
Of Wife, or Slave, or loose-rob'd Prostitute ;
Unless you mean, content to be undone,
To hate the Person, not the Vice to shun.

Of Sylla's wanton Daughter when possess,
Villius believ'd himself supremely blest :
To a Dictator thus to be ally'd,
Oazled his Senses, and indulg'd his Pride ;

Quàm satis est, pugnis cæsus, ferroque petitus,
 Exclusus fore, cùm Longarenius foret intus,
 Huic si, mutonis verbis mala tanta videntis,
 Diceret hæc animus? Quid vis tibi? numquid ego à te
 Magno prognatum deponco consule cunnum 70
 Velatumque stolâ, mea cùm conferbuit ira?
 Quid responderet? Magno patrè nata puella est.
 At quantò meliora monet, pugnantiaque istis
 Dives opis Natura suæ! Tu si modò rectè
 Dispensare velis, ac non fugienda petendis 75
 Immiscere; tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
 Nil referre putas? Quare, ne pœniteat te,
 Desine matronas sectarier; unde laboris
 Plus haurire mali est, quàm ex re decerpere fructus.
 Nec magis huic niveos inter viridesque lapillos, 80
 (Sit licet hoc, Cerinthe, tuum) tenerum est femur,
 aut crûs

Rectius; atque etiam melius pæpè togatæ est.
 Adde huc, quòd mercem sine fucis gestat, apertè
 Quod venale habet ostendit; nec, si quid honesti est,
 Jactat habetque palam; quærit quo turpia celet. 85
 Regibus hic mos est; ubi equos mercantur, apertos
 Inspiciunt, ne, si faciès (ut sæpe) decora

Moll

67. *Quum Longarenius foret intus.*] The Commentator tells us, that Longarenius was Fausta's Husband, but he is probably mistaken. He was rather some wretched Scoundrel Gallant, and it sets the Folly of Villius in a stronger Ridicule, who, for mere Vanity, loved a Woman, that could be prodigal of her Favours to such a worthless Rival.

74. *Dives opis Natura suæ.*] Nature is sufficiently rich in her own proper Funds, without any foreign Wealth. The Riches of Nature are Health, Beauty, Good-humour; and these are all she asks. On the contrary, Names of Distinction; Honours, Qualifications, are the Riches of Fortune, which Nature never desires.

But sure, if Vanity were fairly rated,
Methinks poor Villius was full hardly treated.
Kick'd, cuff'd, and stabb'd, the wretched Coxcomb
dies,

While in the Wanton's Arms a Scoundrel lies.

Suppose, his secret Something had address'd
The luckless Youth with all these Woes oppress'd;
"Did I, when burning with my wildest Fire,"
"Did I a Maid of Quality require?"

What could he answer to the poor Forlorn?

"The jilting Quean, forsooth, was nobly born."

But Nature rich in her own proper Wealth,
In Youth and Beauty; Chearfulness and Health,
In her Pursuit of Happiness disclaims
The Pride of Titles and the Pomp of Names.

Be thine her wife Oeconomy to learn,
And real, from affected Bliss, discern.

Then, lest Repentance punish such a Life,
Never, ah! never kiss your Neighbour's Wife.
For see, what thousand Mischiefs round you rise,
And, few the Pleasures, though you gain the Prize.

What though Cerinthus doats upon the Girl,
Who flames with Emerald green, or snowy Pearl,
Is she beyond a common Mistress blest
With Leg more taper, or a softer Breast?

Besides, the public Nymph no Varnish knows,
But all her venal Beauties frankly shows,
Nor boasts some happier Charm, with conscious Pride;
Nor strives a vile Deformity to hide.

When skilful Jockeys would a Courser buy,
They strip him naked to the curious Eye;
For oft an eager Chapman is betray'd
To buy a founder'd or a spavin'd Jade,

Molli sulca pede est, emtorem inducat hiantem,
 Quòd pulchræ clunes, breve quòd caput, ardua cervix.
 Hoc illi rectè. Tu corporis optima Lyncei 90
 Contemplare oculis : Hypsæâ cæcior, illa
 Quæ mala sunt, spectas. O crus ! ô brachia ? Verùm
 Depygis, nasuta, brevi latere, ac pede longò est.
 Matronæ præter faciem nîl cernere possis,
 Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis. 95
 Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
 Hoc facit infanum) multæ tibi tum officient res :
 Custodes, lectica, ciniffiones, parasitæ,
 Ad talos stola demissa, & circumdata pallâ :
 Plurima, quæ inuideant purè adparere tibi rem. 100
 Altera nil obstat : Cois tibi penè videre est
 Ut nudam ; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi :
 Metiri possis oculo latus. An tibi mavis
 Insidias fieri, pretiumque avellier, ante
 Quàm mercedem ostendi ? LEPOREM venator, ut altâ
 In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit ; 106
 Cantat & apponit : MEVS est amor huic similis ; nam
 Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat.
 Hiscine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores,
 Atque æstus, curasque graves è pectore tolli ? 110

Nonne

101.] *Cois tibi penè videre est.*] These glassy Robes, *vitreas togas*, as Varro calls them, were invented by a Coan Woman, whose Name was Pamphila ; for, as Pliny observes, we should not defraud her of the Glory of finding this marvellous Secret of shewing Women naked in their Clothes : for they cannot swear, says Seneca, that they are not naked, when they are drest in this Manner. Publius Syrus, with greater Boldness of Expression, says,

*Equum est induere nuptam ventum textilem ?
 Palam prestare nudam in nebula linea ?*

*A woven Wind shall wedded Matrons wear,
 And naked in a Linen Cloud appear ?*

106. Cantat

While he admires a thin, light-shoulder'd Chest,
A little Head, broad Back, and rising Crest.

Th' Example's good ; then keep it in thy Mind,
Nor to the Fair-one's Faults be over-blind,
Nor gaze, with idle Rapture, on her Charms,
" Oh ! what a taper Leg ! what snowy Arms !"
For she may hide, whate'er she vainly shows,
Low Hips, short Waist, splay Feet, and hideous Nose,
All but her Face the Matron's Robe conceals,
Catia alone th' Et-cætera reveals.

But if you still pursue this dangerous Game,
Perhaps the Dangers your Desires enflame)
What military Works around her rise !
Maids, Chairmen, Footmen, Flatterers, guard the Prize:
The flowing Robe, and closely muffled Veil,
With envious Folds, the precious Thing conceal ;
But what from Nature's Commoners you buy,
Through the thin Robe, stands naked to our Eye ;
Or, if you will be cheated, pay the Fair,
With foolish Fondness, ere she shews her Ware.

As when a Sportsman through the snowy Waste,
Pursues a Hare, which he disdains to taste,
So (sings the Rake) my Passion can despise
An easy Prey, but follows when it flies.
Yet can a Song or Simile remove
The Griefs and Tortures of this wicked Love ?

[106. *Cantat & apponit.*] We are obliged to the Learning of
Cicero for an Explanation of this Passage, which hath sufficiently
plexed the Commentators. He hath happily found in Callima-
chus the Song to which the Poet alludes, and Part of which he
hath here translated.

Nonne cupidinibus statuatur Natura modum quem,
 Quid latura, sibi quid sit dolitura negatum,
 Quærere plus prodest, & inane abscindere soldo?
 Num, tibi cum fauces urit fitis, aurea quæris
 Pocula? Num esuriens fastidis omnia præter 115
 Pavonem rhombumque? Tument tibi cum inguina,
 num si

Ancilla, aut verna est præsto puer, impetus in quem
 Continuò fiat, malis tentigine rumpi?

Non ego; namque parabilem amo Venerem facilemque.

Illam; Post paulo, sed pluris, si exierit vir, 120

Gallis: hanc Philodemus ait sibi, quæ neque magno.

Stet pretio, neque cunctetur, cum est iussa venire.

Candida rectaque sit munda hætenus, ut neque longa

Nec magis alba velit, quam det Natura, videri.

Hæc, ubi supposuit dextro corpus mihi lævum, 125

Ilia & Egeria est: do nomen quodlibet illi.

Nec vereor ne dum futuo, vir rure recurat;

Janua frangatur; latret canis; undique magno

Pulsa domus strepitu resonet; ne pallida lecto

Defiliat mulier; miseram se conscia clamet; 130

Cruribus hæc metuat, doti deprensa, egomet mi.

Discinctâ tunica fugiendum est, ac pede nudo;

Ne nummi pereant, aut pyga, aut denique fama.

Deprendi miserum est: Fabio vel iudice vincam.

Were it not better Wisdom to inquire
 How Nature bounds each impotent Desire ;
 What she with Ease resigns, or wants with Pain,
 And thus divide the Solid from the Vain ?
 Say, should your Jaws with Thirst severely burn,
 Would you a cleanly earthen Pitcher spurn ?
 Should Hunger on your gnawing Entrails seize,
 Will Turbot only, or a Peacock please ?
 And will you, when a willing Girl's at hand,
 With swelling Veins, deliberating stand ?
 No — be the yielding, ready Venus mine ;
 To cooler Lovers I the Dame resign,
 Who plays the Coy-one, with a cold " Anon,"
 " A Guinea more ;" or " when my Husband's gone."
 Give me the Nymph, who flies into my Arms,
 And sets at easy Rate her willing Charms ;
 Let her be streight and fair ; nor wish to have,
 Or Height or Colour, Nature never gave :
 Then, while with Joy I clasp the pleasing Fair,
 What mortal Goddess can with mine compare ?
 No Terrors rise to interrupt my Joys,
 No jealous Husband, nor the fearful Noise
 Of bursting Doors, nor the dire Yell of Hounds,
 With which th' affrighted Matron's House resounds,
 When the pale Wanton leaps from off her Bed,
 The conscious Chamber-maid screams out her Dread
 Of horrid Tortures ; loudly cries the Wife,
 " My Jointure's lost," — I tremble for my Life :
 Unbutton'd without Shoes, I speed away,
 Lest I in Fame, or Purse, or Person pay.
 To be surpris'd is, sure, a wretched Tale :
 And for the Truth to Fabius I appeal.

SAT. III.

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
 Ut numquam inducant animum cantare rogati;
 Injussi numquam desistant. Sardus habebat
 Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar, qui cogere posset,
 Si peteret per amicitiam patris atque suam, non
 Quidquam proficeret. Si collibuisset, ab ovo
 Usque ad mala iteraret: Iô Bacche; modò summâ
 Voce, modò hac, resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.

The Morality of Zeno, among a Number of excellent Precepts, had some which really dishonoured Virtue, by rendering it impracticable and ridiculous. One of their Dogmas asserted an Equality of Vices, and as it would not acknowledge any Faults of less Malignity, so it would never pardon any, but punish all with equal Severity. Horace, in opposing this Principle, shews, that there are Faults which we ought to pardon; and that, even among those which we cannot forgive, there are some which we ought to punish with less Severity than others.

SAN.

Verf. 1. *Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus.*] The Character here given to Musicians, may be as well applied to Painters and Poets, for a Reason common to them all, and which may be well excused. Imagination is equally Mistress of these three Arts, and nothing is more difficult than to regulate or restrain her Power. Hence all the whimsical Extravagances of those who profess themselves her Votaries.

SAN.

7. *Iteraret, Iô Bacche.*] We are indebted for this conjectural Emendation to Dr. Bentley. The drinking Catch, which Tigellius incessantly repeats, probably began with the Words, *Iô Bacche*. *Citaret* is a Law-Term; and although we should allow, that it is here used for *recitaret*, yet where shall we find *recitare cantilenam*, signifying, to sing a Song? Dr. Bentley tells us, that one of his antient Manuscripts had, very probably, the present Reading, the Beginning of which, *iter*, was erased, and *cit* written by another Hand in its Place.

Modo

SAT. III:

OF this one Fault all Songsters are possest ;
Sing they can never at a Friend's Request,
Yet chaunt it forth, unask'd, from Morn to Night ;
Such was Tigellius, most inconstant Wight !
Even Cæsar, who might well his Power have shewn,
If, by his Father's Friendship, and his own,
He beg'd a Song, was sure to beg in vain,
Yet, when the Whim prevail'd, in endless Strain,
Through the whole Feast, the jovial Catch he plies,
From Base to Treble o'er the Gamut flies.

No-

*Modo summa voce, &c.] In a Tone which answers to the lowest
Base-string of the Tetrachord. The four Strings of this Instrument
were called by the Greeks ; by the Latins,*

ὑψιστή.	Summa.
Μεσσήνη.	Subsumma.
Παραμήνη.	Pene ima.
Νήτη.	Ima.

Thus the *summa vox*, which answers to the highest String,
summa chorda, must signify the Base ; and *ima vox*, that strikes
the same Tone with *ima chorda*, must signify the Treble. This
passage hath been shamefully misunderstood by the Commentators,
who tell us, that *ima* signifies, in general, the Base, and *summa*
the Treble ; not considering, that Horace, if regularly construed,
mentions the Strings of the Tetrachord by their Names ; while
they understand him as only speaking of the Voice. The whole
passage may be thus explained ; *Modo summa voce, id est, voce illa,*
quæ ita resonat in Tetrachordo, ut sit ex quatuor chordis Tetrachordi
summa, ratione loci, eademque gravissima ratione soni : modo hac
voce, quæ ita resonat in eodem Tetrachordo, ut sit ex quatuor chordis
tetrachordi, ima, ratione loci, eademque acutissima ratione soni.
Whoever would be instructed in this Subject, may read a curious
dissertation upon it, addressed to Mr. Sanadon.

Nil æquale homini fuit illi : sæpe velut qui
 Currebat fugiens hostem ; persæpe velut qui
 Junonis sacra ferret : habebat sæpe ducentos,
 Sæpe decem servos : modò reges atque tetrarchas,
 Omnia magna loquens ; modò : Sit mihi mensa tripes, &
 Concha salis puri, & toga quæ defendere frigus
 Quamvis crassa queat. Decies centena dedisses
 Huic parco, paucis contento ; quinque diebus
 Nil erat in oculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
 Manè ; diem totum stertebat. Nil fuit umquam
 Sic impar sibi. Nunc aliquis dicat mihi ; Quid tu ?
 Nullane habes vitia ? Imò alia, & fortasse minora. 20
 Mænius absentem Novium cùm carperet : Heus tu,
 Quidam ait, ignoras te ? an ut ignotum dare nobis
 Verba putas ? Egomet mihi ignosco, Mænius inquit.
 Stultus & improbus hic amor est, dignusque notari.
 Quùm tua prætereas oculis malè lippus inunctis,
 Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,

Quam

11. *Junonis sacra ferret.*] This grave and solemn March, although a religious Ceremony in its Place, yet, when improperly used, is Affectation and Impertinence. The Solemnity of this Procession became a Proverb, *Ἡερῶν βαδίζων*, to walk like Juno.

15. *Decies centena.*] *Decies centena millia.* A Million of Sesterces amounted to seven thousand eight hundred and twelve Pound ten Shillings of our Money, computing the lesser Sesterce at one Penny, Half-penny Farthing, Half-farthing. The Romans used to say, *decies millia* and *decies* alone, and *decies sestertium*.

20. *Imò alia, & fortasse minora.*] Nothing can be more strongly authorized than this Reading, which is of all the Manuscripts and of all ancient Editions. In the next Satire the Poet declares that his Faults are of a pardonable Kind, and indeed he must have reproached Tigellius, with a very bad Grace, for Crimes, of which he himself was equally guilty. *Haec fortasse minora.* Such a Poet could with very little Modesty pretend to write a Satire on the Vices of Mankind.

Nothing was of a piece in the whole Man ;
 Sometimes he like a frighted Coward ran,
 Whose Foes are at his Heels ; now soft and flow
 He mov'd, like Folks, who in Procession go.
 Now with two hundred Slaves he crouds his Train ;
 Now walks with ten. In high and haughty Strain,
 At Morn, of Kings and Governors he prates ;
 At Night — " A frugal Table, O ye Fates,
 ' A little Shell the sacred Salt to hold,
 ' And Clothes, though coarse, to keep from me the
 Cold."

Yet give this Wight, thus frugally content,
 A thousand Pound, 'tis every Penny spent
 Within the Week : He drank the Night away
 Till rising Dawn, then snor'd out all the Day.
 Sure such a various Creature ne'er was known.
 " But have you, Sir, no Vices of your own ?"
 That I have Vices, frankly I confess,
 But of a different kind, and somewhat less.

Mænius on absent Novius vents his Spleen ;
 And do you think your Follies are unseen ?
 Another answers — No. I well perceive,
 Quoth Mænius, but a kind Indulgence give
 To my own Faults. This is a foolish Love,
 And vicious ; which our Censure should reprove :
 For wherefore, while you carelessly pass by
 Your own worst Vices with unheeding Eye,
 Why so sharp-sighted in another's Fame,
 Strong as an Eagle's Ken, or Dragon's Beam ?

But

25. *Quam tua prætereas.*] The Necessity of this Correction,
 which is taken from Mr. Sanadon, appears not only from the Sense
 of the Poet, but the different Readings of Manuscripts, and Dis-

Quàm aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius? At tibi
contra

Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus & illi.

Iracundior est paulò; minùs aptus acutis

Naribus horum hominum: rideri possit, eo quòd 30

Rusticiùs tonso toga defluit, & malè laxus

In pede calceus hæret. At est bonus, ut melior vir

Non alius quisquam; at tibi amicus; at ingenium
ingens

Inculto latet hoc sub corpore. Denique teipsum

Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inseverit olim 35

Natura, aut etiam consuetudo mala: namque

Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.

Illuc prævertamur, amatorem quòd amicæ

Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa hæc

Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ. 40

Vellem

putes of Editors, whom it is impossible to reconcile, while each of them proves the other in the wrong. Some understand *pervideas*, like the Greek παραβλέπεις, *To view carelessly*, as if *per* were a Diminutive, as in *perfidus*, *perjurus*. Others read *prævideas* for *prætervideas*; an Expression unknown to the Latin Tongue. The other Alteration in this Line *malè* for *mala* is of Manuscript-Autho- rity. Our Author frequently uses *malè* for *valde*; *malè lippus*, *malè parvus*, *malè laxus*. *Tua* refers to *vitia*, which appears in the Ablative Case in the following Verse.

29. *Iracundior est paulo.*] Mr. Dacier, supported by the old Commentator and Cruquius, acknowledges in this Passage the Character of Virgil; while Dr. Bentley, with his natural Contempt of other Interpreters, finds in it the Picture of Horace himself. However, the Poet seems only to have drawn an imaginary Character, or perhaps might have thrown in some Strokes, which make it resemble Virgil and Himself. The Commentator's Tradition does honour to our Author, in shewing his Friendship for Virgil; and it were to be wish'd, for Virgil's Reputation, that he had in any one Place acknowledged that Friendship.

Acutis

at know, that he with equal Spleen shall view,
With equal Rigour shall thy Faults pursue.

Your Friend is passionate, perhaps unfit
For the brisk Petulance of modern Wit;
His Hair ill-cut, his Robe, that aukward flows,
Or his large Shoes, to Raillery expose;
The Man you love; yet is he not possess'd
Of Virtues, with which very few are blest?
And underneath this rough, uncouth Disguise
A Genius of extensive Knowledge lies.

Search your own Breast, and mark with honest Care,
What Seeds of Folly Nature planted there,
Or Custom rais'd; for a neglected Field
Shall for the Fire its Thorns and Thistles yield.

And yet a shorter Method we may find,
As Lovers, to their Fair-one fondly blind,
Even on her Uglinefs with Transport gaze;
For Hagne's Wen can good Balbinus please.

Oh!

Acutis naribus.] Is the direct Opposition to *naribus obefis*, which the Latins used to signify a Stupid, who wants the natural Quickness and Sharpness of the Senses.

SAN.

38. *Illuc prævertamur.*] The Transition is short, and consequently not extremely clear. *Prævertere* signifies to get before another by taking a shorter Path: To desire Mankind to examine their own Hearts, and enquire whether their Vices proceed from Nature or Custom; Constitution or Education; is to engage them in a long and thorny Road. It is an easier, shorter Way to mark the Conduct of others; to turn their Mistakes to our own Advantage, by endeavouring to do by Virtue, what they do by a vicious Excess.

SAN.

40. *Balbinum polypus Hagnæ.*] This Stroke is of a delicate, cruel Satire, in quoting the Folly of this poor Balbinus, as an Instance of the Virtue he would recommend. *Hagnæ*, instead of *Agne*, is of sufficient Manuscript-Authority, and hath been received by all our later Editors.

Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus, & isti
 Errori nomen Virtus posuisset honestum.
 At, pater ut nati, sic nos debemus amici,
 Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire. Strabonem
 Adpellat Pætum pater; & Pullum, malè parvus
 Si cui filius est; ut abortivus fuit olim
 Sisyphus; hunc Varum, distortis cruribus: illum
 Balbutit Scaurum, talis fultum malè pravis.
 Parcius hic vivit; frugi dicatur. Ineptus
 Et jactantior hic paulò est; concinnus amicis
 Postulat ut videatur. At est truculentior, atque
 Plus æquo liber; simplex fortisque habeatur.
 Caldior est; acres inter numeretur. Opinor,
 Hæc res & jungit, junctos & servat amicos.
 At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque
 Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. Probus quis
 Nobiscum vivit, multum demissus homo: illi
 Tardo ac cognomen pingui damus. Hic fugit omnes

Inf

42. *Nomen Virtus posuisset honestum.*] One happy Consequence would attend this Method of giving honourable Names to the Vice of Mankind, that many People, who practise Virtue only through Ostentation, would be sincere in their Actions, if it had a Name, which flatter'd their Vanity.

DAG

48. *Balbutit Scaurum.*] We are obliged to Rutgerfius for informing us, that all these Names *Strabo*, *Pætus*, *Pullus*, *Varus*, and *Scaurus*, are Surnames of illustrious Roman Families, from whence Fathers gave them to their Children, to cover their Deformities with Names of Dignity. This is one of many Beauties in the Original, which it is impossible to preserve in a Translation. Mr. De crier, to raise the Beauty of this Passage, would have us read *Scaulum*, as if the Father lispily softened the Word *Scaurum*. But, as Dr. Bentley well observes, the Word *balbutit* equally refers to *Varus*, as to *Scaurus*, and consequently the same Reason will oblige us to read *Valus*. Let us add, with Mr. Sanadon, that to pronounce L for R is not the Fault of those who lisp, but of those who speak thick. These Fathers made use of a childish Pronunciation,

like

! were our Weakness to our Friends the same,
 and stamp'd by Virtue with some honest Name.
 Let us, at least, in Friendship prove as mild,
 as a fond Parent to his favourite Child.
 with distorted Eyes the Urchin glares,
 O the dear Boy, how prettily he stares !"
 he of dwarfish and abortive Size ?
 Sweet little Moppet," the fond Father cries :
 is th' unshapen Cub deform'd and lame ?
 he kindly lisps him o'er some tender Name.
 Thus, if your Friend's too frugally severe,
 let him a wise OEconomist appear.
 he, perhaps, impertinent and vain ?
 The pleasant Creature means to entertain."
 he too free to prate, or frankly rude ?
 'Tis manly Plainness all, and Fortitude ?"
 he too warm ? No. Spirited and bold.
 Thus shall we gain new Friends, and keep the old.
 but we distort their Virtue to a Crime,
 and joy th' untainted Vessel to begrime.
 have we a modest Friend, and void of Art ?
 He's a fat-headed Slave, and cold of Heart."

While

ke that of Mothers and Nurses, when caressing their Children,
 which is what Horace calls *balbutire*.

55. *Virtutes ipsas inuertimus.*] The Poet hath chosen, for an
 example of this Truth, three Virtues, Probity, Prudence, and
 simplicity. By the last he understands a Frankness in our Ac-
 tions, which frequently passes over the Decencies of Life, rather
 through Inattention than Unpoliteness.

SAN.

57. *Multum demissus homo.*] This is not a Vice, but a Virtue,
 generally attending a real Probity. *Ea omnia quæ, proborum, de-
 missorum sunt, valde benevolentiam conciliant.* Cic. 2. Lib. de Ora-
 re. And in another Place, *Sit apud vos modestiæ locus ; sit de-
 missis hominibus per fugium.* Pro Murena.

BENT.

58. *Illi tardo ac cognomen pingui damus.*] The Commentators
 would,

Insidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum,
 (Cum genus hoc inter vitæ versetur, ubi acris
 Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimina ;) pro bene sano
 Ac non incauto, fictum astutumque vocamus.
 Simplicior quis & est (qualem me sæpe libenter
 Obtulerim tibi, Mæcenas,) ut fortè legentem,
 Aut tacitum adpellet quovis sermone molestus ;
 Communi sensu planè caret, inquit. Eheu,
 Quàm temerè in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam !
 Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur : optimus ille est,
 Qui minimis urgetur. Amicus dulcis, ut æquum est,
 Cum mea compenset vitiis bona pluribus hisce
 (Si modò plura mihi bona sunt) inclinet, amari
 Si volet : hac lege in trutinâ ponetur eadem.
 Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum,
 Postulat ; ignoscet verrucis illius. Æquum est
 Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.

Den

would, in vain, discover an Opposition between these two Words *tardus* and *pinguis*, and being under a Necessity of making one of them a Virtue, they have divided, and by dividing them have multiplied the Difficulty. Where can they find, that the Latins ever made either *pinguitudo* or *tarditas* a Virtue ? Horace opposes *tardus* and *pinguis* to *probus* and *modestus*. A Man of Probity and Modesty is often called dull and stupid. The Honour, whatever it be, of this Explanation, is due to Dr. Bentley.

59. *Latus obdit.*] The Construction is *obdit latus, nulli malo apertum*. Mr. Dacier, by some strange Mistake, in which he is followed by the Delphin-noted, and Bond's Variorum Edition, makes *obdere* signify, to shew, to lay open, or discover ; whereas it signifies, to conceal, to cover.

66. *Communi sensu plane caret.*] He wants an Understanding that distinguishes the common Decencies to be observed in addressing the Great. Such was the *Communis sensus* among the Romans, for which we have no Expression in English. *Sit in beneficio sensus communis : tempus, locum, personas observet.* SENECA. *Quæ versantur in consuetudine reipublicæ ; in sensu hominum communis.*

While we converse with an ill-natur'd Age,
 Where Calumny and Envy lawless rage,
 Where a Man by long Experience wise,
 On his Guard, nor open to Surprise?
 Caution Wisdom and prudential Fear,
 All Artifice and false Disguise appear.
 If any one of simple, thoughtless Kind,
 (Such as you oft your careless Poet find)
 No Life's politer Manners never knew,
 While we read, or some fond Scheme pursue,
 He teizes us with his meer Impertinence,
 He crys, the Creature wants even common Sense.
 What Laws; of how severe a Strain,
 Against ourselves we thoughtlessly ordain?
 We have all our Vices, and the best
 Of them, who with the innocent is oppress'd.
 A kinder Friend, who balances my good,
 And bad together, as in truth he should,
 To make my good Qualities prevail,
 Is more indulgent to the sinking Scale:
 Like Indulgence let his Friendship plead,
 His Merits be with equal Measure weigh'd;
 He who hopes his Wen shall not offend,
 Should over-look the Pimples of his Friend,
 And even in Justice to his own Defects,
 At least should grant the Pardon he expects,

But,

natura, in moribus, comprehendenda esse oratori puto. CICERO
 oratore.

BENT.

Lord Shaftesbury explains the *Sensus communis* in Juvenal, *That*
is, which regards the common Good; the public Welfare. A
 man, according to that ingenious Author, seldom found among the
 great.

Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
Fortuna

[Cum mea compenset vitiis bona.] Mr. Sanadon takes notice
 of

Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium iræ,
 Cætera item nequeunt stultis hærentia ; cur non
 Ponderibus modulisque suis ratio utitur : ac, res
 Ut quæque est, ita suppliciiis delicta coërcet ?
 Si quis eum servum, patinam qui tollere iussus
 Semefos pisees tepidumque ligurierit jus, ?
 In cruce suffigat ; Labeone infanior inter
 Sanos dicatur. Quantò hoc furiosius, atque
 Majus peccatum est ? paulum deliquit amicus ;
 (Quod nisi concedas, habere insuavis, acerbus)
 Odisti & fugis, ut Rufonem debitor æris ;
 Qui nisi, cum tristes misero venere Calendæ,
 Mercedem aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras,
 Porrecto jugulo, historias, captivus ut, audit.
 Commixxit lectum potus ; mensæve catillum
Evandri manibus tritum deiecit ; ob hanc rem,

of a faulty Transposition here, and in the tenth Line, *Sæpe* qui currebat fugiens bosem. The grammatical Order is, *Sæpe* rebat velut qui bosem fugiens currit, and *compenset mea bona vitiis*.

76. *Denique quatenus.*] The second Part of the Satire belongs here. The Stoics called all vicious People *Fools, Stultos*. *Quatenus* is frequently used by our Poet for *quoniam, since that*.

81. *Tepidumque ligurierit jus.*] Horace, to excuse the Slave says, that the Sauce was yet warm, *tepidum*, and therefore tempting. For the same Reason he says, the Fish was half eaten.

82. *Labeone infanior.*] The Scholiasts, Commentators and Interpreters tell us, that Horace means Marcus Antistius Labeo, who, in the Spirit of Liberty, frequently opposed Augustus in the Senate, when he attempted any Alterations in the State. *Agitur eum libertas nimia & vecors*, says Seneca, which might justly render him odious to Augustus. But whatever Respect our Poet has for his Emperor, yet we never find that he treats the Patron of Liberty with Outrage. Nor can we well imagine, that he thus cruelly brand a Man of Labeo's Abilities, Riches, Power, Employments in the State ; to whom Augustus himself offered the Consulship. Probably the Person here intended, was public

ut, since we never from the Breast of Fools
 root their Passions, yet when Reason rules,
 her hold forth her Scales with equal Hand,
 to punish, as the Crimes demand.
 If a poor Slave, who takes away your Plate,
 the rich Sauce, the half cold Fragments eat,
 should you crucify the Wretch, we swear
 Labeo's Madnefs can with thine compare.
 Is this Madnefs less than yours? A Friend
 with some slight Folly may perhaps offend:
 forgive him, or with Justice you appear
 harden'd Kind, inhumanly severe:
 you avoid him, and with Horror shun,
 Debtors from the ruthless Rufo run,
 who damns the Wretches on th' appointed Day,
 as Interest or Principal to pay,
 like a Captive, stretch the listning Ear,
 as tedious Tales of History to hear.
 A Friend has foul'd my Couch; ah! deep Disgrace!
 off the Table thrown some antique Vase,

Or,

own to have been guilty of some Folly not unlike what our
 et mentions. Dr. Bentley hath found a Labienus in the Time
 Augustus, whose Character fits this Passage extremely well; and
 om he therefore recommends to a Place in the Text.

86. *Rufonem.*] This Rufo was a double Torment to the poor
 ople, who borrowed Money of him. He ruined them by Ex-
 tion, and read them to Death with his Works. The greatest
 mber, and the best Manuscripts read *Rufa*; nor was *Drufo* re-
 ved into any Edition before that of Aldus.

89. *Porreſto jugulo, captivus ut.*] The forced Attention of this
 ſerable Creditor is compared, as Mr. Sanadon understands it, to
 e Poſture of a Captive, who ſtretches out his Neck to the Chain.
 e find the Slaves in ancient Comedy ſtood in this Attitude *obſi-
 tate*, as a Mark of Reſpect to their Maſters, and Obſervance
 their Orders, from whence Mr. Dacier thinks our Poet hath
 ken his Image.

91. *Evandri manibus tritum.*] *Tornatum, cœlatum, fabricatum.*
 Hinc

Aut positum ante meâ quia pullum in parte catini ?
 Sustulit esuriens, minùs hoc jucundus amicus
 Sit mihi ? Quid faciam, furtum si fecerit, aut si
 Prodiderit commissâ fide, sponsumve negarit ?
 Queis paria esse ferè placuit peccata, laborant,
 Cùm ventum ad verum est : sensus moresque repugnant
 Atque ipsâ utilitas, justî prope mater & æqui.
 Cùm proreperunt primis animalia terris,
 Mutum ac turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia prope
 Unguibus & pugnîs, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
 Pugnant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus :
 Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
 Nominaque invenere : dehinc absistere bello,
 Oppida cœperunt munire, & ponere leges,
 Ne quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter.

Hinc radios trivere rotis. VIRGIL. Vitrum aliud statu figuratum aliud torno teritur. PLIN. But as the Latins used the Word *trivere* to signify any Works, either turned or wrought by *Chissel*, because they were made by the same Workmen, Mr. *Nadon* thinks, the Poet probably means, that this Plate was engraved with an Instrument. The Scholiast tells us, that this *Evander* was carried from Athens to Rome by Mark Anthony, and that he excelled in Sculpture and Engraving. They who believe that Horace means King *Evander*, would not only persuade us that this Plate must have been preserved so many Ages by some uncommon good Fortune, but have unluckily placed a Vessel so valuable on a Monarch's Table, whose Palace was a Cottage ; his Throne a Chair of ordinary Wood ; his Beds made of Leaves and Rushes, and his Tapestry, the Skins of Beasts. *Res inopes Evander habebat.* Dr. Bentley denies, that the Latins ever used *trivere* to signify *cuelatum, perfectum*, and he therefore recommends *trivere* to us, on Authority of an ancient Manuscript. The Beginning of this Note will shew, that this great Critic was not infallible.

95. *Commissa fide.*] Our Poet frequently uses *fide* for *fidei*, as Virgil says *die for diei*. *Libra die somnique pares ubi fecerit horat* and Sallust, *vix decima parte die*. In casu dandi, qui purissime locuti sunt, non faciei, uti nunc dicimus, sed facie dixerunt. *Ant. Gell.*

3. THE SATIRES OF HORACE.

45

hungry, snatch'd a Chicken off my Plate ;
 I for this a good Companion hate ?
 If he robb'd me, or his Trust betray'd,
 Broke the sacred Promise he had made ?
 Who hold all Crimes alike, are deep distress,
 When we appeal to Truth's impartial Test.
 Custom, social Good, from whence arise
 Forms of Right and Wrong, the Fact denies.
 When the first Mortals crawling rose to Birth,
 And wretched were these Sons of Earth ;
 Caves and Acorns, then the Food of Life,
 Nails and Fists, they held a bloodless Strife,
 Soon improv'd, with Clubs they bolder fought,
 Various Arms, which sad Experience wrought,
 Words, to fix the wandering Voice, were found,
 Names impress'd a Meaning upon Sound :
 Now they cease from War ; their Towns inclose
 In formidable Walls, and Laws compose
 Strike the Thief, and Highwayman with Dread,
 Vindicate the sacred Marriage-bed.

For

Ferè.] The Latins used the Words *ferè* and *prope* for *semper*.
 a modest Manner of Expression, by which the Affirmation
 nothing of its intended Strength.

CRUQ.

Atque ipsa utilitas.] Horace endeavours to prove, according
 the Doctrine of Epicurus, that Justice and Injustice arise only
 Laws ; and that Laws have no other Foundation than public
 y, by which he means the Happiness of Civil Society. On the
 ary the Stoics asserted, that Justice and Injustice have their
 Principles in Nature itself, and the first Appearance of Rea-
 son in the Mind of Man.

SAN.

Cum prœpserunt.] This Expression is extremely proper for
 system of Epicurus, who believed that the first Race of Men
 out of the Earth, in which they were formed by a Mixture
 of Heat and Moisture.

TOR.

117. Et

Nam fuit ante Helenam mulier teterrima belli
 Causa : sed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,
 Quos Venerem incertam rapientes more ferarum
 Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus.
 Jura inventa metu injusti fateare necesse est,
 Tempora si fastosque velis evolvere mundi.
 Nec Natura potest justo secernere iniquum,
 Dividit ut bona diversis, fugienda petendis.
 Nec vincit ratio hoc, tantumdem ut peccet idemque
 Qui teneros caules alieni fregerit horti,
 Et qui nocturnus sacra Divum legerit. Adsit
 Regula, peccatis quæ poenas irroget æquas :
 Ne scuticâ dignum horribili sectere flagello.
 Nam, ut ferulâ cædas meritum majora subire
 Verbera, non vereor ; cùm dicas esse pares res
 Furta latrociniiis ; & magnis parva mineris
 Falce recisurum simili te, si tibi regnum
 Permittant homines. Si dives, qui sapiens est,

117. *Et qui nocturnus.*] For *nocturno tempore*. It may also signify a Thief ; for the Latins called Thieves *nocturnos*, Sons of Night, as the Greeks called them *ἡμερόνοκτας*, Day-Sleepers.

120. *Nam ut ferula cedas.*] Our Interpreters, in general, lieve, that *ut* after the Verbs *timeo*, *vereor*, is always negative, then Horace is made to speak in direct Contradiction to what means. But we may find in the Latin Authors, that *ut* always turns into the Construction of the Verbs *timeo*, *vereor*, and Cuius established, that it should be generally understood, when *ut* is used, but always expressed when there was no Point of Negation. This is so true, that the Verb following could not be put into Subjunctive Mood, but by Virtue of *ut* either expressed or understood ; for *ne*, whatever Grammarians assert, hath no such Power.

122. *Magnis parva mineris, &c.*] The Construction of this Sentence is a little perplexed. It is generally called a Græcism, even the Greek Phrases, which are brought to explain it, may be construed more naturally than they are by our Interpreters. A

Woman, long ere Helen's 'fatal Charms,
 destructive Woman! set the World in Arms:
 the first Heroes died unknown to Fame,
 Beasts, who ravish'd the uncertain Dame:
 as the stoutest Bull commands the rest,
 weaker by the stronger was oppress'd.

Turn o'er the World's great Annals, and you find,
 that Laws were first invented by Mankind
 to stop Oppression's Rage; for though we learn,
 Nature, Good from Evil to discern:
 that we should wise pursue, or cautious fly:
 we can the never, with a constant Eye
 legal Justice mark each nice Extreme;
 we can right Reason prove the Crime the same,
 to rob a Garden, or, by Fear unaw'd,
 to steal by Night, the sacred Things of God.

Then let the Punishment be fairly weigh'd
 against the Crime; nor let the Wretch be slay'd,
 who scarce deserv'd the Lash: I cannot fear,
 that you shall prove too tenderly severe,
 while you assert all Vices are the same;
 and threaten, that were yours the Power supreme,
 Robbers and Thieves your equal Rage should feel,
 rooted by the same avenging Steel.

Is

present Passage, it may be thus ranged: *Quum mineri te parva
 data cum magnis recisurum simili falce.*

23. *Si tibi regnum permittant homines.*] These Words give Rise
 to the following Pleasantry, which agreeably ends the Satire. Ho-
 race takes Occasion to rally the Stoics for the pretended Royalty
 which they gave to their Philosopher.

Et sutor bonus, & solus formosus, & est rex;
 Cur optas quod habes? Non nosti quid pater, inquit
 Chrysippus dicat: Sapiens crepidas sibi numquam
 Nec soleas fecit: sutor tamen est sapiens.

HORAT.

Quí?

STOIC.

Ut, quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen, atque
 Optimus est modulator; ut Alfenus vaser, omni
 Abiecto instrumento artis, clausaque tabernâ,
 Tonfor erat: sapiens operis sic optimus omnis
 Est opifex solus, sic rex.

HORAT.

Vellunt tibi barbam

Lascivi pueri, quos tu nisi fuisse coërces,
 Urgeris turbâ circum te stante, miserque
 Rumperis & latras, magnorum maxime regum.
 Ne longum faciam; dum tu quadrante lavatum
 Rex ibis, neque te quisquam stipator, ineptum
 Præter Crispinum, sectabitur; & mihi dulces
 Ignoscent, si quid peccaro stultus, amici;

127. *Sapiens crepidas sibi numquam, &c.*] Chrysippus is he
 pleasantly called Father, because he was the first, who explain
 in this absurd Manner, these excellent Precepts of Zeno, who
 teach us, that Wisdom sets us above Kings; and that the Thru
 she offers to us is preferable to that of the greatest Monarchs.

128. *Sutor tamen est sapiens. Quí?*] Such is the Reading of
 excellent Manuscripts, which hath been received by our later E
 tors. *Quo*, that prevails in the common Editions, can never
 nify *quomodo* or *quo pacto*, which *quí* frequently does.

132. *Tonfor erat.*] This Reading is authorized by two ancie
 Manuscripts; by a manuscript Copy of Acron, the Scholiast; by
 an Author of near two hundred Years old, who tells us, Alfen
 was a Barber; and by the Reasoning of the Poet himself. By
 com

Is not the Wise a Shoemaker profess,
 Handsome and rich ; of Monarchy possess,
 Why wish for what you have ?

STOIC.

Yet hold, my Friend
 And better to the Stoic's Sense attend.

Though the Wise nor Shoes, nor Slippers made,
 It is the Wise a Shoemaker by Trade,
 Though Hermogenes may sing no more,
 He knows the whole Extent of Music's Power ;
 Alfenus, turn'd a Lawyer in his Pride,
 His Shop shut up, his Razors thrown aside,
 Is still a Barber : So the Wise alone
 Of all Trades, though exercising none,
 Does reign a Monarch, though without a Throne.

HORACE.

Great King of Kings, unless you drive away
 This pressing Croud, the Boys in wanton Play
 Will pluck you by the Beard, while you shall growl,
 Fetch as thou art, and burst in Spleen of Soul :
 Short, while in a Farthing Bath you reign,
 With only one poor Life-guard in your Train :
 While the few Friends, with whom I joy to live,
 As I am, my Follies can forgive,

And

Common Reading, *sutor*, Horace reasons thus: Although the Sage
 does not make Shoes, yet he is a *Sboemaker* ; as Hermogenes, even
 when he does not sing, is a *Songster* ; and as Alfenus, after he had
 shut up his Shop, was a *Sboemaker*. He ought not surely to have
 taken his second Example from the same Trade ; at least, if it does
 injure his Reasoning, it has less poetical Variety. Mr. Cu-
 ham and Mr. Sanadon, upon Authority of one ancient Manu-
 script, read, *operis sic protinus omnis*.

9. *Et mihi dulces, &c.*] We ought, says Epictetus, to exte-
 nue an Injury committed against us, that we may forgive it more
 easily ;

D

Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter,
Privatusque magis vivam te rege beatus.

easily ; and to enlarge our own Mistakes, that we may correct them, and repent of them.

Peccaro in this Line is of sufficient Authority. We do not find

S A T. IV.

EUPOLIS, atque Cratinus, Aristophanesque poeta
Atque alii, quorum comœdia prisca virorum est,
Si quis erat dignus describi, quòd malus ac fur,
Quòd mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famofus, multâ cum libertate notabant.

Hinc

It appears by the hundred and thirty-first Line, that our Poet was young when he wrote this Satire. A Circumstance, which does him much Honour. Obligated to justify himself against an Accusation of too much satirical Severity, he shews, that he hath been more reserved than the Poets of former Times ; that he had no Design of aiming at the Character of a great Poet ; that he did not engage in this Kind of Writing, from a natural Disposition to expose the Follies of others, and that there is not any of that malignant Spirit in his Poetry, which is indulged and encouraged in private Conversation. A little Kind of Episode, in which he describes the Manner of his being educated by his Father, ends the Poem. But what greatly raises the Spirit of it is, that while he seems to excuse the Liberty of his Satires, he is more satirical than ever.

Verf. 1. *Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque.*] These three Poets were Contemporaries. Eupolis distinguished himself among the Writers of ancient Comedy. His Poetry did not want its Beauties, but he was too severe in reproving the Vices and Follies of Mankind. He was drowned in the Hellespont, in the War against the Lacedæmonians, upon which Occasion the Athenians made a Decree, that no Poet should ever bear Arms. Cratinus had Strength and Boldness ; he was particularly formidable to the Great, whom he exposed upon the Stage, without regard to their Rank. Aristophanes was of a vehement Spirit ; a Genius turned to Raillery ;

And I to them the same Indulgence shew,
No Bliss like mine thy Kingship can bestow.

that the best Latin Poets frequently shorten the O at the End of their Verbs, and yet less frequently, when the following Word begins with two Consonants. The common Reading is *peccavero*. SAN.

SAT. IV.

THE comic Poets, in its earliest Age,
Who form'd the Manners of the Græcian Stage,
Was there a Villain who might justly claim
A better Right of being damn'd to Fame,
Rake, Cut-throat, Thief, whatever was his Crime,
They boldly stigmatiz'd the Wretch in Rhime.

From

free and elevated, and Courage, not to fear the Person, when Vice was to be reproved. But these Reformers of Mankind ill agreed among themselves, and each of them in his Rivalship for Fame, hath left us no very amiable Picture of his Brother Bards.

2. *Comœdia prisca.*] Comedy was divided into Ancient and Modern. In the first, the Subject and the Names of the Actors were real. In the second, the Drama was formed on History, but the Names of the Actors were invented. In the third, both the Story and Actors were formed by the Poet.

5. *Multa cum libertate.*] This Liberty was much abused. The Poets, not contented with exposing the Names and Characters of the Persons, whom they represented upon the Stage, made them almost appear themselves by Masks, drawn with the utmost Resemblance. Indeed we are to expect but little Impartiality from Satirists of any Age: The Virtue of Pericles could not defend him from the Virulence of Cratinus; nor the Wisdom of Socrates from the Petulance of Aristophanes.

Hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hosce sequutus,
 Mutatis tantum pedibus numerisque, facetus,
 Emunctæ naris ; durus componere versus ;
 Nam fuit hoc vitiosus ; in horâ sæpe ducentos,
 Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno :
 Cum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles :
 Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem,
 Scribendi rectè ; nam ut multum, nîl moror. Ecce
 Crispinus minimo me provocat :

CRISP.

Accipe, si vis,

Accipe jam tabulas : detur nobis locus, hora,
 Custodes : videamus uter plus scribere possit.

HORAT.

7. *Mutatis pedibus.*] Ennius and Pacuvius had written Satires before Lucilius. He was rather the Restorer than Inventor of this Kind of Poetry : He formed himself upon the Græcian Comedy, and only changed the Measures of his Verse, Hexameters for Iambics.

8. *Emunctæ naris.*] Of a sagacious penetrating Genius, to discover the Follies of Mankind, and of an agreeable spirited Raillery, to turn them into Ridicule, *facetus*. Such is the Character of Lucilius by Cicero and Quintilian, *perurbanum* and *abunde salis*.

Durus componere versus.] Ought to be joined with *nam fuit vitiosus*, since we now enter into the Faults of Lucilius his Character.

SANG.

10. *Ut magnum.*] Poets have sometimes their happy Sallies, and they should follow their Muse, while she is in good humour. They can afterwards, in Coolness of Judgment, correct the Negligences, which they did not perceive in the Rapidity of Writing. But these poetical Fits are not extremely frequent, and in general, the Poet, who too much resigns himself to this Easiness of Writing, will never be better than a moderate Poet.

SANG.

11. *Erat quod tollere velles.*] *Propterea quod fluebat lutulentus, erat quod velles tollere.* Mr. Dacier would persuade us, that *tollere* signifies *to chuse* ; *to preserve* ; from a Custom of a Father's taking up his Child, when he designed to educate him. This seems an Explanation of more Learning than Taste. Our Author was not of such

such

From their Example whole Lucilius rose,
Though different Measures, different Verse he chose.

He railled with a gay and easy Air,
But rude his Numbers, and his Style severe.
He weakly fancied it a glorious Feat
His thousand Lines extempore to repeat,
And as his Verses, like a Torrent, roll,
The Stream is muddy, and his Waters foul.
He prattled Rhimes; but lazy and unfit
For writing well; for much, I own, he writ.

Crispinus thus my Littleness defies;

"Here make the smallest Bett, the Boaster cries;

"Pen, Ink, and Paper — name your Place and
Time:

"Then try, Friend Flaccus, who can safest rhyme."

Thank

such critical Severity, as to abuse a Writer, whose Beauties, even in the Rapidity of Composition, *quum fluere letulentus*, exceeded his Faults. An Acknowledgment of this Kind would have preserved our Poet from the Resentment of the Admirers of Lucilius. Besides, after the Words *emunctæ naris* Horace mentions only the Faults of Lucilius. He wrote, says our Author, with so much Rapidity, that we should not wonder, a great many Things escaped him, which were better taken out of his Works. The same Expression returns in exactly the same Sense in the tenth Satire. Quintilian understood the Passage in this Manner, although he thought the Word *letulentus* a little too strong.

SAN.

12. *Garrulus*.] This Kind of Pratling in a Writer is a loose, diffusive Style, that says very little in a great many Words. It means here a Fault of Composition, not of Conversation.

SAN.

14. *Minimo me provocat*.] We should understand *pignore* or *premio*; nor is there any Instance in the Latin Tongue of *provocare minimo digito*, as the Commentator explains it. A Man, well assured of the Truth of what he asserts, is willing to bett a large Vager against a small one, which Horace means by *minimo provocare*.

SAN.

HORAT.

Dī bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
 Finxerunt animi, raro & perpauca loquentis.
 At tu conclusas hircinis follibus auras
 Usque laborantes, dum ferrum molliat ignis,
 Ut mavis, imitare. Beatus Fannius, ultro
 Delatis capsis & imagine: cū mea nemo
 Scripta legat, vulgò recitare timentis, ob hanc rem,
 Quod sunt quos genus hoc minimè iuvat; utpote plures
 Culpari dignos. Quemvis mediā arripe turbā;
 Aut ab avaritiā, aut miser ambitione laborat.
 Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puerorum:
 Hunc capit argenti splendor: stæpet Albius ære:
 Hic mutat merces surgente à sole, ad eum quo
 Vespertina tepet regio: quin per mala præceps
 Fertur, uti pulvis collectus turbine; ne quid
 Summā deperdat metuens, aut ampliet ut rem.
 Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetam.
 Fœnum habet in cornu; longè fuge: dummodo risum

Exce

18. *Loquentis.*] Lambinus, who cannot bear *animi loquentis*, would have us read *loquentem*: But in truth it is the Mind, especially in Writing, that speaks, and the Pen is only a kind of Interpreter. It is an Expression like that in the twelfth Line, *garulus*.

22. *Utro delatis capsis.*] When a Poet was generally esteemed his Works and his Statue were placed in the public Libraries. But Horace congratulates Fannius upon the Happiness of finding a Method of immortalizing his Name, without being obliged to pass through the usual Forms. He thought he had a Right to take Honour, which he was conscious he deserved, and perhaps imagined it a proper Manner of resenting the public Insensibility of his Memorials.

DAC. SAT

26. *Miser ambitione laborat.*] This Reading, as well as *ab avaritiā*, is of several Manuscripts. *Miser* agrees both with the avaritious and ambitious.

TOR. BENT

29. M ut

Thank Heaven, that form'd me of an humble
Kind ;

No Wit, nor yet to prating much inclin'd :
While thou shalt imitate the Winds, that blow,
From Lungs of Leather, till the Metal flow.

Thrice happy Fannius, of his own free Grace,
Who in Apollo's Temple hangs his Face,
And gilds his Works to view ; while I with Fear
Repeat my Verses to the public Ear ;
Because by few, such Works as mine are read,
Conscious of meriting the Lash they dread.

Take me a Man, at venture, from the Croud,
And he's ambitious, covetous, or proud.
One burns to Madness for the wedded Dame ;
Unnatural Lusts another's Breast inflame,
O'er Gold's fair Lustre, one with Rapture sighs ;
For bronze Antiques the gazing Albius dies.
The venturous Merchant, from the rising Day,
To Regions warm'd beneath the setting Ray,
Like Dust, collected by a Whirlwind, flies
To save his Pelf, or bid the Mass arise ;
All these dread Poets, and their Rhinies detest —
“ Yonder he drives — avoid that furious Beast ;

“ If

29. *Mutat merces.*] The first Merchants traded in an Exchange
of Merchandize. When they afterwards used Money, they re-
tained the Terms established.

29. *Surgente à sole.*] The Navigation of the Romans was usu-
ally confined to the Mediterranean, which runs East and West.

33. *Poetam.*] We owe this Correction to Dr. Bentley, and the
next Line shews the Necessity of it.

34. *Fœnum habet in cornu.*] A metaphorical Expression, taken
from a Custom of tying Hay on the Horns of a mischievous Bull:
The Laws of the Twelve Tables ordered, that the Owner of the
Beast should pay for what Damages it committed, or deliver it to

Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico :

Et quodcunque semel chartis illevertit, omnes

Gestiet à furno redeuntēs scire lacuque,

Et pueros & anus. Agedum, pauca accipe contra.

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetis,

Excerptam numero : neque enim concludere versum,

Dixeris esse satis ; neque, si quis scribat, uti nos, 41

Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.

Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os

Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

Idcirco quidam comœdia necne poema

Effet, quæfivere : quòd acer spiritus, ac vis,

Nec verbis nec rebus inest ; nisi quòd pede certo

Differt sermoni, sermo merus. At pater ardens

Sævit, quòd meretrice nepos insanus amicâ

Filius, uxorem grandi cum dote recusat ;

Ebrius & (magnum quod dedecus) ambulat ante

Noctem cum facibus. Numquid Pomponius istis

Audiret leviora, pater si viveret ? Ergo

Non

the Person injured. *Si quadrupes pauperiem faxit, dominus sarcinæ noxæve dedito.*

39. *Primum ego me illorum.*] This is the first Proof of our Poet's own Opinion of the poetical Style and Language of his Satires ; and it ought to be a Direction to his Translators, if they would preserve his Manner of Writing. Or, if they think it an Expression of our Author's Modesty, it would not injure their Reputation to imitate him.

43. *Ingenium cui sit, cui mens.*] The first of these Words means that Invention ; the second, that Enthusiasm, which form an Epic, Tragic, or Lyric Poet. Invention is indeed the Character of Poetry, in general ; but Sublimity of Sentiments and Language is only of some particular Kinds.

Os magna sonaturum.] This Expression regards the Language alone, which is proper for the greater Poetry. Nobleness of Style is so essential a Part, that a Poem, which had both Invention and Enthusiasm in the highest Degree, would be ridiculous, if the Language were cold and feeble.

SAN

‘ If he may have his Jest, he never cares
 ‘ At whose Expence ; nor Friend, nor Patron spares ;
 ‘ And if he once th’ ill-natur’d Paper stain,
 ‘ He joys to hear the Croud repeat the Strain.”

Now hear this short Defence. For my own Part,
 I claim no Portion of the Poet’s Art.

‘ Tis not enough to close the flowing Line,
 And in ten Syllables your Sense confine,
 Or write in meer prosaic Rhimes like me,
 That can deserve the Name of Poetry.

Is there a Man, whom real Genius fires,
 Whom an Enthusiasm divine inspires ;
 Who talks true Greatness ; let him boldly claim
 The sacred Honours of a Poet’s Name.

Some doubt, if Comedy be justly thought
 A real Poem, since it may be wrought
 In Style and Subject, without Fire or Force,
 And, bate the Numbers, is but meet Discourse :
 For though we see the Father high engag’d,
 By a kept Mistress when his Son’s engag’d,
 Nor takes the portion’d Maid, but deep in Drink,
 Reels in fair Day-light (shameful) with his Link ;
 Yet could Pomponius from his Father hear,
 Were he alive, a Lecture less severe :

‘ Tis

45. *Comœdia necne poema esset.*] Three Things are necessary to
 form a great Poet. Richness of Invention, Fire of Imagination,
 and Nobleness of Style. But since Comedy hath none of these, it
 is doubted whether it be a real Poem. This Reasoning, when con-
 sider’d to the greater Poetry, such as the Tragic or Epic, is perfectly
 just ; for although Comedy, Satire, Fables, and Odes, are Species
 of Poetry, yet Horace means the nobler Kinds, which he calls
poemata. SAN.

52. *Numquid Pomponius iussit.*] Our Poet asserts, that Comedy
 has neither Spirit nor Force ; and that with whatever Vehemence

Non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis ;
 Quem si dissolvas, quivis stomachetur eodem
 Quo personatus pacto pater. His, ego quæ nunc,
 Olim quæ scripsit Lucilius, eripias si
 Tempora certa modosque, & quod prius ordine ver-
 bum est,

Posterior facias, præponens ultima primis ;
 Non (ut si solvas : POSTQUAM Discordia tetra
 Belli ferratos postes, portasque refregit ;)
 Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.

Hæcenus hæc : aliàs justum sit necne poema,
 Nunc illud tantum quæram ; meritone tibi sit
 Suspectum genus hoc scribendi. Sulcius acer
 Ambulat & Caprius, rauri malè, cumque libellis ;
 Magnus uterque timor latronibus : at bene si quis
 Et puris vivat manibus, contemnat utrumque.
 Ut sis tu similis Cæli, Byrrique latronum,
 Non ego sim Caprii, neque Sulci ; cur metuas me ?

Nulla

of Language Demea rates his Son for his Extravagance, it is very little different from that which Pomponius might expect from his Father if he were alive. It is the natural Language of the Passions expressed in Measures.

54. *Ergo non satis est puris.*] Mr. Dacier thinks, that Horace would not have been so modest with regard to his Satires, and so fearful of prostituting the Name of Poet, if he had not secured His own Right to it by his Odes. This Remark is not in the usual Style of Commentators, who give their favourite Author all the good Qualities they can. But although Poets, in general, are sufficiently jealous of their Titles, yet there seems to be so much Sincerity in our Author's Manner of talking of himself, that the Criticism is as unjust, as it is unkind.

60. *Non, ut si solvas.*] It may not be unuseful to form the Construction, *Non invenias disjecti poeta membra, ut si solvas.* These Verses are taken out of an Epic Poem of Ennius, and are imitated by Virgil ; which gives us another Proof of their Excellence.

*Impulit ipsa manu portas, & cardine verso
 Belli ferratos rupit Saturnia postes.*

Tan

'Tis not enough your Language to refine,
When, if you break the Measures of the Line,
In common Life an angry Father's Rage
Is but the same with Demea's on the Stage.

Take from Lucilius' Writings, or from mine,
The Cadences, and Measures of the Line,
Then change their Order, and the Words transpose,
No more the scatter'd Poet's Limbs it shows;
Not so, WHEN hideous Discord bursts the Bars,
AND iron Gates, to pour forth all her Wars.

Of this enough; hereafter we shall show,
Whether 'tis real Poetry, or no.

Let me now ask, if Satire should appear,
With Reason, such an Object of your Fear.

Sulcius, and Caprius, fiercest of their Trade,
Hoarse with the Virulence, with which they plead,
When through the Streets they stalk, with Libels arm'd;
Mark! how the Thieves, and Robbers are alarm'd;
But yet, the Man of honest Hands and pure,
May scorn them both, in Innocence secure:
Or though like Calvus you a Villain be,
I'm no Informer. Whence your Fears of me?

With

See such a Poet in pieces, and every scatter'd Limb is animated
With the Spirit of Poetry. The Head of Orpheus, when floating
In the Water, uttered Sounds of Music and Harmony.

63. *Aliàs justum fit.*] If our Poet ever executed this Design, it
has not been preserved to us.

66. *Rauci mæst, cumque libellis.*] *Mæst*, extremely. Informers
presented to the Judge their Informations signed with their Names,
which are here called *libelli*. When Caligula was killed, two Pa-
pers were found in his Cabinet, filled with the Names of those
whom he had resolved to put to death. They were Informations of
protogenes, which the Tyrant called his Sword and Dagger.

69. *Non ego sim.*] For *sum*. In the Lines following we have *ba-*
at, recitem, widear, some of which the Copyists have alter'd, for
want

Nulla taberna meos habeat neque pila libellos,
 Queis manus infudet vulgi Hermogenisque Tigelli:
 Neu recitem quidquam, nisi amicis, idque coactus:
 Non ubivis, coramve quibuslibet. In medio qui
 Scripta foro recitent, sunt multi; quique lavantes. 75
 Suave locus voci resonat conclusus. Inanes
 Hoc juvat, haud illud quærentes, num sine sensu,
 Tempore num faciant alieno. Lædere gaudes,
 Inquit, & hoc studio pravus facis. Unde petikum
 Hæc in me jadis? est auctor quis denique eorum 80
 Vixi cum quibus? Absentem qui rodit amicum;
 Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
 Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
 Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere 84
 Qui nequit: hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
 Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos;
 E quibus unus amet quavis aspergere cunctos,

Præter

want of observing, that Subjunctive Moods are used with much Elegance in Poetry for Indicative, and that it is an usual Manner of Writing in Horace.

SAR.

71. *Nulla taberna meos habeat.*] Booksellers placed their Books for Sale in Shelves round the Pillars of public Buildings. Hermogenes was probably one of the small People of Literature, who have a kind of Pride in reading a Book the Moment it is published, and are perfectly transported with the Sight of a Manuscript.

76. *Suave locus voci resonat.*] Seneca, speaking of the public Baths, *adice illum, cui vox sua in balneo placet.* Among other Inconveniences of the Bath, let us add the Folks who are charmed with the Music of their own Voices.

79. *Inquit.*] Three ancient Manuscripts have this Reading. It was a customary Manner of Expression among the Latins, to mark in the third Person a real or supposed Objection, made by one or more Persons, whether present or absent. *Inquis* of the common Editions breaks the Measure of the Verse, as the last Syllable of it is long.

BENT. CUN. SAR.

With Shops, and Stationers I never deal ;
No rubric Pillar sets my Works to sale,
Nor which the Hands of vulgar Readers sweat,
Nor whose soft Strains Tigellius may repeat.
Even by my Friends compel'd, I read my Lays,
Nor every Place, nor every Audience please.

Full many Bards the public Forum chuse
Where to recite the Labours of their Muse ;
Or vaulted Baths, that best preserve the Sound,
While sweetly floats the Voice in Echoes round.
The Coxcombs never think at whose Expence
They thus indulge the dear Impertinence.

But you in Libels, mischievous, delight,
And never, but in Spleen of Genius, write."
Say, whence was this envenom'd Arrow thrown ?
Not from the Friends where I am better known.

He, who malignant tears an absent Friend,
Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend :
Who trivial Bursts of Laughter strives to raise,
And courts of prating Petulance the Praise ;
Of Things he never saw, who tells his Tale,
And Friendship's Secrets knows not to conceal,
This Man is vile ; here, Roman, fix your Mark ;
His Soul is black, as his Complexion's dark.

We often see, among a Croud of Guests,
Who scatters round his cold, insipid Jest,

And

86. *Sæpe tribus lectis.*] There were usually three Beds round a Table, and three Guests, but sometimes four or five on each Bed. Cicero reproaches Piso, that he lay alone while there were five Greeks on each of the other Beds.

87. *Unus amet.*] An ancient Manuscript hath preserved this Reading. *Amet* only means an Inclination ; *amet* speaks a Frequency.

Præter eum qui præbet aquam ; post, hunc quoque potus
Condita cùm verax aperit præcordia Liber.

Hic tibi comis & urbanus liberque videtur
Infesto nigris : ego, si risi, quòd ineptus
Pasillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum,
Lividus ac mordax videor tibi ? Mentio si qua
De Capitolini furtis injecta Petilli

Te coram fuerit ; defendas, ut tuus est mos :

ME CAPITOLINUS convictore usus amico-
que à puero est, causâque meâ permulta rogatus

Fecit, & incolumis lætor quod vivit in urbe :

Sed tamen admiror, quo pacto judicium illud

Fugerit. Hic nigræ succus loliginis ; hæc est

Ærugo mera ; quod vitium procul afore chartis,

Atque animo prius, ut si quid promittere de me

Possum aliud, verè promitto. Liberius si

Dixero quid, si fortè jocosius ; hoc mihi juris

quency of Acting ; or if *aveat* filled the Sense, yet it breaks the
Construction, which would require *aveat* after *videas*.

BENT. SAN

88. *Præter eum, qui præbet aquam.*] Their Host, who provided
Water for the Bath ; a Part of their Entertainment to express the
whole. It was a proverbial Manner of Expression, *frigidam aliam
suffundere*. To railly. The Construction may be thus formed,
*amet quavis frigidâ cunctos aspergere, præter eum qui præbet a-
quam tepidam*. A Playfulness of Words not unfrequent in our Au-
thor.

SAN

89. *Condita cùm verax.*] Mr. Sanadon reads *Bacchus* instead of
Liber in this Line, because it is repeated in the next. Yet it seems
to have been the peculiar Name for the God, who presides over the
social Freedom and Liberty of Conversation.

92. *Pasillos Rufillus olet.*] The Satire of this Line, was much
resented, and perhaps the Stoics in general, who made it a Point of
Morals not to be offended with the Filthiness of Mankind, were
disobliged. I am persuaded, says Mr. Dacier, if these Philosophers
were not very dirty Creatures, they would not have taken so
much Pains to render us indifferent to Nastiness,

94. Dr

and only spares his Host, until the Bowl,
With honest Freedom opes his inmost Soul;
Yet, though a cruel Joker you detest,
He seems a courteous, well-bred, easy Guest.

But if in thoughtless Raillery I said,
Petillius with Perfumes distracts my Head,
While foul Gargonius breathes a ranker Air,
Seem, forsooth, envenom'd and severe.

If we, by Chance, that Thief Petillius name,
You, as your Custom is, defend his Fame.

Petillius is my Friend; from early Youth
Chearful we liv'd together, and in truth
I have been much indebted to his Power,
And I rejoice to find his Danger o'er.

But, in the Name of Wonder be it said,
At that same Trial how he sav'd his Head."

Such Rancour this, of such a poisonous Vein,
Is never, never, shall my Paper stain:

Much less infect my Heart, if I may dare
For my own Heart, in any thing, to swear.

Yet some Indulgence I may justly claim,
If too familiar with another's Fame.

This

94. *De Capitolini furtis.*] The ancient Commentator tells us, that Petillius was Governor of the Capitol, from whence he was called Capitolinus; that he was accused of stealing a golden Crown of Jupiter, and acquitted by the Favour of Augustus. If there be any Truth in this Story, for we know not where the Commentator found it, he was more probably surnamed from his Theft, not from his Government of the Capitol.

99. *Sed tamen admiror.*] This *But* spoils all, and this artful secret Calumny hath something more criminal than the careless, open Freedom of Horace. This *But*, as Mr. Dacier observes, is of great Usage in modern Conversation.

101. *Afore.*] The Latins never used *ab* before *f*, but our Editors

Cum veniâ dabis. Insuevit pater optimus hoc me,
 Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
 Cum me hortaretur, parcè, frugaliter, atque
 Viverem uti contentus eo quod mî ipse parasset :
 Nonne vides, Albî ut malè vivat filius, ut qui
 Farris inops ? magnum documentum, ne patriam
 Perdere quis velit. A turpi meretricis amore,
 Cum deterreret : Scetanî dissimilis sis.
 Ne sequerer mœchas, concessâ cum Venere uti
 Possem : Deprensâ non bella est fama Trebonî,
 Aiebat : sapiens, vitatu quodque petitu
 Sit melius, causas reddat tibi : mî fatis est, si
 Traditum ab antiquis morem servare, tuamque,
 Dum custodis eges, vitam famamque tueri
 Incolumem possum. Simul ac duraverit ætas
 Membra animumque tuum, nabis sine cortice.

Sic me
 Forma

tors seem ignorant of this little, grammatical Erudition, or rather neglect it. The present Word is in three Manuscripts. SAR

109. *Albî ut malè vivat filius.*] *Malè vivere* and *inopem esse* have the same Meaning. *Si genus est mortis malè vivere*, Ovid. It is to be a kind of Death to be poor. On the contrary, *benè vivere*, signifies to live luxuriously. Thus, to be a good Man, and to do well, is our modern, mercantile Phrase, for a rich Man, and for dying in good Circumstances. The Commentators imagine this Son of Albius was the Poet Tibullus. But as our Author was only a Year or two elder, certainly Tibullus could not have been an Example of Debauchery, when Horace received these Instructions from his Father. The Reader may see the Character of Tibullus in the Notes on the fourth Epistle, first Book.

110. *Ut qui farris inops.*] We have here a bold Alteration proposed by Dr. Bentley, and received by Mr. Sanadon and Mervillius. The common Reading is, *utque Barus inops*. But Horace names only a single Example of each Vice. Scetanius is ruin'd by common Women, and Trebonius by Adultery ; therefore it is not natural, that he should give us two Examples of Prodigality, and the *magnum documentum* can properly mean only one Person. The Variation among the Manuscripts makes a Correction more pardonable. The greatest Numbers read *Baius* ; others, *Rarus*, *Varus*, *Barus*, *Barrus*.

his from a Father's fond Indulgence flows,
 who mark'd the Folly, as to Life it rose
 strong Examples. If he had me live
 content with what his Industry could give,
 leave me at his Death : " Behold, my Son,
 Young Albius there, how wretchedly undone !
 Yet no mean Lesson is the Spendthrift's Fate
 To caution Youth from squandering their Estate."
 To fright me from the Harlot's vagrant Bed,
 Behold Scetanius, and his Ruin dread ;"
 that I might ne'er pursue the wedded Dame,
 An honest Venus will indulge your Flame.
 My Son, by poor Trebonius be advis'd ;
 Sure 'tis no pleasant Tale to be surpriz'd."
 " Twixt right and wrong the Learned may decide,
 With wise Distinctions may your Conduct guide ;
 Be mine the common Wisdom, that inspires
 The frugal Manners of our ancient Sires,
 And, while your Youth may yet a Tutor claim,
 To guard your Virtue, and preserve your Fame.
 But soon as Time confirms, with stronger Tone,
 Your Strength and Mind, your Conduct be your
 own."

Thus

arrus, and *Bartus*. *Uti qui*, which is of great Consequence to the present Reading, appears plainly in one of them. The Translator hath never ventured a single Alteration of the Text upon his own conjectures, but would here willingly read *æris inops*. It is at least classical Authority, *Mæsta paupertas, atque æris inops*. Juvenal.

112. *Concessâ cum Venere uti.*] Our Commentators understand these Words as an Indulgence to conversing with common Women. But this was not the Morality of this good Father, who cautions his Son against a vicious Commerce with Prostitutes by the Example of Scetanius. The Venus here is the Venus of Matrimony, whom Plutarch places next to Mercury, among the Gods and Goddesses, who presided over Marriage.

Formabat puerum dictis ; & five jubebat
 Ut facerem quid : Habes auctorem, quo facias hoc
 Unum ex iudicibus selectis objiciebat :
 Sive vetabat : An hoc inhonestum & inutile factu
 Necne sit, addubites, flagret rumore malo cùm
 Hic atque ille ? Avidos vicinum funus ut ægros
 Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit ;
 Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe
 Absterrent vitiis. Ex hoc ego sanus ab illis,
 Perniciem quæcunque ferunt : mediocribus, & queis
 Ignoscas, vitiis teneor. Fortassis & istinc
 Largiter abstulerit longa ætas, liber amicus,
 Consilium proprium. Neque enim, cùm lectulus aut
 Porticus exceperit, desum mihi : Rectius hoc est ;
 Hoc faciens vivam meliùs : sic dulcis amicis
 Occurram : hoc quidam non bellè : numquid ego illi
 Imprudens olim faciam simile ? Hæc ego mecum
 Compressis agito labris. Ubi quid datur otî
 Illudo chartis. Hoc est mediocribus illis
 Ex vitiis unum : cui si concedere nolis,

123. *Unum ex iudicibus selectis.*] The most eminent, and greatest Authority among the Senatorial Order ; an Order called *Sanctissimus*. Torrentius thinks the Poet means the Judges, whom the Prætor chose out of all Degrees of the Magistracy, to relieve and assist him in his Office. But this good Father would probably have taken his Examples out of a more numerous, yet not less venerable, Order.

131. *Fortassis & istinc.*] Horace proposes to correct his past Life by the Assistance of Time, Advice of Friends, and his own Reflexion. The two last are most valuable ; for Age, it must be confessed, rather changes our Follies, than perfectly subdues them. It takes away some, but gives us others in their Place ; nor is it easy to decide which Kind is more supportable.

132. *Liber amicus.*] A sincere Friend is indeed an invaluable Treasure, but how few deserve it ? Sincerity can never enter into those Engagements, which are founded upon Interest or Vice.

Thus did he form my Youth with lenient Hand;
 When he for Virtue urg'd the soft Command,
 Pointing some awful Senator to view,
 His grave Example constantly pursue."
 Could he dissuade me? "Can you doubt, he cries,
 That equal Ruin and Dishonour rise
 From such an Action, when that Scoundrel's Name
 Is branded with the flagrant Marks of Shame."

Or as a neighbouring Funeral affrights
 The Patient, who indulg'd his Appetites,
 And bids him spare himself, we often find,
 Another's Shame alarms a tender Mind.

Thus, pure from more pernicious Crimes I live:
 Some venial Frailties you may well forgive,
 Or such I own I have; and yet even these,
 Length of Time, although by slow Degrees,
 Friend sincere, who can with Candour love,
 Or, my own Reason, shall perhaps remove,
 Or in my Bed, or in the Collonade
 Musing, I call Reflexion to my Aid.

This was well done. Here Happiness attends,
 This Conduct makes me pleasing to my Friends,
 Were that Man's Actions of a beauteous Kind?
 Oh! may I never be to such inclin'd."

Thus, silently I talk my Conduct o'er,
 Or trifle with the Muse an idle Hour;
 For which, among my Follies, I demand
 Forgiveness: and shall call a powerful Band,

If

While we ask the Advice of our Friends, we should not abandon or
 neglect ourselves. Our own Reason should be called to our Assis-
 tance.

SAN. DAC.

140. *Cui si concedere nolis.*] Our Poet pleasantly reckons his
 Rhyming among his Faults, but while he hopes to correct his other
 Follies

Multa poetarum veniat manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi (nam multò plures sumus) ac veluti te
Judæi, cogamus in hanc concedere turbam.

Follies, he reserves this for a peculiar Indulgence, and expects, that his Friends shall use it with Tenderness and Complaisance. See

143. *Ac veluti te Judæi.*] Horace knows not any better Revenge against the Enemies of Poetry, than to force them to become Poets themselves. This Pleasantry arises from the prolixity

S A T. V.

EGRESSUM magnâ me accepit Aricia Româ,
Hospitio modico : rhetor comes Heliodorus,
Græcorum longè doctissimus : inde Forum Appi
Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.
Hoc iter ignavi divisimus, altiùs ac nos
Præcinctis, unum : minùs est gravis Appia tardis.
Hic ego, propter aquam, quòd erat teterrima, ventri
Indico bellum, cœnantes haud animo æquo
Expectans comites. Jam Nox inducere terris
Umbras, & cœlo diffundere signa parabat :
Tum pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautæ
Ingerere : Huc adpelle : trecentos inferis : ohe !

Octavius and Anthony, both aspiring to the sovereign Power, must necessarily have had frequent Quarrels and Dissensions. Their Reconciliations were of short Continuance, because they were insincere. Among many Negotiations, undertaken by their common Friends, to reconcile them, History mentions two more particularly. The first in the Year 714 ; the other in 717, which was concluded by the Mediation of Octavia, and to which our Poet was carried by Mæcenâs. His Journey is described in this Satire, which is a finished Model of the Narrative, and has been often imitated by our travelling Bards.

S A T.

Vell.

you refuse, of Poets to my Aid,
 sell fraught with Numbers is the rhiming Trade)
 force you, like the proselyting Jews,
 be, like us, a Brother of the Muse.

Spirit of the Jews, who insinuated themselves into Families ;
 red into the Courts of Justice ; disturbed the Judges, and were
 ys more successful in proportion as they were more impudent,
 h is the Character given them by St. Ambrose.

SAT. V.

WITH Heliodorus, who by far possest
 More Learning, than the Tribe of Greeks
 profest,

aving Imperial Rome, I took my Way
 poor Aricia, where that Night I lay.
 Forum-Appii thence we steer, a Place
 ff'd with rank Boatmen, and with Vintners base,
 d laggard into two Days Journey broke
 hat were but one to less incumber'd Folk ;
 he Appian Road, however, yields most Pleasure
 o those, who chuse to travel at their Leisure.
 he Water here was very bad, so far,
 ainst my Stomach I proclaim a War,
 d wait, though not-with much Good-humour wait,
 hile with keen Appetites my Comerades eat.

The Night o'er Earth now spread her dusky Shade,
 d through the Heavens her starry Train display'd ;
 hat Time, between the Slaves and Boatmen rise
 arrels of clamorous Rout. The Boatman cries,

Step

Vers. 2. Hospitio modico.] In Opposition to *magna Roma*, for
 ewise Aricia was no contemptible Village.

15. Absen-

Jam satis est. Dum æs exigitur, dum mula ligatur,
 Tota abit hora. Mali culices, ranæque palustres
 Avertunt somnos. Absentem ut cantat amicam
 Multâ prolutus vappâ nauta, atque viator
 Certatim; tandem fessus dormire viator
 Incipit; ac missæ pastum retinacula mulæ
 Nauta piger saxo religat, stertitque supinus.
 Jamque dies aderat, nîl cûm procedere lintrem
 Sentimus; donec cerebrosus profilit unus,
 Ac mulæ nautæque caput lumbosque saligno
 Fuste dolat. Quartâ vix demum exponimur horâ.
 Ora manusque tuâ lavimus, Feronia, lymphâ.
 Millia tum pransi tria repimus, atque subimus
 Impositum saxis latè candentibus Anxur.
 Huc venturus erat Mæcenas, optimus atque
 Cocceius, missi magnis de rebus uterque
 Legati, averfos soliti componere amicos.
 Hîc oculis ego nigra meis collyria lippus
 Illinere. Interea Mæcenas advenit, atque

Coc

15. *Absentem ut cantat amicum.*] Ut, five dum, cantat non
 viator amicus; tandem somno viator opprimitur.

Nam ut numerabatur forte argentum, intervenit homo de
 viso. Ternt.

BENT. S.

22. *Saligno fuste dolat.*] The Wood of which this Cogel
 made, is not idly mentioned, for the Tree grew on the W
 side.

23. *Quartâ borâ.*] The Romans, during more than four hun
 and fifty Years, never had Names for the Hours of the Day.
 twelve Tables divided it into three Parts; the Rising-Sun,
 Setting-Sun, and Mid-day. The Hours of Night and Day
 equal in Number through the Year, but from Spring to Autu
 those of the Day were longer than those of the Night, and
 September to March the Hours of Night were longest.

29.

up in my Masters; when with open Throat,
 Enough, you Scoundrel; will you sink the Boat?"
 Thus, while the Mule is harness'd, and we pay
 for Freights, an Hour in wrangling slips away.
 The fenny Frogs, with Croakings hoarse and deep,
 and Gnats loud-buzzing, drive away our Sleep.
 rench'd in the Lees of Wine, the war'y Swain,
 and Passenger, in loud alternate Strain
 haunt forth the absent Fair, who warms his Breast,
 Till wearied Passenger retires to Rest.
 Our clumsy Bargeman sends his Mule to graze,
 and the tough Cable to a Rock belays,
 then snores supine; but when at rising Morn
 our Barge stood still, up starts a Fellow, born
 of warmer Noddle; breaks the Bargeman's Pate,
 and bangs the Mule, at a well-favour'd Rate,
 With fally Cudgel. With a World of Pain
 at ten, *Feronia, we thy Fountain gain; *now in fume*
 There land and bathe; then after Dinner creep
 three tedious Miles, and climb the rocky Steep.
 Whence *Anxur shines. Mæcenas was to meet *now Terracina*
 Cocceius here, to settle Things of Weight;
 for they had oft in Embassy been join'd,
 And reconcil'd the Masters of Mankind.
 Here while I bath'd my Eyes with cooling Ointment,
 They both arriv'd according to Appointment;

Fonteius

29. *Aversos soliti componere amicos.*] Three Particulars demon-
 strate, that this Journey was to the second Conference at Brundu-
 um. Fonteius is here join'd with Mæcenas and Cocceius, but
 was not engaged in the first. The Poet says, that Mæcenas and
 Cocceius had been before employ'd to reconcile Octavius and An-
 tonio, *soliti*, which must necessarily suppose the first Congress in
 44, when Horace had not been introduced to Mæcenas. MASON:

Cocceius, Capitoque simul Fontei, ad unguem
 Factus homo; Antonî, non ut magis alter, amicus,
 Fundos Aufidio Lusco prætore libenter
 Linquimus, infani ridentes præmia scribæ,
 Prætextam, & latum clavum, prunæque batillum.
 In Mamurrarum lassî deinde urbe manemus,
 Murenâ præbente domum, Capitone culinam.
 Postera lux oritur multò gratissima; namque
 Plotius & Varius Sinuessæ, Virgiliusque
 Occurrunt; animæ, quales neque candidiores
 Terra tulit; neque queis me sit devinctior alter.
 O qui complexus, & gaudia quanta fuerunt!
 Nîl ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.
 Proxima Campano ponti quæ villula, tectum
 Præbuit: & parochi, quæ debent, ligna salempue.

32. *Ad unguem factus homo.*] This figurative Expression is taken from Engravers in Wood or Marble, who used to pass their Nail on the Work, to know whether it were well polish'd. ERASMUS

34. *Prætor.*] The Colonies and Municipal Towns had the same Dignities and Magistracies as the City of Rome: Senators, Prætors, Quæstors and Ediles. It is difficult to know whether Fun had a Prætor chosen out of her own Citizens, or whether he was sent from Rome. TOL

35. *Præmia scribæ.*] Horace calls these Robes *præmia scribæ* because the Secretaries in Colonies and Municipal Towns were frequently raised to the Dignity of the Prætorship. It is pleasant enough to see this little Magistrate in his Insolence of Office, showing forth the Pride of his Employment. The *Toga Prætexta* was a Robe border'd with Purple. *Tunica clavata* was a Vest with the Borders of Purple laid like a Lace upon the Opening or Middle of it, down to the Bottom; in such a Manner, as that when the Vest was drawn close or button'd, the two Purple Borders joined and seemed to be but one. If these Borders were large, the Vest was called *Latus clavus*, or *Tunica laticlavata*: if they were narrow then it was named *Angustus clavus*, *Tunica angustilavata*. These two Sorts of Tunics were worn to distinguish the Magistrates from their Employments, and were very different from those worn by

onteius too, a Man of Worth approv'd,
 without a Rival, by Antonius lov'd.
 Laughing we leave an Entertainment rare,
 the paltry Pomp of Fundi's foolish Mayor,
 the Scrivener Luscus : now with Pride elate,
 with Incense fum'd, and big with Robes of State.
 our wearied Troop at fair Mamurræ rests,
 Murena's Lodgers, and Fonteius' Guests.
 Next rising Morn with double Joy we greet,
 When we with Plotius, Varius, Virgil meet :
 pure Spirits these ; the World no purer knows ;
 nor none my Heart with such Affection glows.
 how oft did we embrace ! Our Joys how great !
 there a Blessing, in the Power of Fate,
 to be compar'd, in Sanity of Mind,
 to Friends of such companionable Kind ?
 Near the Campanian Bridge that Night we lay,
 where public Officers our Charges pay.

Where

the common People *tunicato popello*, which were closed before, and without any Purple Border. They were called *Tunicæ rectæ*. SAN. *Prunæque batillum*.] A Pan for Incense, frequently carried before the Emperors, or those possessed of the sovereign Authority.

37. *In Mamurrarum urbe*.] The Stroke of Satire here is of a delicate and almost imperceptible Malignity. Formiæ, the City which the word *prætor* means, belonged to the Lamian Family, whose Antiquity was a great Honour to it. But our Poet paraphrases it by the name of a Person, who was born there, and who had made his country famous in a very different Manner. Mamurra was a Roman knight, who was infamous for his Rapine, Luxury and Debauchery. Juvenal calls him *Decretor Formianus*. TOR.

38. *Murena præbente domum*.] Murena was Brother of Licymnius, married afterwards to Mæcenas. He was condemned to Death for conspiring against Augustus. Varius and Plotius Tucca were the Persons to whom Augustus intrusted the Correction of the *Æneid*, after Virgil's Death, but with an Order not to make any additions to it.

46. *Parochi*.] Before the Consulship of Lucius Posthumius, the magistrates of Rome travelled at the public Charge, without being burthen-

Hinc muli Capuæ clitellas tempore ponunt.
 Lufum it Mæcenas, dormitum ego Virgilinsque :
 Namque pillâ lippis inimicum & ludere crudis.
 Hinc nos Coccei recipit plenissima villa,
 Quæ super est Candi cauponas. Nunc mihi paucis
 Sarmenti scurræ pugnam Messique Cicirri,
 Musa, velim memores ; & quo patre natus uterque
 Contulerit lites. Messî clarum genus — Ofci :
 Sarmenti domina extat. Ab his majoribus orti
 Ad pugnam venire. Prior Sarmentus : Equi te
 Esse feri similem dico. Ridemus ; & ipse
 Messius, accipio : caput & movet. O ! tua cornu
 Nî foret exsecto frons, inquit, quid faceres, cum
 Sic mutilus miniteris ? At illi sœda cicatrix
 Setosam lævi frontem turpaverat oris.
 Campanum in morbum, in faciem permulta jocatus,
 Pastorem saltaret uti Cyclopa, rogabat :
 Nil illi larvâ aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.

burthenfome to the Provinces. Afterwards Commissaries were appointed in all the great Roads to defray all Expences of those who were employed in the Business of the State. They were obliged by the *Lex Julia de Provinciis*, to provide Lodging, Fire, Salt, Hay, Straw.

51. *Nunc mihi paucis.*] This little Scene is of much natural Pleasantry, raised by a spirited Ridicule. The Poet invokes his Muse with much Solemnity to describe an Action of such Importance and gives the Genealogy of his Combatants, as if they were Heroes worthy of an Epic Poem.

52. *Cicirri.*] This was probably a Nick-name, for *Cicirrus* in Greek signifies a Cock. Aldus was the first Editor, who read *Cicerrus*, contrary to the Manuscripts and all former Editions.

54. *Ofci.*] Is a Nominative Case, and we must construe it, *Ofci sunt clarum genus Messii*. The Ofcians gave to Messius his illustrious Birth. The Break is of a peculiar Malignancy, *clarum genus — Ofci*, for the Line begins as if Messius were descended from some illustrious Family, when the Poet instantly undeceives his Reader by saying, that his Hero was an Ofcian ; a sufficient Proof, that he was an infamous Scoundrel. The People, who inhabited this Part of Campania, were guilty of such execrable Debaucheries, as I ought not to name. The very Idea of them is impure.

Early next Morn to Capua we came ;
 Tacenas goes to Tennis ; hurtful Game
 To a weak Appetite, and tender Eyes,
 Down to Sleep with Virgil, Flaccus lies.
 Then by Cocceius were we nobly treated :
 His House above the Caudian Tavern's seated.
 And now, O Muse, in faithful Numbers tell
 The memorable Squabble that befel
 Buffoon Sarmentus, and Cieirrus hight,
 And whence descended they engag'd in Fight.
 Illustrious Messius from vile Ofci came ;
 His Mistress might her Slave Sarmentus claim.
 From such fam'd Ancestry our Champions rise ;
 Hear me, thou horse-fac'd Rogue, Sarmentus cries ;
 We laugh ; when Messius, throwing up his Head,
 Accepts the Challenge. Quick Sarmentus said,
 Say, if you threaten now, what would you do,
 Had not the Horn been rooted out that grew
 Full in thy Front. A Gash, of foul Disgrace,
 Had hurt the grisly Honours of his Face.
 Then on his Country's infamous Diseases,
 And that foul Visage, many a Joke he raises.
 He bids him, like the one-eye'd Cyclops, dance ;
 He neither Mask, nor tragic Buskins wants."

Messius

55. *Sarmenti domina extat.*] Not all the Learning of the Commentators can determine who Sarmentus was. The Name is mentioned by several Authors, but the Character by no means agrees with our Hero.

58. *Accipio.*] I accept the Challenge. Saying this, Messius shook his Head, with a threatening Air, like an angry Bull: From whence the next Pleasantry, *O tua cornu, you forget that your Horn was cut out to prevent your being mischievous.*

63. *Saltaret uti Cyclops.*] The Raillery is founded on his gigantic Size, and the villainous Gash, that Messius had on his Forehead, which made him look so like a Polyphemus, that he might dance the Part without Buskins or a Mask. To dance a Cyclops, a

Multa Cicirrus ad hæc: Donasset jamne catenam
 Ex voto Laribus, quærebat: scriba quòd esset,
 Nihilo deterius dominæ jus esse. Rogabat
 Denique, cur umquam fugisset, cui satis una
 Farris libra foret, gracili sic, tamque pusillo.
 Prorsus, jucundè cœnam produximus illam.
 Tendimus hinc rectâ Beneventum, ubi sedulus hospes
 Penè arsit, macros dum turdos versat in igni:
 Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
 Vulcano, summum properabat lambere tectum.
 Convivas avidos cœnam, servosque timentes
 Tum rapere, atque omnes restinguere velle videres.
 Incipit ex illo montes Appulia notos
 Ostentare mihi, quos torret Atabulus; & quos
 Numquam erepsimus, nisi nos vicina Trivici
 Villa recepisset, lacrymoso non sine fumo;
 Udos cum foliis ramos urente camino.

Quattuor

Glauco, a Ganymede, a Leda, was an Expression for representing their Story by dancing.

65. *Donasset jamne catenam.*] Only the vilest Slaves, or those who worked in the Country, were chained. It appears by an Epigram of Martial, that when they were set at Liberty, they consecrated their Chains to Saturn, because Slavery was unknown under his Reign. But when Messius asks Sarmentus, whether he had dedicated his Chain to the *Dii Lares*, he would reproach him with being a Fugitive. These Gods were invoked by Travellers, because they presided over High-ways, from whence they were called *Viales*. They themselves were represented like Travellers, as if they were ready to leave the House; *succincti*. Our Sarmentus was a Slave so vile, that he knew no other Gods, but those who stood on the Hearth, and which it was his Employment to keep clean. *Dac.*

67. *Nihilo deterius.*] This Line begins with an Anapest, like that in the second Epistle of the second Book, *Vebemens & liquidum puroque simillimus anni*. Our Author, as Dr. Bentley well observes, always uses *nihil* before his Comparative. *Nihilo plus accipias. Nihilo sapientius. Nihilo sapientior. Nihilo plus explicet*. The best Manuscripts have preserved the present Reading and it has been received by seven Editions.

68. *Cui satis una, &c.*] By the Laws of the Twelve Tables,

Messius reply'd, in Virulence of Strain ;
 Did you to Saturn consecrate your Chain ?
 Though you were made a Scrivener since your Flight,
 Yet that shall never hurt your Lady's Right.
 But, prithee, wherefore did you run away ?
 Methinks, a single Pound of Bread a day,
 Might such a sleek thin-gutted Rogue content ;"
 And thus the jovial Length of Night we spent.
 At our next Inn, our Host was almost burn'd,
 While some lean Thrushes at the Fire he turn'd.
 Through his old Kitchen rolls the God of Fire,
 And to the Roof the vagrant Flames aspire.
 But Hunger all our Terrors overcame,
 We fly to save our Meat, and quench the Flame.
 Appulia now my native Mountains shows,
 Where the North-Wind with nipping Sharpness blows ;
 Nor could we well have climb'd the steepy Height,
 Had we not at a neighbouring Village bait,
 Where from green Wood the smothering Flames arise,
 And with a smoky Sorrow fill our Eyes.

In

we was allowed a Pound of Corn a day. *Qui cum vinctum habebat, libras farris in dies dato.*

TURNERUS.

70. *Prorsus, jucundè cœnam.*] Some delicate Folks have been astonished, how Horace and his Friends could find so much Pleasure in this Adventure. But we should remember, that People, fatigued with their Journey, are willing to encourage any Diversion that may revive their Spirits. Besides, we should distinguish between the ridiculous and agreeable, *ridiculum & venustum* ; between a Therapistes and a Cupid. Laughter neither can, nor ought to arise but from somewhat ridiculous. The Agreeable is always serious. For my own part, says Mr. Dacier, this little Incident extremely pleases me, and I should suspect my own Taste, if I did not laugh, where Lucilius, Plotius, Varius, Cocceius, Virgil, and Horace, could find Matter of Mirth.

72. *Macros dum turdos.*] This Arrangement of the Words appears in two Manuscripts, but has been changed by the Grammarians into *pene macros arsit*, for the sake of a smoother Cadence, though

Quattuor hinc rapimur viginti & millia rhedis,
 Mansuri oppidulo, quod versu discere non est;
 Signis perfacile est. Venit vilissima rerum
 Hic aqua; sed panis longè pulcherrimus, ultra
 Callidus ut soleat humeris portare viator:
 Nam Canus lapidosus; aquæ non ditior urna.
 Flentibus hinc Varius discedit mœstus amicis.
 Inde Rubos fessi pervenimus; utpote longum
 Carpentem iter, & factum corruptius imbri.
 Postera tempestas melior, via pejor, adusque
 Barî mœnia piscosi. Dein Gnatia lymphis

though it perplexes the Construction. But our Poet was very curious about the Cadence of his Verses, especially in his Satires, and his Carelessness hath been esteemed one of his Beauties.

Mr. Dacier would make use of these Thrushes to prove, that this Journey must have been in the latter End of September, Beginning of October, and consequently cannot agree with the Negotiations at Brundisium in 717. But these Thrushes, unluckily for the Critic, are said to be lean, because it was yet early Summer. They are fat, and in high Season, in September and October, by feeding on the Vintage.

83. *Oppidulo quod versu dicere non est.*] We are lost in following Horace among the Mountains of his Country. The Commentators tell us, this unpoetical Town was called *Equus Tuticus*, *Equotuticum*, and there was indeed a Town of that Name on the Appian Road, about twenty Miles from Beneventum. But the Poet reckons eight between Trivicum and this Town, that he does not name; to which if we add the Distance from Beneventum to Trivicum, we shall find the Journey half as long again as the Road from Beneventum to *Equus Tuticus*. One thing, however, we may learn from this Passage, that the Profody of proper Names was not left to the Discretion of the Poets, when we see Horace omitting the Name of a Town, rather than violate the Measure of his Verse.

84. *Vilissima rerum.*] We have *dulcissime rerum* in Horace, *pulcherrime rerum* in Ovid. The Word *rerum* is equally useless in all these Expressions, but it was a Manner of Speaking received from the natural and familiar Style. The Poet does not absolutely complain, that they sold their Water, for this was generally the case where it was brought from any considerable Distance; but he complains, that their Host sold it to his Guests.

In Coaches thence at a large Rate we came,
 Eight Leagues, and baited at a Town, whose Name
 Cannot in Verse, and Measures be express,
 But may by Marks and Tokens well be guest.
 Its Water, Nature's cheapest Element,
 Bought and sold ; its Bread, most excellent ;
 Which wary Travellers provide with Care,
 And on their Shoulders to Canusium bear,
 Whose Bread is sandy ; and its wealthiest Stream
 Poor as the Town's of unpoetic Name.
 Here Varius leaves us, and with Tears he goes :
 With equal Tendernefs our Sorrow flows.
 Onward to Rubi wearily we toil'd,
 The Journey long, the Road with Rain was spoil'd.
 To Barri, fam'd for Fish, we reach'd next Day,
 The Weather fairer, but much worse the Way.

Then

87. *Nam Canus?*] The common Editions read next to this line, *Qui locus à forti Diomede est conditus olim*, which was probably inserted by some Grammarian as a Proof of his Learning, and to describe more particularly the Town of *Equotaticum*. But it hath been proved, that this was not the Town which Horace meant. Beside the Construction of the Verse is vicious, and its Expression faulty. *Locum condere* is a Manner of Speaking unknown to Writers of pure Latinity ; and the Scholiasts, who would certainly have made some Remark on a Line of this Consequence, have not even mentioned it in their Notes. Their Silence is a sensible Proof, that it was not in their Manuscripts. For these Reasons, confirmed by the Authority of Dr. Bentley, Mr. Sanadon, and Marveillius, it hath been left out of the present Edition.

92. *Gnatia*.] Otherwise called *Egnatia*. There are two Meanings in the Original *Iratis lymphis extrusa*, which the Translation hath endeavoured to preserve. The first says, the Town was built despite of the Waters, as if they were offended at its being built ; the second, that its Inhabitants were Visionaries, Lunatics, *Lymphatici*, born *iratis lymphis*.

Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque ;
 Dum flammis sine thura liquefcere limine sacro
 Persuadere cupit. Credat Judæus Apella,
 Non ego : namque Deos didici securum agere ævum
 Nec, si quid miri faciat Natura, Deos id
 Tristes ex alto cœli demittere tecto.
 Brundisium longæ finis chartæque viæque.

95. *Credat Judæus Apella.*] The Jews were esteemed by the Ancients as a superstitious, credulous Race of People. *Apella* was probably the Name of some remarkable Jew at Rome. *Apella*, *Apellas*, *Apollo*, *Apello*, and *Apollon*, were Contractions of *Apollodorus*.

The Word has been generally understood, *Apella*, *sine* per Circumcised.

96. *Namque Deos didici.*] Such were the Gods of Epicurus indolent, and useless to Mankind, consequently unworthy of Adoration. The Name of Nature was used to explain any miraculous

SAT. VI. Ad MÆCENATEM.

NON, quia, Mæcnas, Lydorum quidquid Etrusco
 Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te ;
 Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
 (lim qui magnis legionibus imperitarent ;

A genealogical Table, true or false, of illustrious Ancestors : a large Estate : a numerous Equipage, and considerable Employments, are what we generally call noble. But Virtue judges in a very different Manner. She takes the Great from amidst the Grandeur, which surrounds him : Undresses him of the Vanity, that disguises him, and rates the Value of the Man by the Man himself. Under the fair Appearance of Nobility she frequently finds a Fool, a Villain, or a Coward ; and in a plebeian Obscurity discovers a real Greatness of Sentiments and Probity of Manners. As right Reason is of all Countries, the Wise in all Ages have spoken on this Subject in one uniform, constant Manner. Such is the Language of the present Satire, which contains many valuable Remarks upon true Nobility ; upon the Choice which great Men ought to make of their

When water-curs'd Ignatia gave us Joke,
 And Laughter great, to hear the Moon-struck Folk
 Assert, if Incense on their Altars lay,
 Without the Help of Fire it melts away.
 The Sons of Circumcision may receive
 The wondrous Tale, which I shall ne'er believe;
 For I have better learn'd, in blissful Ease
 That the good Gods enjoy immortal Days,
 Nor anxiously their native Skies forsake,
 When Miracles the Laws of Nature break.
 From thence our Travels to Brundisium bend,
 Where our long Journey, and my Paper end.

an unaccountable Act of Providence, or the Power of Fortune was
 substituted in the Place of a Deity. A Concern for Mortals,
 was too serious, *tristis*, for Gods, whose whole Being was Plea-
 sure.

SAT. VI. To MÆCENAS.

THOUGH, since the Lydians filled the Tuscan
 Coasts,
 No richer Blood than yours Etruria boasts;
 Though your great Ancestors could Armies lead,
 You don't, as many do, with Scorn upbraid

The

their Friends, and upon the Advantages of a good Education.

SAN.

Verf. 1. *Lydorum quidquid Etruscos.*] Mr. Dacier, upon the
 single Authority of Dionysius Halicarnassensis, asserts that the
 Tuscans were not descended from the Lydians. Yet Horace had a
 poetical Right to the Tradition, as it was generally believed, al-
 though it might possibly be false. But it is supported by Herodotus,
 Tully, Virgil, Strabo, Servius, Pliny, Tacitus, Velleius, Seneca,
 Plutarch, Valerius Maximus, Silius and Statius.

SAT.

Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
 Ignotos, ut me libertino patre natum :
 Cùm referre negas, quali sit quisque parente
 Natus, dum ingenuus. Persuades hoc tibi verè,
 Ante potestatem Tullî atque ignobile regnum,
 Multos sæpe viros nullis majoribus ortos,
 Et vixisse probos, amplis & honoribus auctos :
 Contra, Lævinum, Valerî genus, unde Superbus
 Tarquinius regno pulsus fugit, unius assis
 Non umquam pretio pluris licuisse, notante
 Judice, quo nollî, populo ; qui stultus honores
 Sæpe dat indignis, & famæ servit ineptus ;
 Qui stupet in titulis & imaginibus. Quid oportet
 Nos facere a vulgo longè longèque remotos ?
 Namque esto, populus Lævinò mallet honorem
 Quàm Decio mandare novo : censorque moveret

Appius

6. *Libertino patre natum.*] In the first Ages of the Republic *Libertinus* and *liberti filius* had the same Signification ; but some Time before Cicero, as we are informed by Suetonius, the Manner of Speaking was changed, and from thence *libertus* and *libertinus* were used as synonymous Terms, to signify a Man who was made free.

SAM

12. *Lævinum, Valerî.*] Horace does not positively say, that Lævinus was descended from Valerius Poplicola, who assisted Brutus in dethroning Tarquin, but only that he was of the same Family. The Surnames of Lævinus and Poplicola were given to two Branches of the Valerian House ; the first Plebeian, the other Patrician. He who is mentioned here, lived in such Obscurity, that History hath only preserved his Name to us. But he was probably the Person who brought the Family into such Contempt, as provoked Messala to forbid that any of the Lævini should be placed among the Statues of his Ancestors.

SAM

13. *Pulsus fugit.*] This Reading is of Manuscript Authority. The present, used for the præterperfect Tense, is of true poetical Elegance, when either a Knowledge of the Fact, or some other Expression in the Sentence, determines the Sense.

BENT. CON

14. *Licuisse.*] Lævinus is here pleasantly set up to Auction, for *licere* was the Term used to signify raising the Sale.

Tol

The Man of Birth unknown, or turn the Nose
On me, who from a Race of Slaves arose :
While you regard not, from what low Degree
A Man's descended, if his Mind be free ;
Convinc'd, that long before th' ignoble Reign,
And Power of Tullius, from a servile Strain
Full many liv'd for Virtue high renown'd,
By Worth ennobled, and with Honours crown'd :
While he, who boasts that ancient Race his own,
Which drove the haughty Tarquin from his Throne,
Is vile and worthless in the People's Eyes :
The People, who, you know bestow the Prize
To very Scoundrels, and like Slaves to Fame,
With foolish Reverence hail a well-born Name,
And with a stupid Admiration gaze,
When the long Race its Images displays.
But how shall we, who differ far and wide
From the meer Vulgar, this great Point decide ?
For grant, the Croud some high-birth'd Scoundrel chuse,
And to the low-born Man of Worth refuse,

(Because

18. *Not facere à vulgo longè longèque.*] Dr. Bentley and Mr. Sarnadon think it were immodest in Horace, if he remembered his Birth, to make use of the Word *Not*, as if he set himself upon a Level with Mæcenas, and were equally distinguished from the Vulgar. This is an unnecessary and a mistaken Refinement, for the Poet means only a Distance of Sentiments from the common People, to which he might with Modesty pretend.

Longè longèque not only appears in almost all the Manuscripts, but is frequently used by the best Authors. Nor does the Distance between two Objects ever give us an Idea of Breadth, as the common *longe lateque* designs.

BENT. CUN.

19. *Namque esto.*] The Poet does not say, that the Judgment of the People is always wrong, but that although they are not generally favourable to Merit, *stultus bonos sæpe dat indignis*, yet they are sometimes just, as in the Instance of preferring Decius to Lævinus. But even when they give the Preference to some worthless Man of Family, such as Lævinus, we cannot draw any Consequence in his Favour, as if he became really more estimable, nor does a

Appius, ingenuo si non essem patre natus ;
 Vel meritò, quoniam in propriâ non pelle quiessem.
 Sed fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru
 Non minùs ignotos generosis. Quo tibi, Tullî,
 Sumere depositum clavum, serique tribuno
 Invidia adcrevit, privato quæ minor esset.
 Nam ut quisque insanus nigris medium impediit cru-
 Pellibus, ac latum demisit pectore clavum,
 Audit continuò : Quis homo hic, aut quo patre natus ?
 Ut si qui ægrotet quo morbo Barrus, haberi
 Et cupiat formosus ; eat quacunque, puellis
 Injiciat curam quærendi singula ; quali
 Sit facie, surâ, quali pede, dente, capillo :
 Sic qui promittit cives, urbem sibi curæ,
 Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra Deorum ;
 Quo patre sit natus, num ignotâ matre inhonestus,
 Omnes mortales curare & quærere cogit.

Decius become less valuable by their Disregard. *Namque* esto is a Supposition ; or in the Language of Disputants, *Let us suppose*. The great Difficulty of this Passage, for it is allowed to be difficult, arises from the Poet's not having expressed his Thoughts in their full Extent.

23. *Sed fulgente trahit.*] This Verse assists us in supplying what the Poet hath left imperfect. *Sed* is necessarily relative to *nam*, and all the Lines from the seventh *cum referre negas* are a justification of that Regard, which Mæcenas had for Virtue, wherever he found it.

24. *Quo tibi, Tullî.*] It is true, that Glory makes no other Distinction among Men but that of Merit ; yet it is equally true, that they should wait, each in his proper Sphere, until it shall please that Glory to chain them to her Car, like Servius Tullius, and Decius, that she may raise them to the Honours due to their Merit. Tullius had probably raised himself, in the Disorders of the State, to some considerable Employment, from which he was degraded amidst the Contempt and Indignation of the People.

Because low-born) the Honours of the State,
 Shall we from thence their Vice or Virtue rate?
 Were I expell'd the Senate-House with Scorn,
 Justly, perhaps, because, thus meanly born,
 I fondly wander'd from my native Sphere;
 Yet shall I with less real Worth appear?
 Chain'd to her beamy Car, Fame drags along
 The Mean, the Great: an undistinguish'd Throng.

Poor Tillius, when compel'd, in luckless Hour,
 To quit your purple Robe, and Tribune's Power,
 A larger Share of Envy was thy Fate,
 Which had been lessen'd in a private State.
 For in black Sandals when a Coxcomb's dress:
 When floats the Robe impurple'd down his Breast,
 Instant, "what Man is this," he round him hears,
 "And who his Father?" So if one appears,
 Sick of your Fever, Barrus, to desire,
 That all the World his Beauty should admire,
 Curious the Ladies ask, "What Mien and Air,
 "What Leg and Foot he has, what Teeth and Hair."
 So he, who promises to guard the State,
 The Gods, the Temples, and imperial Seat,
 Makes every Mortal ask his Father's Name,
 Or if his Mother was a slave-born Dame.

And

27. *Nigris medium*, &c.] The Buskins worn by Senators were black, and sometimes white; those of the curule Magistrates were

TOX.

33. *Sit facie*.] *Facies* does not here signify the Face, but the whole Mien and Air; as in Terence, *O faciem pulchram*! where Donatus well remarks, *non partem corporis dicit, sed totam speciem*

CAVE,

34. *Sic qui promittit*.] This was the Form of a Senator's, and a Magistrate's Oath.

CAVE,

38. *Syri*,

Tunc Syri, Damas, aut Dionysi filius, caudes
Dejicere è saxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?

TIBL.

At Novius collega gradu post me sedet uno;
Namque est ille, pater quod erat meus.

HOR.

Hoc tibi Paulus,

Et Messala videris? At hic, si plaustra ducenta,
Concurrantque foro tria funera, magna sonabit,
Cornua quod vineatque tubas: saltem tenet hoc nos.
Nunc ad me redeo libertino patre natum,
Quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum;
Nunc, quia sum tibi, Mæcenâs, convictor: at olim,
Quod mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno.
Dissimile hoc illi est: quia non, ut forsit honorem
Jure mihi invidet quivis, ita te quoque amicum;
Præsertim cautum dignos adsumere, prava
Ambitione procul. Felicem dicere non hoc
Me possit, casu quod te fortitus amicum:

38. Syri, Damas, aut Dionysi.] These three Names are the Names of Slaves. Damas or Dama is a Contraction of Demetrius. Syrus is frequently the Slave in Comedy.

40. Sedet.] Is a Law Word, properly applied to Senators, Priests, and other Judges, when seated on the Bench, in Execution of their Office.

43. Magna sonabit.] Funerals usually passed through the Forum, and Novius could pronounce an Oration with a Voice of Thunder. He here laughs at his being made a Senator for an Accomplishment which could only entitle him to the Office of a Crier.

44. Cornua quod vineatque tubas.] Trumpets were used at the Funerals of Men, and Flutes at those of Children. The Twelve Tables confined them to ten in Number. Decem tibiinet addidit hoc plus ne facito.

47. Nunc, quia sum tibi, Mæcenâs.] Some modern Editors, give this Verse a more musical Cadence, read, nunc, quia, Mæcenâs tibi sum convictor. Nos vero, tam fastidiosis auribus valere jussu ipsa simplicitate compositionis capimur; says Dr. Bentley.

Lib. Sat. 6. THE SATIRES OF HORACE. 87

"And shall a Syrian Slave, like you, presume
To hurl the free-born Citizens of Rome
From the Tarpeian Rock's tremendous Height,
Or to the Hangman Cadmus give their Fate?"

TILLIUS.

My Colleague sits below me one Degree,
For Novius, like my Father, was made free,

HORACE.

Shall you for this a true Messala seem,
Or rise a Paulus in your own Esteem?
But when two hundred Waggon's croud the Street,
And three long Funerals in Procession meet,
Beyond the Fifes and Horns his Voice he raises,
And sure such Strength of Lungs a wond'rous Praise is.
As for myself; a Freeman's Son confess;
A Freeman's Son, the public Scorn and Jest,
That now with you I joy the social Hour;
That once a Roman Legion own'd my Power;
But though they envy'd my Command in War,
Justly perhaps, yet sure 'tis different far,
To gain your Friendship, where no servile Art,
Where only Men of Merit claim a Part.
Nor yet to Chance this Happiness I owe;
Friendship like your's she had not to bestow.

My

52. *Felicem dicere non hoc me possit.*] Our Poet, without any Imputation on his Modesty, might well be convinced, that his personal Merit did not stand in need of the accidental Advantages of being well born. Nor does he acknowledge himself indebted to Fortune or the Friendship of Mæcenæ, and thus with a sort of necessary Vanity, if it must be called Vanity, he compliments his Patron upon his Discernment and Caution in the Choice of his Friends.

Mr. Cuninghame hath recovered *possit* from one of the Manuscripts; it agrees with *quidvis*, and the Sentiment is more modest, and does more Honour to the Poet, when spoken by those who en-

Nulla etenim tibi me fors obtulit. Optimus olim
 Virgilius, post hunc Varius, dixere quid essem.
 Ut veni coram, singultim pauca loquutus,
 (Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari)
 Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circùm
 Me Satureiano vectari rura caballo;
 Sed, quod eram, narro: respondes (ut tuus est mos)
 Pauca: abeo: & revocas nono post mense, jubesque
 Esse in amicorum numero. Magnum hoc ego duco,
 Quòd placui tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum,
 Non patre præclaro, sed vitâ & pectore puro.
 Atqui si vitis mediocribus ac mea paucis
 Mendosa est natura, alioqui recta (velut si
 Egregio insperfos reprehendas corpore nævos)
 Si neque avaritiam, neque sordes, aut mala lustra
 Objiciet verè quisquam mihi; purus & insons,
 (Ut me collaudem) si vivo & carus amicis;
 Causa fuit pater his: macro qui pauper agello
 Noluit in Flavî ludum me mittere; magni
 Quò pueri magnis è centurionibus orti,

vied him, *quicvis invidet*, than if it seemed to be his own. *Felicem
 dicere non hoc me possum.*

55. *Optimus olim.*] Both Virgil and Varius were dead when this
 Satire was written. Our Poet was introduced to Mæcenas in the
 Year 715, and his Behaviour, says Mr. Dacier, is with that kind
 of Modesty, which is natural to Men of real Genius.

61. *Revocas nono post mense.*] Horace and Mæcenas let nine
 Months roll quietly away; the first, without paying his Court to
 the prime Minister; the other, without inviting a Man for whom
 he had probably conceived an Esteem. Who would not imagine
 that the Poet was forgotten, and that he deserved it? On the con-
 trary, this Negligence, which would have appeared blameable in a
 meer Courtier's Eyes, was regarded by the discerning Minister as a
 singular Modesty. These indeed are Models worthy of our Imita-
 tion; but if Persons of first Merit had the Modesty of Horace,
 where shall we find, says Mr. Sanadon, the Generosity of Mæcenas?

My best-lov'd Virgil first, then Varius told,
 Among my Friends what Character I hold :
 When introduc'd, in few and faltering Words,
 (Such as an infant Modesty affords)
 I did not tell you my Descent was great,
 Or that I wander'd round my Country-Seat,
 On a proud Steed, 'in richer Pastures bred :
 But what I really was, I frankly said.
 Short was your Answer, in your usual Strain ;
 Take my Leave, nor wait on you again,
 Till, nine Months past, engag'd and bid to hold
 A Place, among your nearer Friends enroll'd.
 An Honour this, methinks, of nobler Kind,
 That innocent of Heart, and pure of Mind,
 Though with no titled Birth, I gain'd his Love,
 Whose Judgment can discern : whose Choice approve.

If some few, trivial Faults deform my Soul,
 Like a fair Face, when spotted with a Mole)
 If none with Avarice justly brand my Fame,
 With Sordidness, or Deeds too vile to name :
 If pure, and innocent : if dear (forgive
 These little Praises) to my Friends I live,
 My Father was the Cause, who, though maintain'd
 By a lean Farm but poorly, yet disdain'd
 The Country-Scholmaster, to whose low Care
 The mighty Captain sent his high-born Heir,

With

71. *Causa fuit pater bis.*] This little Episode, if it may be so called, is of great Beauty, and does much Honour both to the Father and Son. It shews, that Greatness of Sentiments and Goodness of Heart are not confined to People of Birth and Fortune. SAN.

72. *In Flavii ludum.*] Flavius was probably a Country School-master at Venusium, where Horace was born, who taught Children Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. The *magni quo pueri magni: & Centurionibus arti*, is in the Pomp of Burlesque, and as such is imitated in the Translation.

Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto,
 Ibant oſtonis referentes Idibus æra :
 Sed puerum eſt auſus Romam portare, docendum
 Artes quas doceat quivis eques atque ſenator
 Semet prognatos. Veſtem ſervosque ſequentes
 In magno ut populo ſi quis vidiffet, avitâ
 Ex re præberi ſuntus mihi crederet illos.
 Ipſe mihi cuſtos incorruptiſſimus omnes
 Circum doctores aderat. Quid multa ? pudicum,
 (Qui primus virtutis honos) ſervavit ab omni
 Non ſolùm factio, verùm opprobrio quoque turpi :
 Nec timuit, ſibi ne vitio quis verteret, olim
 Si præco parvas, aut (ut fuit ipſe) coactor
 Mercedis ſequerer : neque ego eſſem quaſtus.
 hæc nunc

Laus illi debetur, & à me gratia major.
 Nil me pœniteat ſanum patris huius : coque
 Non, ut magna dolo factum negat eſſe ſuo pars,
 Quòd non ingenuos habeat clarosque parentes,
 Sic me defendam. Longè mea diſcrepat iſtis
 Et vox & ratio. Nam ſi Natura juberet
 A certis annis ævum remeare peractum,

Atque

75. *Oſtonis referentes idibus æra.*] The Romans had many ſtated Times of paying their Schoolmaſters. Some imagine it was at the Beginning, others at the End of the Year, or at the grand Feſtival of Minerva, called *quinquatrus*, or *quinquatria*, which began the nineteenth of March. But the *Minerval* then given to the Maſter, was not a Salary, but a voluntary Preſent. Many of the Commentators explain the Paſſage, *referre ærâ idibus*, as if it ſignified *revocare computationem ſummæ ad idus*, to compute the Interests, which a Sum of Money produces from the Calends to the Ides. But this is a ſtrange Language, nor can we find an Example of it in the Latin Tongue.

81. *Ipſe mihi cuſtos.*] This good Father would not intruſt the Education of his Son even to his Maſters, but aſſiſted at all the Leſſons they gave him. *Circum doctores aderat.* An Example, ſays

With Satchel, Copy-book, and Pelf to pay
 the wretched Teacher on th' appointed Day.
 To Rome by this bold Father was I brought,
 to learn those Arts, which well-born Youth are taught,
 to dress, and so attended, you would swear,
 was some wealthy Lord's expensive Heir ;
 himself my Guardian, of unblemish'd Truth,
 among my Tutors would attend my Youth,
 and thus preserv'd my Chastity of Mind
 That prime of Virtue in its highest Kind)
 Not only pure from Guilt, but even the Shame,
 That might with vile Suspicion hurt my Fame ;
 Nor fear'd to be reproach'd, although my Fate
 should fix my Fortune in some meaner State,
 From which some trivial Perquisites arise,
 Or make me, like himself, Collector of Excise.

For this my Heart, far from complaining, pays
 A larger Debt of Gratitude and Praise ;
 Nor, while my Senses hold, shall I repent
 Of such a Father, nor with Pride resent,
 As many do, th' involuntary Disgrace,
 Not to be born of an illustrious Race.
 But not with theirs my Sentiments agree,
 Or Language ; for if Nature should decree,
 That we from any stated Point might live
 Our former Years, and to our Choice should give

The

Mr. Sanadon, of too much Heroism to be proposed for our Imitation.

86. *Si præco parvas.*] *Præco* was properly an Auctioneer, *Coactor* was a common Name for many different Sorts of lower Officers, who collected the public Taxes. When our Poet's Father carried him to Rome, he sold his little Farm at Venusium, and purchased a Collector's Employment, *exactionum coactor*. *Parvas mercedes* were the Profits or Perquisites of his Office. SAR.

87. *Ad hæc.*] *Propter hæc*, an Expression more than once used by

Atque alios legere, ad fastum quosunque parentes
 Optaret sibi quisque; meis contentus, honestos
 Fascibus ac sellis nollem mihi sumere; demens
 Iudicio vulgi, sanus fortasse tuo: quod
 Nollem onus, haud umquam solitus, portare molestum
 Nam mihi continuò major quærenda foret res;
 Atque salutandi plures; ducendus & unus
 Et comes alter, uti solus ne rusve peregrève
 Exirem; plures calones atque caballi
 Pascendi; ducenda petorrita. Nunc mihi curto
 Ire licet mulo, vel, si libet, usque Tarentum
 Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armatus
 Objiciet nemo sordes mihi, quas tibi, Tilli,
 Cùm Tiburte viâ prætorem quinque sequuntur
 Te pueri, lasanum portantes ænophorumque.
 Hoc ego commodiùs, quàm tu, præclare senator,
 Milibus atque aliis vivo. Quacunque libido est,
 Incedo solus: percontor quanti olus, ac far:
 Fallacem circum, vespertinumque pererro
 Sæpe forum: adfisto divinis: inde domum me
 Ad porri & ciceris refero laganique catinum.

by our Poet. They who read *ob hoc*, have not a single Manuscript to support them.

104. *Petorrita.*] Were a sort of four-wheel'd Chariots. The Name, as some imagine, is derived from *quattuor*, four, but it rather seems purely Gaulish. *PE'TEN-RIDOM* is at this Day the Name of these Kinds of Chariots.

106. *Mantica cui lumbos.*] Mr. Dacier thinks, that Horace designs to describe his own awkward Horsemanship, which his round Figure and plump Person makes not unlikely. But Mr. Sanadon, jealous of our Author's Honour, assures us, that he had learned to ride when he was in the Army. Cato, the Censor, is described in much the same Equipage by Seneca; but when Horace reproaches Tillius for his parsimonious Manner of Travelling, he reproaches him as a Magistrate; Frugality is a Virtue in private Persons, but public Characters ought to be supported with Dignity.

109. *Lasanum portantes, ænophorumque.*] Tillius was of an Ar-

e Sires, to whom we wish'd to be allied,
 others chuse to gratify their Pride :
 While I, contented with my own, resign
 the titled Honours of an ancient Line.
 This may be Madness in the People's Eyes,
 but in your Judgment not, perhaps, unwise ;
 That I refuse to bear a Pomp of State,
 thus'd, and much unequal to the Weight.
 Instant a larger Fortune must be made ;
 To purchase Votes my low Addresses paid ;
 Whether a Jaunt or Journey I propose,
 With me a Croud of new Companions goes,
 While, anxious to compleat the Length of Train,
 Domestics, Horses, Coaches, I maintain.
 But now, as Chance or Pleasure are my Guide,
 Upon my bob-tail'd Mule I lonely ride.
 All'd is his Crupper with my Wallet's Weight ;
 His Shoulder shews his Rider's aukward Seat.
 Yet no penurious Vileness e'er shall stain
 My Name ; as when, great Prætor, with your Train
 Of five poor Slaves, you carry where you dine,
 Your travelling Kitchen, and your Flask of Wine.
 Thus have I greater Blessings in my Power,
 Than you, proud Senator, and thousands more.
 Alone I wander, as by Fancy led,
 To cheapen Herbs, or ask the Price of Bread ;
 I listen, while Diviners tell their Tale,
 When homeward hasten to my frugal Meal,

Herbs,

so sordid, that he made his Slaves carry a kind of travelling
 kitchen, *lasanum*, and a Flaggon of Wine, *ænophorum*, that he
 might not be at any Expence in the public Houses on the Road.

113. *Circum.*] He calls the Circus, *fallacem*, deceiving, because
 Diviners, Fortune-tellers, Interpreters of Dreams, Astrologers,
 and Impostors of all Sorts usually assembled there.

TURNER.

Coena ministratur pueris tribus: & lapis albus
 Pocula cum cyatho duo sustinet: adstat echinus
 Vilis, cum paterâ guttus, Campana supellex.
 Deinde eo dormitum, non sollicitus, mihi quod eas
 Surgendum sit manè, obeundus Marsya, qui se
 Vultum ferre negat Noviorum posse minoris.
 Ad quartam jaceo, post hanc vagor; aut ego (scdò
 Aut scripto quod me tacitum juvet) ungor olivo;
 Non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis.
 Ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum
 Admonuit, fugio campum lusamque trigonem

Præf.

117. *Echinus vilis.*] We cannot precisely determine what *guttus* and *echinus* were. Mr. Dacier thinks the first was a Urn, out of which they poured Water into a Basin, *echinus*, wash their Hands.

120. *Obeundus Marsya.*] Marsyas, a Satyr, who challenged Apollo to a Trial of Skill in Music, and was overcome and flayed alive by the God. A Statue was erected to him in the Forum opposite to the Rostra where the Judges determined Causes, and the Poet pleasantly says, it stood in such an Attitude, as shew its Indignation to behold a Man who had been a Slave, now sitting among the Magistrates of Rome. The Satyr forgets, in his resentment of such a Sight, the Pain of being flayed alive. To

122. *Ad quartam jaceo.*] Mr. Dacier says, it is the Custom Poets not to rise early in a Morning, because their poetical Strains keep them awake at Night. He names Corneille and Fontaine as Instances of this midnight Spirit of rhiming in Bed, to which he thinks our Author was much inclined. Yet it was customary among the Romans to read and write in a Morning before they rose out of Bed, and we shall find our Poet in the first Epistle of the second Book calling for his Pen and Paper before Day. Bentley bids us be cautious of imagining, that Horace was so late as to sleep till Ten in a Morning.

123. *Letto aut scripto.*] Are Ablatives absolute of the Participles *letus* and *scriptus*, as in the first Satire, *parto quod ovibus*. To say, that they are formed by a Contraction of *letito* and *scriptito*, is to introduce two Words unknown to the Latin Tongue, to make the Poet speak a most barbarous Language. TOR. BARN.

123. *Ast ubi me fessum.*] We must understand by these Lines a particular Hour of the Day. Horace describes the Late

usual

6. THE SATIRES OF HORACE. 95

Herbs, Pulse, and Pancakes: each a separate Plate:
While three Domesticks at my Supper wait,
Bowl, on a white Marble Table stands,
Two Goblets, and a Ewer to wash my Hands;
And hallow'd Cup, of true Campanian Clay,
For pure Libation to the Gods to pay.
Then retire to Rest, not anxious Fear,
Nor dread Marius early to appear,
Whose very Statue swears, it cannot brook
The Meanness of a slave-born Judge's Look.
Sleep till Ten; then take a Walk, or chuse
A Book, perhaps, or trifle with the Muse:

For cheerful Exercise, and manly Toil,
Tooint my Body with the pliant Oil,
Not with such as Natta's, when he vamps
His filthy Limbs, and robs the public Lamps.
But when the Sun pours down his fiercer Fire,
He bids me from the toilsome Sport retire,
I haste

ally passed in Rome, and distinguishes his different Amusements
the different Hours of the Day. Mr. Dacier understands the
allusion by *sol acrior*, and makes a very singular Remark upon it,
that Horace always bathed during the Dog-days. *Acrior sol* is no
more than *sol gravis* in another Satire. BENT.

26. *Fugio campum, lusumque trigonem.*] The Grammarians
usually signing only the Beginning of this Verse in their Manu-
scripts, did not doubt but that the *sol acrior* of the preceding
must signify the Dog-days, and as Horace uses the Expression
tem canis, when he speaks of this Sign, they believed they
might well fill up the Verse and explain the *sol acrior* by a Peri-
odus *rabiosi tempora signi*. The best and oldest Manuscript hath
preserved the present Reading, which has been received by four of
the most able Critics.

This Line explains *ungor olivo* in the Verse before; *Campus* is
Campus Martius, and *lusus trigon* was a Game played with a
ball, otherwise called *lusus trigonalis*, because the Players stood in
a triangle. Martial speaks of it in more than one Place.

Præsum, non avidè, quantum interpellat inani
 Ventre diem durate, domesticus otior. Hæc est
 Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique.
 His me consolor, victurum suavius, ac si
 Quæstor avus, pater atque meus, patruusque fecisset.

128. *Hæc est vita solutorum.*] We have here a very pretty Opposition of Characters. On one Side, the tumultuous, uneasy Life of the Great, whom Ambition drags along, chain'd like Slaves to the Chariot of Fortune; on the other, the free, tranquil Condition of a private Person, who tastes in Mediocrity of Circumstances a Repose without Vexation; Pleasure without Disquiet.

S A T. VII.

PROSCRIPTI Regis Rupili pus atque venen
 Ibrida quo pacto sit Perſius ultus, opinor
 Omnibus & lippis notum & tonforibus esse.
 Perſius hic permagna negotia dives habebat
 Clazomenis, etiam lites cum Rege molestas;
 Durus homo, atque odio posset qui vincere Regem;

This Satire was probably the first Trial of our Author's poetic Abilities, and written in the Year 712, some Time before the Battle of Philippi. There is much Pleasantry, Vivacity, and natural Ease, but nothing extremely interesting in it; a little too much Negligence and Carelessness of Composition.

Verſ. 1. *Proscripti Regis Rupili.*] Publius Rupilius Rex, a Native of Præneste, being proscribed by Augustus during the Triumvirate, engaged in the Army of Brutus. Jealous of our Author's Military Advancement, he reproached him with the Meanness of his Birth. Such an Outrage had Filth and Venom, *pus & venen* according to the Poet's Language; the Vengeance is more delicate and diverting, but not less sensible.

2. *Ibrida Perſius.*] Perſius was a Greek by his Father, and Italian by his Mother. The Romans gave the Name of Ibrida to those whose Parents were of different Nations, or different Countries.

haste to bathe, and decently regale
My craving Stomach with a frugal Meal ;
Enough to nourish Nature for a Day,
Then trifle my domestic Hours away.

Such is the Life from bad Ambition free ;
Such Comfort has the Man, low-born like me ;
With which I feel myself more truly blest,
Than if my Sires the Quæstor's Power possess.

And who finds agreeable and useful Amusements, even amidst his
more serious Employments.

SAN.

S A T. VII.

HOW mungrel Perſius, in a vengeful Mood,
That out-law'd Wretch, Rupilius King purſu'd,
With poisonous Filth, and Venom all his own,
To Barbers and to blear-eyed Folk is known.
Perſius had Wealth, by foreign Traffick gain'd,
And a vexatious Suit with King maintain'd.
Presumptuous, vain, and obstinate the Wight,
Conquering even King in Virulence of Spite ;

In

[3. *Lippis & consoribus.*] It is a Fact, and I have observed it,
says Mr. Sanadon, an hundred Times, that there are no People
more curious than those, who have any Weakness or Infir-
mities in their Eyes. They would know every Thing even to an
impertinence of teizing their Acquaintance, as if Nature, attentive
to recover what she had lost, employed the Succour of the Ears to
supply the Defect of the Eyes. Barbers have ever been of prating
kind, Lovers of News, and their Shops are the Places where they
disperse the Anecdotes of that Part of the Town, in which they
live.

Confidens, tumidusque; adeo sermonis amari,
 Sisennas, Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.
 Ad Regem redeo. Postquam nihil inter utrumque
 Convenit (hoc etenim sunt omnes jure molesti,
 Quo fortes, quibus adversum bellum incidit. Inter
 Hectora Priamiden, animosum atque inter Achillen
 Ira fuit capitalis, ut ultima divideret mors:
 Non aliam ob causam, nisi quod virtus in utroque
 Summa fuit. Duo si discordia verset inertes;
 Aut si disparibus bellum incidat, ut Diomedii
 Cum Lycio Glaucō, discedat pigrior, ultro
 Muneribus missis) Bruto prætore tenente
 Ditem Asiam, Rupili & Persi par pugnāt, uti non

Com

8. *Sisennas.*] Cornelius Sisenna being reproached by the Senate with the bad Conduct of his Wife, replied, *I married her by the Advice of Augustus.* Insinuating, Augustus had obliged him to marry her, that he might have a more easy Commerce with her. Titus Veturius Barrus, having ruin'd himself by his Extravagance, was put to death for violating a Vestal Virgin.

Equis præcurreret albis.] A proverbial Expression. White Horses were esteem'd particularly for their Swiftnes.

*Nam si huic occasione se subduxerit,
 Nunquam, edepol, quadrigis indipiscet postea.*

Plaut. Afin.

If he loses this Opportunity, he shall never overtake it, although he were in a Chariot drawn by white Horses: Virgil describes the Horses of Turnus, *whiter than Snow, and swifter than the Wind.*

9. *Ad regem redeo.*] So far from having already wandered from his Subject, the Poet now begins to leave it, and carry us to the War of Troy. *Ad Regem redeo* is absolutely out of its Place, and would be more justly used after *Bruto prætore tenente ditem Asiam.* This is one Instance of Carelessness in the Composition of this Satire.

10. *Hoc etenim jure.*] As if Strength gave a Kind of Right not to yield. *Hoc jure*, is *eā de causā.* The next eight Verses contain a long Parenthesis, or rather a Confusion of Parentheses, which have occasion'd such a Variety of Punctuation, and which the Poet ought to have avoided, after having said, *Ad Regem redeo.*

Bitterness of Speech outstrips the Wind,
 and leaves the swift-tongue'd Barrus far behind.
 Now to the King returns our wandering Tale,
 when all fair Means of Reconcilement fail,
 for Men are obstinate, when War's proclaim'd,
 they with inward Courage are inflam'd;
 when Hector and Achilles fierce engag'd,
 there was the Conflict, and to Death they rag'd:
 and why? because the gallant Thirst of Fame,
 the Love of Glory was in Both extreme:
 if a Quarrel between Cowards rise,
 between Chiefs of less heroic Size,
 Lausus to Diomed is forc'd to yield,
 the Dastard buys his Peace, and quits the Field)
 that Time o'er Asia, with Prætorial Sway,
 great Brutus rul'd, began this dire Affray.

Perfius

[*Bellum incidit.*] Five Lines after this we again see *bellum incipit*. The Poet had surely better have changed his Expression.

SAN.

[*Inter Hætoræ.*] The Scene begins to grow pleasantly serious, and the Battle is raised with a Pomp of Numbers in the true Spirit of Burlesque. The first Syllable of Priamides is short, but it is made long here, according to Mr. Sanadon, because three short Syllables come together. The Critic makes the Remark to shew we are abused by our modern Poets, when they tell us, that proper Names were of arbitrary Quantity among the Latins.

[*Duo si discordia verset.*] The Roman Poets, in Imitation of the Greeks, sometimes used *ambo* and *duo* for *ambos* and *duos*. *Si præterea tales Idæa tulisset terra viros.*

VIRG.

The Reading in this Line is taken from the best Manuscripts of Ambinus. *Vexet* is too strong a Word for a Couple of Cowards, says Horace, in another Place, *barbatum amentia versat.*

BENT. CUN. SAN.

[*Bruto prætoræ.*] Marcus Brutus and Cassius were Prætors of Rome when Cæsar was put to death. In 711, Brutus went to the Possession of his Macedonian Government, and *prætor* must be understood *proprætor*; a Manner of speaking of which there are many Examples.

SAN.

Compositi melius cum Bitho Bacchius. In jus
 Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque.
 Persius exponit causam : ridetur ab omni
 Conventu : laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem ;
 Solem Asiæ Brutum adpellat, stellasque salubres
 Adpellat comites, excepto Rege : Canem illum,
 Invisum agricolis sidus, venisse : ruebat
 Flumen ut hybernium, fertur quo rara securis.
 Tum Prænестinus falso multoque fluenti
 Expressa arbusco regerit convicia : durus
 Vindemiator, & invictus, cui sæpe viator
 Cessisset magnâ compellans voce cucullum.
 At Græcus, postquam est Italo perfusus aceto,
 Persius exclamat : Per magnos, Brute, Deos te

20. *Compositi melius.*] This Reading is of an ancient Manuscript. It is an Expression more elegant than *compositus*, and the best Authors, especially the Poets, have often used it. The Scholiast tells us, that Bithus and Bacchius were two Gladiators, who were put to death whoever fought with them. They afterwards engaged together, and both expired on the Stage.

20. *Solem Asiæ.*] Demochares first made use of this Comparison, when he represented Demetrius appearing like the Sun amongst his Courtiers, who shone round him like Stars. But after the ridiculous Light in which Horace hath shewn such affected Praise, it is astonishing, that our Kings are still obstinately compared to the Sun.

27. *Fertur quo rara securis.*] Whither an Axe is very seldom carried, because the Winter-Flood tears away the Trees, which grow upon the Banks of the River. The Translator hath been contented to give the Sense of the Passage, for the Expression could have neither Beauty, nor Meaning to an English Reader.

28. *Salso multoque fluenti.*] *Salis & multum fluenti*, but the Adjective *multus* is much more elegant and poetical than the Adverb *multum*. In Virgil we find, *collis qui plurimus urbi imminet; magnum fluentem Nilum*.

29. *Expressa arbusco.*] Horace means a particular Kind of Vine *arbusiva*, that grew round Trees, in which the People, who gathered the Grapes, stood exposed to the Raillery of Travellers.

20 Perſius and King, intrepid Pair, engage,
 More equal Champions never mounted Stage)
 And now they ruſh impetuous into Court,
 Fine was the Sight, and delicate the Sport.
 Perſius begins; loud Burſts of Laughter riſe;
 He praiſes Brutus, Brutus, to the Skies.
 Brutus, like Sol, o'er Aſia pours the Day;
 His Friends are Stars, and healthful is their Ray,
 Except the King; he like the Dog-ſtar reigns,
 That Dog of Heaven, deteſted by the Swains."
 30 Thus ruſh'd he onward, like a Winter-Flood,
 That tears its Banks, and ſweeps away the Wood.
 To this impetuous Bitterneſs of Tide,
 The King with equal Virulence replied.
 Or a Vine-dreſſer he was, of ruſtic Toge,
 Whom oft the Traveller was forc'd to own
 Invincible; with clamorous Voice oppreſt,
 When Cuckold, Cuckold was the ſtanding Jeſt.
 But, with Italian Vinegar imbued;
 The four-tongue'd Mungrel the Diſpute renew'd;

" Let

in ſuch an Attitude our *durus Vindemiator* had often appeared. All
 ſort of injurious Language was allowed during the Vintage; a Cuſ-
 tom that ſtill continues in Naples.

DAC.

30. *Vindemiator*.] The four firſt Syllables of this Word make
 three long by uniting the third and fourth. Horace hath uſed the
 ſame Licence in *Nafidienus*.

SAN.

31. *Cucullum*.] Many wiſe Reaſons are given why the Name of
 this Bird ſhould be a Term of Reproach, for ſuch it is in almoſt all
 Languages. The beſt Account of it is, that the Cuckoo ſleeps
 half the Year, and leaves the Care of his Family to others.

32. *Italo aceto*.] Italian Vinegar; a Kind of Raillery allowed
 in Italy alone. We have in Perſius *mordaci lotus aceto*, and in Se-
 neca, *bominem acide lingue*.

Oro, qui reges consueſti tollere, cur non
Hunc Regem jugulas? Operum hoc, mihi crede,
orum eſt.

34. *Qui reges conſueſti tolleres*] It was an hereditary Glory in the Family of Brutus to aboliſh Tyranny and puniſh Tyrants. Lucius Junius Brutus expelled the laſt Monarch of Rome; Marcus Decimus Brutus having killed Julius Cæſar, proclaimed through the Streets, that they had deſtroyed the King of Rome, and the Tyrant of his Country.

S A T. VIII.

O LIM truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum:
Cùm faber, incertus ſcammum faceretne Ph
pum,
Maluit eſſe Deum. Deus inde ego, furum aviumque
Maxima formido: nam fures dextra coërcet,
Obſcenoque ruber porrectus ab inguine palus.
Aſt importunas volucres in vertice arundo
Terret fixa, vetatque novis confidere in hortis.

The Poet's principal Deſign is to laugh at the frightful Superſtition of the Romans; but he does not attack them like a rude Philoſopher, with a long Train of Reaſons, but like one, who knows that a ſpirited Ridicule has more Force than the moſt preſſing Arguments. Canidia, whom he paints in all the Horrors of Witchcraft, had been caught exerciſing ſome magical Enchantments in the Eſquilian Hill, behind the Gardens of Mæcenas. The God Priapus makes a ſolemn Recital of the Adventure, and our Poet laughs at them both.

Verſ. 1. Inutile lignum.] The Wood of a Fig-Tree was very little uſed, on account of its Brittleness. Hence the Greek Poet ſays, *a Fig-tree Friend*. The Piece, that occaſioned the preſent Satire, would not even make a Bench, yet had the ſingular Merit of making, by the good Pleaſure of the Carpenter, the moſt pertinent God, that ever was expoſed to the Laughter of Mortals. To raiſe the Ridicule, Horace puts the melancholy Confeſſion in the Mouth of the poor Deity, whom he laughs at.

VETUS COM. S.

Let me conjure you by the Powers divine,
 Since 'tis the Glory, Brutus, of your Line,
 To slaughter Kings, be this thy glorious Deed,
 That this same King beneath thy Vengeance bleed."

As we cannot well imagine, that Horace would have expressed himself in this Manner, after he had engaged in the Party of Octavius, we may date the Satire in the Year 767.

SAN.

SAT. VIII.

IN Days of Yore, our Godship stood
 A very worthless Log of Wood.
 The Joiner doubting, or to shape Us
 Into a Stool, or a Priapus;
 At length resolv'd, for Reasons wise,
 Into a God to bid me rise;
 And now to Birds and Thieves I stand
 A Terror great. With ponderous Hand,
 And something else, as red as Scarlet,
 I fright away each filching Varlet.
 The Birds, that view, with awful Dread,
 The Reeds, fast stuck into my Head,
 Far from the Garden take their Flight,
 Nor on the Trees presume to light.

In

3. *Furum aviumque maxima formido.*] A pretty Employment and Equipage for a God! He has a Reed stuck into his Head, to frighten away Birds, and a Cudgel in his Hand to terrify Thieves. His Divinity was not sufficient.

DAC.

7. *Novis confidere in hortis.*] Octavius, willing to correct the Infection of this Hill, which was a common Burying-Place for all the Poor of Rome, got the Consent of the Senate and People to give Part of it to Mæcenas, who built a magnificent House there, with very extensive Gardens. Hence the Poet calls them *novos hortos*.

F 4

SAN.

Huc prius angustis ejecta cadavera cellis
 Conservus vili portanda locabat in arcâ.
 Hoc miseræ plebi stabat commune sepulcrum,
 Pantolabo scurræ, Nomentanoque nepoti.
 Mille pedes in fronte, trecentos cippus in agro
 Hic dabat; hæredes monumentum ne sequeretur.
 Nunc licet Esquiliis habitare salubribus, atque
 Aggere in aprico spatium: quâ modò tristes
 Albis informem spectabant ossibus agrum.
 Cum mihi non tantum furesque feræque sueta
 Hunc vexare locum curæ sunt atque labori,
 Quantum carminibus quæ versant atque venenis
 Humanos animos. Has nullo perdere possum
 Nec prohibere modo, simul ac vaga Luna decorum

Protulit

11. *Pantolabo scurræ.*] These People were yet alive, but as they had ruined their Fortunes, Horace, with much satirical Good-nature, provides Graves for them with the vilest Slaves.

12. *Mille pedes in fronte.*] Such was the Title of the Grave-yard, preserved on a Pillar of Stone, *cippus*, to shew its Extent, and to declare it was never to return to the Heirs of the Estate. We have numberless Inscriptions of this Kind, ITANE UNQUAM DE NOMINE FAMILIÆ NOSTRÆ EXEAT HOC MONUMENTUM. HOC MONUMENTUM HEREDES NON SEQUITUR. IN FRONTE LAT. PED. XX. ET DIG. II. IN AGR. LONG. PED. XX. *In fronte* signifies to the Road; *in agro*, to the Fields. *Dabat* is for *indicabat, testabatur*.

14. *Esquiliis habitare salubribus.*] The Air was afterwards so healthy, that Augustus was carried thither when he was ill. *Tor.*

15. *Quâ modò tristes.*] The Copyists probably wrote *quo*, to make it agree with *aggere*, which is not necessary. *Quomodo* has a vicious Ambiguity. *Agger* signifies a Terrace, which Mæcenas had raised in the Garden. Mr. Sanadon imagines, that this Line hath something extremely mournful in the Cadence, as if Horace had purposely loaded it with Spondees; and the ancient Commentator feels the same Sadness in the twenty-third Verse.

17. *Cum mihi non tantum.*] *Cum* depends on *Nunc licet Esquiliis*, and marks the Connexion. It is pleasant enough to see this poor God obliged to confess, that he knows not how to be revenged for the shameful Outrages committed against his Divinity by these infamous Witches. But Spite and Vexation at last furnished him with a whimsical Vengeance.

SAR

In Coffins vile the Herd of Slaves
Were hither brought to croud their Graves;
And once, in this detested Ground,
A common Tomb the Vulgar found;
Buffoons and Spendthrifts, vile and base
Together rotted here in Peace.

A thousand Feet the Front extends,
Three hundred deep in Rear it bends,
And yonder Column plainly shows,
No more unto its Heirs it goes.
But now we breathe a purer Air,
And walk the sunny Terrass fair,
Where once the Ground with Bones was white,
With human Bones; a ghastly Sight!

But, oh! nor Thief, nor savage Beast,
That us'd these Gardens to infest,
E'er gave me half such Care and Pains,
As they, who turn poor People's Brains
With venom'd Drugs, and magic Lay —
These I can never fright away;
For, when the beauteous Queen of Night
Up-lifts her Head, adorn'd with Light,

Hither

20. *Has nullo perdere possum.*] They were too frightful and ugly
to tempt the God to punish them in a Manner proper for such a
God. Besides, he might well be apprehensive that they might fall
in love with the Punishment. The miserable Deity might say, of
these Creatures, what Catullus does of the Thieves, who plundered
his Garden, rather than any other,

The Fears of Punishment delight you,
And even my very Threats invite you.

*Nimirum apertam convolutis ad paenam;
Et vos hoc ipsum, quod minamur, invitat.*

21. *Simul ac vaga Luna.*] The Moon presided over all Enchant-
ments, and was believed to be most favourable when in the Full, *de-
corum os*, because she then infused a stronger Spirit into the magical
Herbs.

Top.

Protulit os, quin ossa legant herbasque nocentes.
 Vidi egomet nigrâ succinctam vadere pallâ
 Canidiam, pedibus nudis, passioque capillo
 Cum Saganâ majore ululantem. Pallor utraque
 Fecerat horrendas aspectu. Scalpere terram
 Unguibus, & pullam divellere mordicus agnam
 Coeperunt: cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
 Manes elicerent, animas responsa daturas.
 Lanca & effigies erat, altera cerea: major
 Lanca, quæ poenis compesceret inferiorem.
 Cerea suppliciter stabat, servilibus ut quæ
 Jam peritura modis. Hecaten vocat altera, sævam
 Altera Tisiphonen. Serpentes atque videres
 Infernas errare canes; Lunamque rubentem,
 Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulcra.
 Mentior at si quid, merdis caput inquirer albis
 Corvorum; atque in me veniat mictum atque cacatur

Jalms.

22. *Quin ossa legant.*] The new Gardens possessed only Part of the Hill; the rest was yet covered with human Bones. DAC

23. *Succinctam vadere pallâ.*] Ovid describes Medea with her Robe flowing and loose; but perhaps Canidia was dressed in the Manner, that she might walk better, or she might untie her Girdle when the Ceremonies began. TAC

26. *Scalpere terram unguibus.*] There are here some extraordinary Particulars; that the Witches dug this magical Trench with their Nails, and that they did not cut the Throat of the Victim, but tore it in pieces with their Nails. There are not any Examples of this Kind among the Ancients, and certainly Horace invented them to make Canidia more odious. DAC

29. *Ut inde Manes elicerent.*] Black Victims alone were sacrificed to the infernal Gods, nor was any thing supposed more delicious to the Souls of the Departed than Blood. They could not foretell any future Events, or answer any Questions, until they had drank of it. Ulysses was obliged to draw his Sword, to frighten them away from the Blood he had poured into the Trench for their relief. DAC

31. *Inferiorem.*] This little Figure probably represented Various who had forsaken Canidia, as we find in the fifth Epode. SAM

35. *Inferiorem*

Hither they come, pernicious Crones!
To gather poisonous Herbs, and Bones.

Canidia, with dishevel'd Hair,
(Black was her Robe, her Feet were bare)
With Sagana, infernal Dame!
Her eldest Sister, hither came.
With Yellings dire they fill'd the Place,
And hideous pale was either's Face.
Soon with their Nails they scrap'd the Ground,
And fill'd a magic Trench profound,
With a black Lamb's thick-streaming Gore,
Whose Members with their Teeth they tore,
That they may charm the Sprights to tell
Some curious Anecdotes from Hell.

Two Figures next, the Beldams brought;
Of Wool and Wax the Forms were wrought:
The Woollen was erect and tall,
And scourg'd the waxen Image small,
Which, with a suppliant, servile Mood,
And dying Air, just gasping stood.

On Hecate one Beldam calls;
The other to the Furies bawls,
While Serpents crawl along the Ground,
And Hell-born Bitches howl around.
The blushing Moon to shun the Sight,
Behind a Tomb withdrew her Light.

Oh! if I lye, may Ravens shed
Their Ordure on my sacred Head;

May

35. *Infernas errare canes.*] The Serpents were Fore-runners of
Tisiphone, and the Bitches foretold that her infernal Majesty was
coming.

TOR.

Lunamque rubentem.] The Moon, although well used to magical
Ceremonies, was filled with Horror at the Sight of these, and en-
deavoured to hide herself. At other Incantations she usually grew
pale;

Julius, & fragilis Pediatia, furque Veranus.
 Singula quid memorem? quo pacto alterna loquentes
 Umbræ cum Saganâ resonarint triste & acutum?
 Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ
 Abdiderint furtim terris? & imagine cereâ
 Largior arserit ignis? & ut non testis inultus
 Horruerim voces Furiarum ac facta duarum?
 Nam, displosa sonat quantum vesica, pepedi
 Diffusâ nate ficus: at illæ currere in urbem:
 Canidiæ dentes, altum Saganæ caliendum
 Excidere, atque herbas, atque incantata lacertis
 Vincula, cum magno risuque jocoque videres.

pale; but here she turns red in perfect Shame and Indignation, not having it in her Power, poor Goddess, to punish the Wretches who thus insulted her.

39. *Julius & fragilis Pediatia.*] We know not who Julius was. Pediatius was an infamous Roman Knight, whom Horace, for his Effeminacy, calls Pediatia. Thus Aristophanes calls Cleonymus, *Cleonyma*; Sostratus, *Sostrata*. *Fragilis* marks the last Excess of Dissolution.

It is pleasant enough to see the good Priapus taking an Oath, to confirm the Truth of what he said, well worthy of him, and consenting, if he was forsworn, to stand exposed to the most villainous Insults.

41. *Resonarint.*] Better agrees with *abdiderint*, *arserit*, and *horrui*, than *resonarent*, which was probably a Mistake of the Copyists.

Triste & acutum.] The Translator hopes to be forgiven, for dividing these Words, as in a Dialogue between the Witches and Ghosts. The Voice of Ghosts in Homer is expressed by *ῥαῖνας*, *fridentes*, *bisping*; and in Virgil, by a thin, feeble Sound, *Pare tollere vocem exiguam*, but we never find *vox tristis* applied to them.

44. *Largior arserit ignis.*] This was a magical Fire, for the Witches had no other, by which the waxen Image was consumed.

Et ut non testis inultus.] To hear Priapus talk in this Language, one would imagine, that he proposed to destroy these execrable Creatures.

May Thieves and Prostitutes and Rakes,
Beneath my Nose erect a Jakes.

Not to be tedious, or repeat
How Flats and Sharps in Concert meet,
With which the Ghosts and Hags maintain
A Dialogue of passing Strain ;

Or how, to hide the Tooth of Snake,
And Beard of Wolf, the Ground they break ;
Or how the Fire of Magic seiz'd
The waxen Form, and how it blaz'd ;
Mark ! how my Vengeance I pursu'd,
For all I heard, for all I view'd.

Loud as a Bladder bursts its Wind,
Dreadful I thunder'd from behind.
To Town they scamper'd, struck with Fear,
This lost her Teeth, and that her Hair.
They dropt the Bracelets from their Arms,
Their Incantations, Herbs and Charms ;
Who-e'er had seen them in their Flight,
Had burst with laughing at the Sight.

ures in an Instant ; but a Fig-tree God is not so terrible. He
moved the Presence of his Divinityship in a very different Manner.

DAC.

46. *Pepedi.*] The Wood, of which he was made, not being perfectly dry, his Godship burst ; the Witches took the Crack for what the Poet says it was, and the God boasts of it as a signal Mark of his Vengeance.

SAN.

47. *At illæ currere.*] Nothing can be imagined more ridiculous. The two most powerful Witches in the World, who could draw the Moon from Heaven, and raise Spirits from Hell ; who were accustomed to whatever was most dreadful, are here frighted with a little Noise.

TOR.

48. *Canidiæ dentes, alium, &c.*] Canidia drops her Teeth, and Sagana her Hair ; from whence we may prove the Antiquity of Perriwigs and false Teeth ; although it does them no great Honour, that Witches brought them into Fashion.

SAT.

SAT. IX.

IBAM fortè viâ sacrâ (sicut meus est mos)
 Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis :
 Adcurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum ;
 Arreptâque manu : Quid agis, dulcissime rerum ;
 Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam : & cupio omnia
 vis.
 Cùm adfectaretur : Numquid vis ? occupo. At ille :
 Noris nos, inquit : docti sumus. Hic ego : Pluris
 Hoc, inquam, mihi eris. Miserè discedere quærens,
 Ire modò ociùs, interdum consistere, in aurem
 Dicere nescio quid puero. Cùm sudor ad imos
 Manaret talos : O te, Bolane, cerebri
 Felicem ! aiebam tacitus. Cùm quidlibet ille

Garrus

The Character of this Impertinent is, perhaps, a little too strongly mark'd, but Satire and the Theatre are in Possession of drawing their Characters larger than the Life. These bold Strokes make deeper Impression, and the Generality of Mankind ought to be warned of the Danger of a vicious Example laid before them in the most alarming Shape, that it may inspire them with greater Horrour.

SAT.

Verf. 1. *Ibam fortè viâ sacrâ.*] Mr. Dacier imagines Horace was walking to the Forum, as if he went about Business; but he seems rather to have been sauntering in the usual Idleness of People who were from thence called *Sacrauienses*.

6. *Numquid vis.*] Donatus tells us, in a Remark upon a Passage in Terence, that it was a polite customary Manner of speaking amongst the Romans, that they might not seem to take the Leave too abruptly, to say, at parting, *numquid vis* ? as in modern Phrase, *have you any Commands* ? *Abituri, ne id durè faceretis numquid vis. dicebant his, quibuscum confitissent.*

SAT. IX.

Translated by Dr. DUNKIN.

MUSING, as wont, on this and that,
 Such Trifles, as I know not what ;
 When late the Street I saunter'd through,
 A Wight, whose Name I hardly knew,
 Approaching pertly makes me stand,
 And thus accosts me, Hand in Hand.
 " How do you do, my sweetest Man ?"
 Quoth I, as well as Mortal can,
 And my best Wishes yours——When he
 Would follow——What's your Will with me ?
 " That one of your profound discerning
 Should know me : I'm a Man of Learning."——
 Why then be sure upon that Score
 You merit my Regard the more.
 Impatient to discard the Fop,
 One while I run ; another stop,
 And whisper, as he presses near,
 Some nothing in my Servant's Ear.
 But while at every Pore I sweated,
 And thus in muttering Silence fretted——
 " Bolanus, happy in a Skull
 " Of Proof impenetrably dull,

" O

9. *Ire modo occidit.*] Aristotle one Day fell into the Hands of an Impertinent, who telling him some Story, asked him whether he was not amazed at it ? No, says the Philosopher, but I am amazed, that any Man, who has two Legs, should stay to hear it.

11. *O te, Bolane, cerebri felicem.*] As we know not who Bolanus was, we know not for what particular Cast of Humour the Poet

Garriret: vicos, urbem laudaret: ut illi
Nîl respondebam: Misere cupis, inquit, abire;
Jamdudum video: sed nîl agis; usque tenebo.
Prosequar hinc, quò nunc iter est tibi. Nîl opus est
Circumagi; quemdam volo visere non tibi notum;
Trans Tiberim longè cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos.
Nîl habeo quod agam, & non sum piger; usque
quar te.

Demitto aurículas, ut iniquæ mentis asellus,
Cum gravius dorso subiit onus. Incipit ille:
Si bene me novi, non Viscum pluris amicum,
Non Varium facies: nam quis me scribere plures
Aut citiùs possit versus? quis membra movere
Molliùs? Invideat quod & Hermogenes, ego canto.
Interpellandi locus hic erat. Est tibi mater,

Poet introduces him here. The Commentators think he was a Cholerick, who would have made our Impertinent feel his Resentment. But there seems to be more Pleasantry in supposing him a Phlegmatic, who could hear with Patience; or a Stupid, who could be pleased with such a Companion.

26. *Interpellandi locus hic erat.*] When our Pratler had thus frankly declared his own good Qualities of Dancing, Rhyming, Singing, the Poet thinks this a lucky Opportunity of interrupting him. He conjures him by the Love which he has for his Mother and Relations, that he would take a tender Care of all these Excellencies for their sake, and not trifle away his Time thus idly.

O for a Portion of thy Brains"——
 e on the Town and Streets and Lanes,
 is prating, praising Talent try'd,
 and, when I answer'd not, he cry'd,
 y, 'tis too plain; you can't deceive me,
 ou miserably wish to leave me.
 at I shall never quit you so:
 ommand me——whither would you go?——
 ou do me Honour——but, in short,
 here's not the least Occasion for't.
 visit one——to cut the Strife,
 ou never saw him in your Life;
 or would I lead you such a Round——
 e lives above a Mile of Ground
 eyond the Tiber——“Never talk
 Of Distance; for I love a Walk.
 I never have the least Enjoyment
 In Idleness: I want Employment.
 Come on; I must and will attend
 Your Person to your Journey's End.”
 Like vicious Ass, that fretting bears
 A wicked Load, I hang my Ears;
 While he, renewing his Civilities,
 If well I know my own Abilities,
 Not Viscus, though your Friend of yore,
 Not Varius could engage you more;
 For who can write melodious Lays
 With greater Elegance or Ease?
 Who moves with smoother Grace his Limbs,
 While through the mazy Dance he swims?
 Besides, I sing to that Degree,
 Hermogenes might envy me.”
 Quoth I, to foil the wordy Volley,
 And interrupt him in his Folly:

Have

Cognati, quæis te salvo est opus? Haud mihi quæquam :

Omnes composui. Felices! nunc ego resto.

Confice : namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella

Quod puero cecinit motâ divina anus urnâ :

Hunc neque dira venena, neque hosticus auferet ens

Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra ;

Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque : loquaces,

Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit ætas.

Ventum erat ad Vestæ, quartâ jam parte diei

Præteritâ ; & casu tunc respondere vadatus

Debebat ; quod nî fecisset, perdere litem.

Si me amas, inquit, paulum hîc ades. Inteream,

Aut valeo stare, aut novi civilia jura :

29. *Sabella.*] The Samnites, in whose Neighbourhood our Poet was born, were remarkable for their Skill in Magic.

30. *Motâ divina anus urnâ.*] The Divination was performed in this Manner. A Number of Letters and entire Words were thrown into an Urn shaken together. When they were well mix'd, they were poured out, and if any thing intelligible appeared in them from thence the Witch form'd her Divination and Answers. An English Reader could have no Idea of these magical Rites by the Word *Urn*, the Gentleman, who translated the Satire, hath altered it for *Terms*, a little better known, in the Ceremonies of modern Witchcraft ; *the Sieve and Shears*.

35. *Quartâ jam parte diei præteritâ.*] The first Hour of the Day amongst the Romans answered to our sixth. Martial says, the Courts were opened at Nine o'Clock, *exercet raucos tertia caudidior* it was therefore more than an Hour after their Opening, that Horace passed by the Temple of Vesta.

36. *Respondere vadatus.*] *Citatus, vadimonio obstrictus.* *Vadatus* is a Verb common, and here understood in a passive Signification. *Respondere* is taken absolutely for *sistere se*, as is usual in the Language of the Laws.

BENT. CUN. SAT.

38. *Si me amas.*] *Me* is made short, because the next Word begins with a Vowel. A Licence imitated from the Greeks. As Virgil, *Te amice, nequius conspiceret : an qui amant, ipsi sibi se via fingunt.*

Have you no Mother, Sister, Friends,
 Whose Welfare on your Health depends?—
 'Not one; I saw them all by Turns
 'Securely settled in their Urns.'—
 Thrice happy they, secure from Pain!
 And I thy Victim now remain;
 Dispatch me: for my Goody-Nurse
 Early presag'd this heavy Curse.
 She con'd it by the Sieve and Shears,
 And now it falls upon my Ears—
 Nor Poison sell, with Ruin stor'd,
 Nor horrid Point of hostile Sword,
 Nor Pleurisy, nor Asthma-Cough,
 Nor Cripple-Gout shall cut him off:
 A noisy Tongue and babbling Breath,
 Shall teaze and talk my Child to death.
 But if he would avert his Fate,
 When he arrives at Man's Estate,
 He must avoid, as he would Hanging,
 Your Folks long-winded in Haranguing.
 We came to Vesta's about Ten,
 And he was bound in Person then
 To stand a Suit; or by the Laws
 He must have forfeited his Cause.
 "Sir, if you love me, step aside
 "A little into Court," he cry'd.
 If I can stand it out, quoth I,
 Or know the Practice, let me die:

Besides,

39. *Aut valeo stare.*] Horace uses the Law-terms, *respondere*, *adesse*, *stare*, *rem relinquere*. The first signifies to appear before a Judge upon a Summons; the second was properly to attend on the Person who appeared, and to support his Cause; the third marks the Posture in which he stood, and *relinquere causam*, to suffer himself to be non-suited for not appearing.

44. Pau-

Et propero, quò scis. Dubius sum quod faciam, inquit.
Tene relinquam, an rem. Me fodes. Non faciam, ille.
Et præcedere cœpit. Ego (ut contendere durum
Cum victore) sequor. Mæcenas quomodo tecum,
Hinc repetit, paucorum hominum, & mentis bene
sanæ?

Nemo dexteriùs fortunâ est usus : haberes
Magnum adiutorem, posset qui ferre secundas,
Hunc hominem velles si tradere ; dispeream, nî
Summosses omnes. Isto non vivitur illic,
Quo tu rere, modo. Domus hac nec purior ulla est,
Nec magis his aliena malis : nîl mî officit, inquam, 50

Ditior

44. *Paucorum hominum.*] *A Man of Discernment, who does not converse with the Multitude, as in Terence, hic homo est paucorum hominum.* Scipio having engaged three or four Friends to sup with him, and intending to make some others, who came to see him, stay with him, Pontius whispered him; *Consider, Scipio, what you are doing ; this is a delicate Fish, paucorum hominum, and does not love a great deal of Company.*

46. *Magnum adiutorem.*] *Adjutor* was a Person, who assisted a Player either with his Voice or Action, but in what manner is to us inconceivable, as we have nothing like it on our Stage. *Ferre secundas* may be somewhat better explain'd, by a Passage in Cicero; *He will not exert his utmost Eloquence, but consult your Honour and Reputation, by lowering his own Abilities, and raising yours.* Thus we see amongst the Græcian Actors, that he who plays the second or third Part, conceals his own Power, that the principal Player may appear to the best Advantage.

Our Impertinent therefore promises Horace, that far from any Design of supplanting him in the Favour of Mæcenas, he will be contented to play the second Part, and use his utmost Abilities to raise our Poet's Character, as a principal Actor. The Reader may turn to the Note on the twelfth Line in the eighteenth Epistle.

47. *Hunc hominem velles si tradere.*] Our Prattler, perfectly satisfied of his own Merit, only desires to be presented to Mæcenas; and so little doubts of his Success, that he already offers his Protection to the Person who shall introduce him. 50. *SAN.*

48. *Isto non vivitur illic.*] The Praises of Mæcenas, upon his Manner of living with his Friends, are told with a very pleasing Simplicity,

besides, I am oblig'd to go
precisely to the Place, you know.—

I am divided what to do,
Whether to leave my Cause, or you."

Sir, I beseech you spare your Pains.

Your humble Servant—"By no means."

follow; for he leads the Way;

'Tis Death! but Captives must obey.

Then he renews his plaguy Strain, as

How stands your Friendship with Mæcenas?—

For Friendships, he contracts but few,

And shews in that his Judgment true.—

Commend me to you, Brother-Bard,

No Man has play'd a surer Card.

But you should have a Man of Art:

One, who might act an under-part.

If you were pleas'd to recommend,

The Man I mention, to your Friend,

Sir, may I never see the Light,

But you shall rout your Rivals quite."—

We live not there, as you suppose,

On such precarious Terms as those:

No Family was ever purer:

From such Infections none securer.

It

simplicity, and are so much greater, as they are almost peculiar to him. Different from those, who have Abilities to govern an Empire, yet know not how to regulate their own Affairs, he can attend the public Business, without neglecting the Care of his private Fortune. His Favour was the Reward of personal Merit, and his Friends, without endeavouring to supplant each other in his Esteem, paid Homage to his Choice, and their sole Emulation was to justify that Choice by their Conduct.

DAC. SAN.

50. *Inquam.*] Instead of *umquam*, is of more than twelve Manuscripts.

Ditior hic, aut est quia doctior : est locus uni-
cuique suus. Magnum narras, vix credibile. Atqui
Sic habet. Accendis quare cupiam magis illi
Proximus esse. Velis tantummodo, quæ tua virtus,
Expugnabis : & est qui vinci possit ; eoque
Difficiles aditus primos habet. Haud mihi deero ;
Muneribus servos corrumpam ; non hodie si
Exclusus fuero, desistam ; tempora quæram ;
Occurram in triviis : deducam. Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus. Hæc dum agit ; ecce
Fuscus Aristius occurrit, mihi carus, & illum
Qui pulchrè nosset. Consistimus. Unde venis ? &
Quò tendis ? rogat, & respondet. Vellere cæpi,
Et prensare manu lentissima brachia, nutans,
Distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. Malè falsus

Riden

35. *Est qui vinci possit.*] The Poet says, Mæcenas was naturally
easy to be gained, but that a Sense of his own Weakness obliges
him to guard himself against the first Addresses of a Stranger. *Est*
for *ideo difficiles aditus primos habet, quia est qui vinci possit*; as in
Terence, *Eo tibi videtur fœdus, quia vestem illam non habet.*

BENT. SAN

65. *Malè falsus.*] *Improbe, nequiter, & damnose falsus.* Ma-
signantly pleasant. If Aristius had told Horace he had forgotten, he
might have been excused, but he was determined to insult him in
his Misfortune, by remembering the Business, and resolving to talk
of it some other Time.

SAN

never hurts me in the least,
That one excels in Wealth, or Taste;
Each Person there of course inherits
Place proportion'd to his Merits——
'Tis wonderful, and, to be brief,
A Thing almost beyond Belief."——
Whether you believe, or no,
The Matter is exactly so.
This adds but Fewel to the Fire,
The more you kindle my Desire
To kiss his Hand, and pay my Court."——
Fool, and you shall take the Fort.
This is the Vigour of your Wit,
And he is one who can submit;
The first Attack is therefore nice,
The Matter is to break the Ice.
I shan't be wanting there, he cry'd,
I'll bribe his Servants to my Side;
To-day shut out, still onward press,
And watch the Seasons of Access;
In private haunt, in public meet,
Salute, escort him through the Street.
There's nothing gotten in this Life,
Without a World of Toil and Strife!"
While thus he racks my tortur'd Ears,
A cordial Friend of mine appears,
Alius Fuscus, one, who knew
My sweet Companion through and through.
He stop, exchanging "So and so:"
Whence come, and whether do you go?"
I then began, in woful wise,
Nod my Head, distort my Eyes,
And pull his Renegado Sleeve,
That he would grant me a Reprieve;

But

Ridens dissimulare : meum jecur urere bilis.
 Certè nescio quid secretò velle loqui te
 Aiebas mecum. Memini bene ; sed meliori
 Tempore dicam ; hodie tricesima sabbata. Vis tu
 Curtis Judæis oppedere ? Nulla mihi, inquam,
 Religio est. At mi ; sum paulò infirmior, unus
 Multorum ; ignoscas : aliàs loquar. Huncine solem
 Tam nigrum surrexe mihi ? Fugit improbus, ac me
 Sub cultro linquit. Casu venit obvius illi
 Adversarius, & : Quò tu turpissime ? magnà
 Inclamat voce, & : Licet antestari ? Ego verò
 Oppono auriculam. Rapit in jus, clamor utrimque,
 Undique concursus. Sic me servavit Apollo.

69. *Tricesima sabbata.*] The Jews began their Year the first September, and celebrated their Paschal Festival the fifteenth April, in the thirtieth Week, from whence Horace calls it *tricesima sabbata*. It continued eight Days, of which the two first and last were observed with so much Solemnity, that it was not permitted even to talk of Business. *Augustus*, in Imitation of Julius Cæsar, allowed the Jews uncommon Privileges. He not only permitted them an undisturbed Enjoyment of their Religion, but established Funds, that they might offer a Bull and two Lambs in the Temple of Jerusalem every Day, for him and his Family.

71. *Unus multorum.*] One of the Multitude ; Although Aristotle had probably as little Religion, in its present Meaning of Superstition and Superstition, as our Epicurean Poet.

76. *Licet antestari.*] When a Man had given Bail in a Court of Justice, if he neglected the Time of Appearance, he might be taken by Force before the Prætor. But the Person, who would arrest him, was obliged, before he used him with Violence, to have a Witness of his Capture, *antestari*. This however could not be done without the Consent of the Witnesses ; he therefore willingly offered the Captor his Ear to touch, who was liable, if these Formalities were not observed, to an Action, *injuriarum actionem*. But Thieves and People of infamous Characters, were not treated with so much Formality. When a Fellow in Plautus cries out, *Will you not be a Witness before you seize me, Nonne antestaris ?* he is answered, *What, shall I touch an honest Man's Ear for such a Scoundrel as you are ?* Pliny tells us, the lower Part of the Ear is the Seat of Memory, from whence came this Form of their Laws.

77. *Oppono auriculam.*] Such was the Law-term, which our Poet very willingly pronounced ; to signify the Consent of the Witnesses.

but he was absent all the while,
 Malicious with a leering Smile.
 Provok'd at his Dissimulation,
 burst with Spleen and Indignation.
 I know not what you had, to tell
 In private."—I remember well:
 but shall a Day of Business chuse,
 'This is the Sabbath of the Jews;
 You would not thus offend the leathern-
 cartail'd Assemblies of the Brethren.—
 I have no Scruples, by your Leave,
 On that account."—But, Sir, I have:
 I am a little superstitious,
 like many of the Croud capricious:
 forgive me, if it be a Crime,
 and I shall talk another Time.—
 O that so black a Sun should rise!
 away the cruel Creature flies,
 and leaves me panting for my Life,
 ghast beneath the Butcher's Knife.
 At last, by special Act of Grace,
 the Plaintiff meets him, Face to Face,
 and bawls as loud, as he could bellow:
 Ha! whither now, thou vilest Fellow?
 Sir, will you witness for my Capture?"
 signify'd, I would, with Rapture;
 and then, to magnify the Sport,
 he drags my Pratler into Court.
 and thus, amidst the Noise and Rabble,
 Apollo sav'd me in the Squabble.

78. *Sic me servavit Apollo.*] A Poet naturally attributes his De-
 ference to the God of Poets, but the Favour had been more wel-
 come, if it had been granted a little sooner. SAN.

SAT. X.

NEMPE incompósito dixi pede currere versum
 Lucili. Quis tam Lucili sanctor inepte est,
 Ut non hoc fateatur? At idem, quod sale multo
 Urbem defricuit, chartâ laudatur eadem.
 Nec tamen hoc tribuens, dederim quoque ceteris
 nam sic
 Et Laberî mimos, ut pulchra poemata, mirer.
 Ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum
 Auditoris; & est quædam tamen hic quoque virtus:
 Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
 Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:

Lucilius had his numerous Admirers in Rome, who were greatly disoblighd by the Freedom with which our Poet had treated him in his fourth Satire. Horace was determin'd to support his own Judgment, and instead of making an Apology, confirms what he has said, with his utmost Force and Address. If Criticism, as a great Rhetorician asserts, be the last Effort of Reflexion and Judgment, we shall equally admire the Critic as the Poet, in the following Satire.

We may fix the Date of it, with Mr. Sanadon, in 727, 728; because the Temple of Apollo Palatinus, mentioned in the thirty-eighth Line, was not dedicated before the Year 726.

* Verse 1. *Nempe incompósito.*] Horace blames Lucilius for having abandoned himself to the Rapidity of his Genius, *carrere versum* and being too negligent of his Versification, *incompósito pede*. It follows the other; for it is a general Rule in all poetical Compositions, that they become valuable, in proportion to the Trouble and Cost. A Poet, who pretends to gain Honour, by professing to write how much Easie he writes, only raises a Prejudice against him, as he is either very little sincere, or he is a very bad Poet. The greatest Favour he can expect is, that we hope his Works may give him the Lie.

SAT. X:

YES, I did say ; precipitately bold,
That his rough Verse in careless Numbers roll'd :
Who reads Lucilius with so fond an Eye,
Foolishly fond, who can this Charge deny ?
But, that with Wit he last'd a vicious Age,
He's frankly prais'd in the same equal Page.
Should I grant more, I may as well admit
Laberius' Farces elegantly writ.
'Tis not enough a burlesque Laughter raise,
And yet even this may well deserve its Praise ;
Close be your Language ; let your Sense be clear,
Nor with a Weight of Words fatigue the Ear.

From

2. *Quis tam Lucili.*] We may say of Lucilius, that he has had the good Fortune of some Women, who with very little Beauty, have raised very violent Passions in their Lovers. He had a powerful and numerous Party of Critics in his Favour, who carried Buds under their Robes to beat all those that dare find Fault with his Verses ; and even Quintilian is numbered amongst those Admirers, whom Horace calls ridiculous, *inepte*. DAC.

5. *Nec tamen hoc tribuens.*] Our Poet does not deny Lucilius his just Praise of Wit and Humour, but says, it cannot be concluded, that his Poetry was perfect, because it made us laugh. One Excellence does not necessarily suppose all the rest, and the Perfection of a Poem consists in joining together the beautiful and the pleasing. DAC. SAN.

6. *Laberî mimos.*] *Mimi* were Farces, written purely for Diversion and Laughing. Decimus Laberius was made a Roman Knight by Julius Cæsar. He had long maintained the first Character in this Kind of Writing, but Publius Syrus at last became his Rival, and carried off all the Applause of the Theatre.

Et sermone opus est modò tristi, sæpe jocosò :
 Defendente vicem modò rhetoris, atque poetæ :
 Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
 Extenuantis eas consultò. Ridiculum acri
 Fortiùs ac meliùs magnas plerumque secat res.
 Illi, scripta quibus comœdia prisca viris est,
 Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi ; quos neque pulcher
 Hermogenes umquam legit, nec finius iste,
 Nil præter Calvum & doctus cantare Catullum.
 At magnum fecit, quòd verbis Græca Latinis
 Miscuit. O feri studiorum ! quine putetis
 Difficile & mirum, Rhodio quod Pitholeonti
 Contigit. At sermo linguâ concinnus utrâque
 Suavior (ut Chio nota si commissa Falerni est)

12. *Defendente vicem modo rhetoris.*] Sometimes assuming the Character of a Rhetorician ; sometimes of a Poet ; sometimes a Rallier, and *parcentis viribus* must be referred in common to them all. Horace does not say, that the Style of Satire should be eloquent ; but that it should have Strength to convince, Address to persuade, and Art to elude an Objection ; that it should be animated with the Spirit of Poetry, and enlivened by a cheerful, delicate Raillery. Such is the Description of an Orator by Cicero. *He must have a certain Elegance, and Pleasantry, and Erudition for a Gentleman, with Vivacity and Strength to attack and confute with Politeness and Address to insinuate and persuade.* The Writer of the Rhetorician, being little known, except in the Schools, has been changed in the Translation for that of Critic, which is Part of a Poet's Character in the present Satire.

14. *Ridiculum acri.*] It is a Fact of all Ages, that a lively Wit is capable of disconcerting the gravest Reasons and Reasoners. *Reverum sæpe maximarum momenta vertit*, says Quintilian. The happy Sallies do not depend on Art or Design ; they rise to Life and Force, and are always best, when neither premeditated, nor expected.

17. *Quos neque pulcher.*] Hermogenes was a Musician, and probably remarkable for an effeminate, handsome Face, and he is here set in opposition to some Person, equally distinguished for the Countenance of an Ape. We do not know his Name, but the Poet is too strongly drawn to doubt that the Original must have been easily known.

From grave to jovial you must change with Art,
 Now play the Critic's, now the Poet's Part;
 Raillery assume a gayer Air,
 Discreetly hide your Strength, your Vigour spare,
 For Ridicule shall frequently prevail,
 And cut the Knot, when graver Reasons fail.
 The ancient Writers of the comic Stage,
 Your Imitation here may well engage,
 Though read not by Tigellius, smooth of Face,
 Or yonder Ape, of terrible Grimace.
 Calvus, Catullus, better suit their Vein,
 Whose wanton Songs they chaunt in tuneful Strain.
 But yet a mighty Feat it must be thought—
 His motley Page with Greek and Latin's wrought!"
 Blockheads! who think it wonderful or hard,
 To oft perform'd by yonder Rhodian Bard.
 "But Languages each other may refine,
 (As Chian softens the Falernian Wine)

"At

19. *Nil præter Calvum.*] Certainly Calvus and Catullus were excellent Poets. Aulus Gellius says, they had a most delicate and rural Poetry, *fluentes carminum delicias*. Horace therefore cannot be understood to blame Hermogenes for reading them, but for adding no other Author, or preferring them to all others.

Mr. Sanadon thinks, that Hermogenes and the Person whom Horace hath coupled with him, were a Couple of wretched Versifiers; that even the Poems they published were stolen from Calvus and Catullus, and that our Author says, *Calvum & Catullum canere*, as he before said, *Cyclopa saltare*.

21. *O seri studiorum!*] *Qui lentos in studiis progressus fecistis.* They who are a little advanced in the Sciences, often admire in a work the most easy and least valuable Parts of it. Ton.

22. *Pitholeonti.*] Dr. Beistley imagines, not without Probability, that this Pitholeon was Marcus Otacilius Pitholaus, who wrote the satirical Verses on Julius Cæsar. Horace calls him Pitholeon Pitholaus, for the sake of the Measure, in Imitation of the Greeks, who gave this Name, and others like it, many different terminations.

24. *Obio noto si commissæ Falerni.*] *Nota Falerni* for *vinum Falernum*, from the Custom of marking their Wines,

Cum versus facias. Teipsum percontor, an & cum
 Dura tibi peragenda rei sit causa Petillî;
 Scilicet oblitus patriæque patrisque (Latinè
 Cum Pedius causas exsudet, Poplicola, atque
 Corvinus) patriis intermiscere petita
 Verba foris malis, Canusini more bilinguis?
 Atqui ego cum Græcos facerem, natus mare citra,
 Versiculos, vetuit tali me voce Quirinus
 Post mediam visus noctem, cum somnia vera:
 In sylvam non ligna feras insapius, ac si
 Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas.
 Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
 Desingit Rheni luteum caput, hæc ego ludo,
 Quæ nec in æde sonent certantia, iudice Tarpâ,

27. *Oblitus patriæque patrisque.*] Forgetful of your Country, and the Language of your Ancestors. *Causas exsudare Latinè*, for *Latinâ linguâ*; *Latinis vocabulis*, is a strong, metaphorical Expression proper for Satire, and all the best Manuscripts declare for it. There is another Mistake here in making Pedius and Poplicola the same Person. This last Name was given to the Valerian Family, in which there were at that Time two Brothers in Rome, both Masters of Letters and considerable Orators. One was Valerius Messala Corvinus; the other Valerius Poplicola. Horace mentions them expressly in the eighty fifth Line of this Satire. Pedius was apparently a Son of the Consul in the Year 711.

TOR. SAK.

30. *Canusini more bilinguis.*] Canusium was built by Diomedes. Its Inhabitants, originally Greeks, had preserved many Words of their first Language, which being mixed with Latin, made a ridiculous, disagreeable Jargon. Virgil for the same Reason calls the Tyrians, *Tyriosque bilingues*,

32. *Vetuit me tali.*] Our Poet being conscious that his Reasoning was not extremely conclusive, takes care to let us know he means it only as a Dream. He hath chosen Romulus, because he was more interested than any other God, in obliging his Descendants not to cultivate any Language but their own; or, perhaps, he would animate the Romans to improve the Latin Tongue, and to increase the Number of their own Poets.

DAC. SAK.

36. *Alpinus.*] The most probable Conjectures induce us to believe, that Horace means Furius Bibaculus, a Poet of some Reputation, and not without Merit. He describes him in another Satire

piqu

At least in Verse." But say, my rhiming Friend,
 ere you that Thief Petillius to defend,
 While other Lawyers sweat beneath the Cause,
 and urge, in pure Latinity, the Laws :
 While wondering Crouds upon their Language hung,
 Would you, forgetful of your native Tongue,
 foreign Words, and broken Phrases speak,
 the half-bred Jargon of a mungrel Greek ?
 Italian born, I once propos'd to write
 some Grecian Madrigals ; in deep of Night,
 When Dreams, they say, are true) Rome's Founder
 rose,

and awful spake, " You may as well propose
 To carry Timber to a Wood, as throng
 The crouded Writers of the Grecian Song."
 Let swelling Furius on th' affrighted Stage
 murder poor Memnon, or in muddy Rage
 reform the Head of Rhine : in idle Vein
 write, what never shall presume to gain
 the Prize, where Metius high in Judgment sits
 to hear the Labour of contending Wits ;

Or

ingui tentus omaso, and here he calls him *surgidus*, not only from
 the Fatness of his Person, but the Flatulence of his Style. The
 name of *Alpinus* marks his being born among the Gauls, who
 lived on the Alpes ; or, as Dr. Bentley pleasantly understands it,
 from a famous Line, which our Poet laughs at in another Place,
Jupiter hibernas canâ nive conspuit Alpes. Jugulat dum Memnona
 a Tone and Style of Bombast in the true Spirit of Ridicule.

37. *Defingit Rheni luteum caput.*] The greater Number of Ma-
 nuscripts ; the best ancient Editions, and best modern Editors, give
 this Reading instead of *diffingit*. *Defingit* is no more than *fin-*
 ish. Furius had described the Sources of the Rhine, but drew so
 frightful a Picture of them, that Horace tells us he made the God
 of the River with an Head of Mud. The Name of the Rhine in
 the Celtic Language signifies pure ; a Name given by the superstitious
 Celts, who used its Waters in Trials of Chastity. TOR. SAY.

38. *Quæ nec in æde sonant.*] The Commentator tells us, that

Nec redeant iterum atque iterum spectanda theatris.
 Argutâ meretrice potes, Davoque Chremeta
 Eludente senem, comis garrire libellos
 Unus vivorum, Fundani : Pollio regum
 Facta canit pede ter percusso : forte epos acer,
 Ut nemo, Varius : ductu molle atque facetum
 Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camenæ.
 Hoc erat, experto frustra Varrone Atacino,
 Atque quibusdam aliis, melius quod scribere possem,
 Inventore minor : neque ego illi detrahere ausim
 Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.
 At dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, sæpe ferentem
 Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis. Age, quæso,
 Tu nihil in magno doctus reprendis Homero ?
 Nil comis tragici mutat Lucilius Acci ?
 Non ridet versus Ennî gravitate minores ?
 Cùm de se loquitur, non ut majore reprehens.
 Quid vetat & nosmet Lucilî scripta legentes

Quærere

Augustus appointed five Judges, of whom Metius Tarpa was one, to distribute poetical Prizes, and determine what Plays should be presented on the Stage. Vossius believes they were established in Imitation of the Sicilians and Athenians. Mr. Dacier thinks they were continued under the Reign of Domitian.

43. *Pede ter percusso.*] The tragic Iambics had but three Measures, each Measure having two Feet, from whence they were sometimes called *senarii*, and sometimes *trimetra*.

Forte epos acer.] *Varius acer, ut nemo, canit forte epos.* Forte marks the Character of Epic Poetry, and *acer* that of Varius. Virgil's *Æneid* was not then published.

51. *Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis.*] These Words are used to soften and moderate the preceding Lines, which being taken in the general Sense they naturally present, would seem to say, that Lucilius had nothing excellent. *Dixi Lucilium fluere lutulentum, non quidem in omnibus, sed in plerisque.* Such is the Force and Meaning of *quidem*.

S.A.N.

There is a Passage in Seneca, which seems an Imitation of our Author, and which may be of use to explain him. There were many

Or where the People with applauding Hands
The well-wrought Scene repeatedly demands.

Of all Mankind, in light and chearful Strain
Fandanius best can paint the comic Scene,
The wily Harlot, and the Slave, who join
To wipe the Miser of his darling Coin.

Pollio in pure, Iambic Numbers sings
The tragic Scenes of Heroes and of Kings ;
And Varius in sublime and ardent Vein
Supports the Grandeur of the Epic Strain.

On Virgil all the rural Muses smile,
Smooth flow his Lines, and elegant his Style.

Nature alone remain'd, no easy Strain,
Which Varro, and some others, try'd in vain,
Where I, perhaps, some slight Success may claim,
Though far inferior to th' Inventor's Fame :

Nor from his Head shall I presume to tear
That sacred Wreath, he well deserves to wear.

I said, his Verse in muddy Rapture flows,
And more his Errors, than his Beauties shows ;
But, prithee, You, that boast a Critic's Name,
Don't you sometimes the mighty Homer blame ?

Does not Lucilius, tho' of gentle Strain,
Correct even Accius, and reform his Scene ?

And in his Pleasantry old Ennius rate,
When his dull Lines want Dignity and Weight ?

Yet when he speaks of his own Right to fame,
Confesses frankly their superior Claim.

What then forbids our equal Right to know
Why his own Verses inharmonious flow ?

Or

*many things in him, that you might justly blame ; many that you
ought admire. His Style flowed like a Torrent violently rapid,
but full of Mud.*

Quærere num. illius, num rerum dura negarit
 Versiculos natura magis factos & euntes
 Mollius, ac si quis, pedibus quid claudere senis
 (Hoc tantum) contentus, amet scripsisse ducentos
 Ante cibum versus, totidem cœnatus? Etrusci
 Quale fuit Cassi rapido ferventius amni
 Ingenium; capsis quem fama est esse librisque
 Ambustum propriis. Fuerit Lucilius, inquam,
 Comis & urbanus; fuerit limatior idem,
 Quàm rudis & Græcis intacti carminis auctor,
 Quàmque poetarum seniorum turba: sed ille,
 Si foret hoc nostrum fato dilatus in ævum,
 Detereret sibi multa; recideret omne, quod ultra
 Perfectum traheretur: & in versu faciendo
 Sæpe caput scaberet, vivos & roderet ungues.
 Sæpe stylum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi sint
 Scripturus: neque, te ut miretur turba labores,

57. *Nam illius, num rerum.*] The Modesty of Horace, and the real Esteem he had for Lucilius, hindered him from deciding whether these bad Verses proceeded from his Want of Genius, or from the Difficulty of the Subject. But had he thought fit to speak his Opinion, he would undoubtedly have imputed them to Want of Genius; for it is always the Fault of the Poet, if he chuses a Subject, which he cannot express in a proper Manner.

59. *Ac si quis.*] Dr. Bentley hath happily explained this Passage, the Difficulty of which is generally acknowledged. *Quid vetat nos quærere, num Lucilii ingenium, num argumentum ipsum negaverit versus politiores & molliores, quam si quis sine cura & lima extemporales hexametros fundat?* In the same Style we have *insanius ac si*, and *suavius ac si* for *quam si*; an Observation which escaped the Commentators, who therefore read *an si*, equally without Authority, as without Necessity.

69. *Recideret omne quod ultra perfectum.*] The common Fault of great Writers is, that they never know when to stop. That Flight, which they give to their Imagination, hurries them along, and as they are always aiming at something great and sublime, they

Or whether in his Subject lies the Fault,
Or in himself, that they're not higher wrought
As if the Art of Verse were to confine
In ten low Feet a cold, dull Length of Line,
Content his rhiming Talents to display
In twice an hundred Verses twice a day,
Such, Cassius, thy Rapidity of Song,
Which like a foaming River pour'd along,
Whose volum'd Works (if Fame be not a Lyar)
Kindled, around thy Corpse the funeral Fire.

Lucilius rallies with politer Ease
Than all the rhiming Tribe of ancient Days,
Nay more correct than he (I frankly own)
Who form'd this Kind of Verse, to Greece unknown;
Yet, were he fated to the present Age,
He sure had blotted the redundant Page;
Run'd all luxuriant Excellence away,
And while he labour'd o'er th' instructive Lay,
Would often scratch his Head in dull Despair,
And to the Quick his Nails bemusing tear,
Would you a Reader's just Esteem engage?
Frequent correct with Care the blotted Page;
Nor strive the Wonder of the Croud to raise,
But the few better Judges learn to please.

Be

no longer write in the Bacchanalian Spirit, as Longinus expresses it,
but really sink into Puerility.

[71. *Sæpe caput scaberet.*] Writers frequently rub their Heads,
while they are meditating, as if they intended to be brought to bed
by Jupiter. Certainly Varro alluded to the Fable, when he said,
scaber caput novo partu poetico.

DAC.

Contentus paucis lectoribus. An tua demens
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis ?

Non ego : nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere :
audax

Contemptis aliis, explosa Arbuscula dixit.

Men' moveat cimex Pantilius ? aut cruciet, quod

Vellicet absentem Demetrius ? aut quod ineptus

Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigellî ?

Plotius & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque,

Valgius, & probet hæc Octavius, optimus atque

Fuscus : & hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque :

Ambitione relegatâ, te dicere possum,

Pollio ; te, Messala, tuo cum fratre : simulque

Nos, Bibule & Servi ; simul his te, candide Furni,

Complures alios, doctos ego quos & amicos

Prudens prætereo : quibus hæc, sunt qualiacunque,

Adridere velim ; doliturus, si placeant spe

Deterius nostrâ. Demetri, teque, Tigelli,

Discip-

75. *Vilibus in ludis.*] Schools of little Reputation, where Masters, without Taste, made their Scholars read indifferently whatever new Books were published. Surely a very wrong Method of Education. We ought to give our Children the best Masters, nor should they read any thing but what is perfect in its Kind. See

77. *Arbuscula.*] Was a comic Actress of great Reputation in her Characters.

78. *Cruciet.*] *An hoc me moveat, an hoc me cruciet, quod cimex Pantilius, &c.* By Mistake or Ignorance our modern Impressions read *cruciet*. *Omnes codices cum vetustis editionibus cruciet clare exhibent.* BING

84. *Ambitione*

e thine, fond Madam, some vile School to chuse,
 Where to repeat the Labours of your Muse,
 While I, like his'd Arbuscula unaw'd,
 Despise the Vulgar, since the Knights applaud.
 Say, shall that Bug Pantilius move my Spleen?
 Shall I be tortur'd when a Wretch obscene,
 Or foolish Fannius, for a sordid Treat
 With sweet Tigellius, shall my Verses rate?
 Let Plotius, Varius, and Mæcenas deign
 With Virgil, Valgius, to approve my Strain;
 Let good Octavius even endure my Lays;
 Let Fuscus read, and either Viscus praise;
 Let me, with no mean Arts to purchase Fame,
 Collio, Messala, and his Brother name:
 Let Bibulus and Servius be my own,
 And Furnius for a Critic's Candour known;
 Among my learned Friends are many more,
 Whose Names I pass in modest Silence, o'er.
 These I can wish to smile; enjoy their Praise;
 Hope to delight, and grieve, if I displease.
 Be gone, Demetrius, to thy lovesome Train,
 Of minstrel Scholars, and in sighing Strain,

With

84. *Ambitione relegatâ.*] *Ambitio* has been here generally understood to mean Flattery, Ostentation, Ambition, or Vanity. But, as Mr. Sanadon observes, it rather signifies, *caballing, urging our interest by low, dishonest Methods*; as in another Place, *pravâ ambitione procul*. Cicero uses the Word in the same Sense in his Epistles, although Mr. Dacier translates it differently, *I shall do what they ought to do, who recommend religiously, and without the usual Arts of supporting a Party, religious & fine ambitione*.

Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

I, puer, atque meo citus hæc subscribe libello.

91. *Discipularum inter, &c.*] These two wretched Rhimers who could only, as it were, warm a second Time the tender Sentiments which they had stolen from Calvus and Catullus, are here pleasantly sent to entertain their Harlots with impertinent Ciceronisms, and to receive that Applause, which Women of their Trade may be supposed to give to the lamentable Poetry of such infatuated languishing Lovers.

92. *I puer.*] This Line has a little Air of Triumph. The Poet, assured that his Cause was good, finishes the Satire in the

With soft Hermogenes these Rhimes deplore—
Haste, Boy, transcribe me this one Satire more.

the menacing Tone, with which he began it. He opens with Confirmation of what he had said in the fourth Satire against Scyllus, and he ends with a Declaration, that he persists in the same Opinion. We may look upon these two Pieces, as two Instruments in a Process at Law. The first is a kind of Accusation, *libellus*, presented against this ancient Satirist; the second is a Subscription, *subscribe*, which ratifies that accusation. For these Reasons, Mr. Sanadon thinks the Poet never intended it should be placed at the End of his first Book of Satires, but should follow that which he had written on the same Subject.

End of the First Book of SATIRES.

THE

Q. HORATII FLACCI
SATIRARUM
LIBER SECUNDUS.

SAT. I.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATI.

SUNT quibus in fatirâ videor nimis acer, & ultra
Legem tendere opus! sine nervis altera quidquid
Composui pars esse putat, similefque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. Trebatî,

In his first Book of Satires our Poet opposes the Vices of Man-
kind; in this he refutes the false Opinions of the Philosophers.
Such a Design requires more Force and more Erudition than the
former; the Reader may therefore expect to find this Book better
supported with Reasoning and Learning than the first. In the pre-
sent Satire there is one continued Vein of Raillery, under an Ap-
pearance of much Seriousness and Solemnity. Horace finding that
a Number of People were provoked and alarmed by the Liberty of
his Writings, even while they seemed to despise the low, profane
Style, in which they were written, applies, with a State of Liberty
Case, to a venerable and able Lawyer for his Advice. The Lawyer
assumes the Tone of a Legislator, and forbids him ever to write
again. The Poet maintains his Party with the best Reasons he can
and under Pretence of pleading his Cause, indulges his natural Ge-
nius of Satire and Ridicule with his usual Freedom. At last the
part, as People, who ask and give Advice, generally do; both con-
firmed in their own Opinions.

THE SECOND
B O O K
OF THE
SATIRES of HORACE.

SAT. I.

HORACE. TREBATIUS.

HORACE.

HERE are to whom too poignant I appear ;
Beyond the Laws of Satire too severe.
Lines are weak, unfinew'd, others say—
Man might spin a thousand such a day.

What

Mr. Sanadon fixes the Date of this Satire in 733, since it mentions the Defeat of the Gauls in 727, and the Departure of Augustus for the East in 732, with a Design of recovering the Roman Provinces from the Parthians.

[Vers. 1. *Ultra legem.*] Satire hath its Laws, and ought to have more than any other Kind of Writing. It is the Interest of Mankind, that a Satirist should not abandon himself to an Excess of Humour against all who have the Misfortune to displease him. The Laws of the twelve Tables punished these poetical Slanderers with Death ; but they were grown obsolete, and had lost great part of their Vigour when they were renewed by Augustus.

DAC. SAN.

[4. *Deduci.*] They who were unwilling to confess that Horace was too severe in his Satires, for fear of being suspected of dreading them, took another Method to abuse their Author. They said his Verses were feeble and languishing, and that a thousand of the same

138 Q. HORATII FLACCI SATIRARUM Lib.
Quid faciam? præscribe.

TREB.

Quiescas.

HORAT.

Ne faciam, inquit

Omnino versus?

TREB.

Aio.

HORAT.

Peream malè, si non
Optimum erat; verùm nequeo dormire.

TREB.

Ter uncti

Transnanto Tiberim, sòmno quibus est opus alto;
Irriguumque mero sub noctem corpus haliento.
Aut si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
Cæsaris invicti res dicere, multa laborum
Præmia laturnus.

HORAT.

Cupidum, pater optime, vinct
Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, neu fractâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.

TREB.

same Kind might be spun in a Day. *Deduci* is a metaphorical Expression taken from spinning Wool, and drawing down the Thread. 7. *Quiescas.*] When Horace makes use of the Word *præscribe* to Trebatius, we might imagine he was determined to follow his Advice; but the very next Word shews that he was laughing at the venerable Counsellor, when he makes him change his Language as a Lawyer for that of a Physician. The good Man believes his Disorder was a real one, and prescribes with much Solemnity. The single Words *aio, nego, quiescas*, are pronounced with an Air of Importance, and add greatly to the pleasant Gravity of the Scene.

Ton. Da

8. Tra

What shall I do, Trebatius?

TREB.

Write no more.

HORACE.

What! Give the dear Delight of Scribbling o'er?

TREB.

HORACE.

Let me die but your Advice were best.

Sir, I cannot sleep; I cannot rest.

TREB.

Go o'er the Tiber, if you want to sleep;

the dull Sense in t'other Bottle sleep;

to immortal Cæsar tune your Lays;

Indulge your Genius, and your Fortune raise.

HORACE.

Al were I equal to the glorious Theme,

Side o'er the Field the Iron War should gleam;

Thousand Darts should pierce the hardy Gaul,

And from his Horse th' expiring Parthian fall.

TREB.

[*Transunto Tiberim.*] Mr. Dacier hath happily remarked, that Trebatius, like an honest, good-natur'd Physician, prescribes to Horace two Things, which he himself loved best, *Swimming and drinking*. Cicero calls him, *studiosissimus homo naturæ*, and in another Letter to him mentions his Pleasantry over his Wine, and that of their having drank a little too much.

[*Pater optime.*] A Term of Respect to a Master from his scholar, who is afterwards called *puer*. These Verses are of a more elevated Style, for an Idea of Augustus and his military Glories, which inspired our Poet's Imagination. Surely these were not of the Number of such as are abused at the Beginning of the Satire.

[*Gallos.*] The Gauls of Aquitain having rebelled in 726, Augustus sent Messala, with the Title of Governor of the Province, to reduce them to his Obedience. He conquered them the year following, and had the Honour of a Triumph, the twenty-fourth of September.

TREB.

Attamen & iustum poteras & scribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

HORAT.

Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipsa feret : nisi dextro tempore, Flacci
Verba per adtentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem ;
Cui malè si palpere, recalcitret undique tutus.

TREB.

Quantò rectius hoc, quàm tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem !
Cum sibi quisque timet ; quamquam est intactus,
odit.

HORAT.

Quid faciam ? saltat Milonius, ut semel isto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.
Castor gaudet equis : ovo prognatus eodem,
Pugnis. Quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia. Me pedibus delectat claudere verba
Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

17. *Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.*] Porphyrius tells us, Lucilius wrote the private, as Ennius wrote the military Life of Scipio. Horace therefore commends the Discretion of Lucilius, who confining himself to the pacific Virtues of his Hero, avoided the Presumption of rivalling Ennius ; and thus he would have us understand, that they both celebrated the same Person in different Parts of his Character.

19. *Per adtentam Cæsaris aurem.*] Mr. Dacier explains *adtentæ auris* of Cæsar's Application to Affairs of State, and Torrentius thinks it means that Earnestness with which he read, and which might well alarm a new Author. But the Poet seems with more Simplicity to say, that Cæsar will never hear with a favourable Ear any Verses that are impertinently and unseasonably offered to him.

24. *Salfat Milonius.*] A Passage in Cicero's Oration for Murena will shew what Opinion the Romans had of Dancing. Cato calls Murena

TREB.

then give his peaceful Virtues forth to Fame;
his Fortitude and Justice be your Theme.

HORACE.

I will hold the daring Theme in view;
perhaps hereafter your Advice pursue.
But Cæsar never will your Horace hear;
languid Panegyric hurts his Ear.
So strongly guarded from the Poet's Lays,
he spurns the Flatterer and his saucy Praise.

TREB.

Wetter even this, than cruelly defame,
and point Buffoons, and Villains out by Name.
To be hated, even by those You spare,
whose Anger's always equal to their Fear.

HORACE.

Tell me, Trebatius, are not all Mankind
to different Pleasures, different Whims inclin'd?
Neronius dances when his Head grows light,
and the dim Lamp shines double to his Sight.
The Twin-born Brothers in their Sports divide;
I'll love boxing; Castor joys to ride.
Indulge me then in this my sole Delight,
like great and good Lucilius let me write.

To

arena, Saltatorem, a Dancer. Cicero answers, he should consider
the Cruelty of such an Injury, and the Vices, which necessarily at-
tended such a Character. For none but a Fool dances when he is
alone, or at a moderate, decent Entertainment. Dancing
the last Excess of Wine, Mirth, and Company.

29. *Nostrum melioris utroque.* When the Romans mentioned a
man of great Reputation, and whose Example had a sort of Au-
thority, their usual Expression in Conversation was, *Who is far*
more, and more valuable than you or me.

RUTGERS.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
 Credebat libris; neque, si malè cesserat, usquam
 Decurrens aliò, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis
 Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
 Vita senis. Sequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus,
 ceps:

Nam Venusinus erat finem sub utrumque colonis,
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis,
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
 Incuteret violenta. Sed hic stylus haud petet ultro
 Quemquam animantem, & me veluti custodiet ens.

30. *Ille velut fidis.*] The Satire of this Passage is more delicate as the Malice of it is concealed under an Ambiguity of Expression which for some time deceives us. Lucilius at first appears a Man of extraordinary Character; reserved, industrious, and equal to himself in every Change of Fortune; but examine him a little more, and you find another Lucilius, who thinks, that to write a few many Verses is sufficient to make a great Poet, who never waits for the happy Moments of Inspiration; who shews in all his Works the Inequalities and Interruptions of his poetical Vein, and who loses his Verses with a thousand tedious and impertinent Circumstances. Perhaps this Picture is not very faithfully drawn. Horace was determined to maintain the Sentence he had pronounced against Lucilius, and in this Disposition of Spirit, it was not easy to guard against his own natural Talent of Ridicule. He had some Foundations of Truth to support him, which is always enough for a Poet.

31. *Neque si malè cesserat.*] All the Manuscripts declare for *cesserat*; but *gerere* is never used absolutely, whereas the Usage of *de* in an absolute Sense, is frequent and undisputed. But we yet to enquire what Horace designs by *neque si bene, neque si cesserat*. The Commentators understand the Words to mean the good or bad Condition of his Affairs. But there is no Kind of Appearance, that Lucilius filled his Writings with his personal Comments or the State of his domestic Affairs. An Affectation so markable would rise at first View in the numerous Fragments that remain of his Works. But we perceive nothing like it, and therefore receive another Meaning from Dr. Bentley, *usquam decurrens ad libros decurrens, seu bene et cesserat in scribendo, seu quod Whatever was his poetical good or ill Fortune, he still indulged his Passion for writing.* From hence we may perceive his good of

hold him frankly to his Book impart,
to a Friend, the Secrets of his Heart:
to write was all his Aim; too heedless Bard,
and well or ill, unworthy his Regard.
Since the old Man stands open to your View,
though with a careless Hand the Piece he drew.
His Steps I follow in Pursuit of Fame,
whether Lucania or Apulia claim
the Honour of my Birth; for on the Lands,
Samnites once possess'd, Venusium stands,
forward Barrier, as old Tales relate,
to stop the Course of War, and guard the State.
Let this Digression, as it may, succeed—
an honest Man shall by my Satire bleed.

I wear

his lucky or unlucky Moments, which is what Horace means when he says, Lucilius gave us a Picture of his Life in his writings. *Quo fit ut omnis votiva pateat, &c.* The Romans not only consecrated Pictures of the bad Accidents of their Lives, but the more fortunate and happy.

[4. *Vita senis.*] Lucilius was not less than sixty Years of Age, when he died; or, perhaps, our Poet calls him *senem* as a Term of Respect.

[*Nequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus.*] The Rillery begins to grow more open. Lucilius amused himself with whatever came in his way; from whence his Works were loaded with many little useless pieces, which rose one out of another, and threw him out of his subject. To render this Fault more sensible, and set it in the strongest Light, our Poet hath himself written a few Lines in the style of Lucilius. This Turn is pleasant, and makes us see the merit and Art of a Passage, which, without this manner of understanding it, would appear as a most insipid, lifeless Digression. *SAN.*

[9. *Sed hic stylus.*] While I follow Lucilius in the Manner of writing, which I have imitated in these Lines, and which hurts not only himself; I shall take care not to imitate him in another fault, that of injuring the Reputation of others. If Horace never wrote a Satire but on those, who had justly provoked him, he may be a great Example for all future Satirists. But Lucilius made the same Protestation, and probably they were both equally sincere. We may therefore look upon the poetical Oath in the next Lines as a mixture of Pleasantry and Decency, which could no more justify the

Vaginâ tectus : quem cur destringere coner,
 Tutus ab infestis latronibus ? O pater & rex
 Juppiter ! ut pereat positum rubigine telum ;
 Nec quisquam noceat cupido mihi pacis ! at ille,
 Qui me commorit (meliùs non tangere, clamo)
 Flebit, & insignis totâ cantabitur urbe.
 Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam ;
 Canidia Albucî, quibus est inimica, venenum ;
 Grande malum Turius, si quid, se iudice, certes,
 Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
 Imperitet Natura potens, sic collige mecum.
 Dente lupo, cornu taurus petit ; unde, nisi intus
 Monstratum ? Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
 Matrem.

TREB.

Nil faciet sceleris pia dextera.

HORAT.

Mirum!

Ut neque calce lupo quemquam, neque dente petit
 Sed malè tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
 Ne longum faciam ; seu me tranquilla senectus
 Expectat ; seu Mors atris circumvolat alis ;
 Dives, inops ; Romæ, seu Fors ita jusserit exul ;
 Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.

T

the Poet with regard to the Public, than it could comfort the Poet
 whom he had treated so severely.

42. *O Pater & Rex Juppiter.*] To shew that our Poet is
 too much in earnest, his Prayer is a Parody of a Line in O-
 machus, Ζεῦ Πάτερ, εἰς Χαλὺν πᾶν ἀπὸ λατο γένος.

47. *Cervius leges minitatur & urnam.*] A Criminal was acqui-
 or condemned by, the Number of Votes, which the Judges th-
 into a judiciary Urn. Virgil tells us this Custom was obser-
 mongst the Dead, *Quæstor Minos urnam movet.*

54. *Nil faciet sceleris pia dextera.*] Trebatius, affrighted
 what Horace was going to say of Scævæ, interrupts him with-

t. I
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 ol. III.

wear it like my Sword, and safe it lies
 Within the Sheath 'till Thieves and Villains rise.
 Dread King and Father of the mortal Race,
 Hold me, harmless Bard, how fond of Peace!
 And may all Kinds of mischief-making Steel,
 Rust, eternal Rust, thy Vengeance feel.
 He who hurts me, (nay, I will be heard)
 Had better take a Lion by the Beard;
 His Eyes shall weep the Folly of his Tongue,
 Laughing Crouds in rueful Ballad sung.
 Th' Informer Cervius threatens with the Laws;
 Arius your Judge, You surely lose your Cause;
 Are you the Object of Canidia's Hate,
 Drugs, Poisons, Incantations, are your Fate:
 Her powerful Nature to her Creatures shows,
 With various Arms, to terrify their Foes.
 The Wolf with Teeth, the Bull with Horns can fight;
 Hence, but from Instinct, and an inward Light?
 Is long-liv'd Mother trust to Scava's Care——

TREB.

Deed of Blood his pious Hand could dare?

HORACE.

Wondrous indeed! that Bulls ne'er strive to bite,
 Or Wolves, with desperate Horns, engage in fight.

Mother's Blood the gentle Scava spills,
 With a Draught of honey'd Poison kills.

Then, whether Age my peaceful Hours attend,

Death his sable Pinions round me bend:

Rich, or Poor: at Rome; to Exile driven:

Whatever Lot by powerful Fate is given,

I am resolv'd to write.

TREB.

Did not surely shed his Mother's Blood! No, says the Poet, he
 did not stab his Mother, but he poisoned her.

DAC.

[Seu me tranquilla senectus.] Our Poet was then about four
 forty Years of Age.

SAN.

l. III.

H

60. Quis.

TREB.

O puer, ut sis

Vitalis metuo; & majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

HORAT.

Quid? cùm est Lucilius ausus

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
Detrahere & pellem, nitidus quâ quisque per ora
Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Lælius, & qui
Duxit ab oppressâ meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello?
Famosive Lupo cooperto versibus? Atqui
Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim;
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
Quin, ubi se à vulgo & scenâ in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadae & mitis sapientia Læli,
Nugari cum illo, & discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti. Quidquid sum ego, quam
Infra Lucilî censum ingeniumque; tamen me
Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque

Invit

60. *Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.*] If Horace had not perfectly careless of his Numbers, this Transposition, which Sanadon thinks unpardonable, might have easily been altered, *scribam, quisquis erit vitæ color.*

61. *Majorum ne quis amicus frigore te feriat.*] The Commentors are much divided about the Meaning of these Words. Rufinus, Mr. Dacier, and Sanadon understand *frigore ferire*, to differ to put out of Favour. Torrentius and others imagine, that here signifies Death, as in Virgil, *solvuntur frigore membra. pusque lavant frigentis.*

64. *Detrahere pellem.*] A figurative Expression taken from Stage. The ancient Masks were of Skins.

71. *Quin ubi se à vulgo.*] The Friendship of Lælius and Sanadon did much honour to Lucilius; nor is it less pleasing to see these greatest Men of the Republic, unbending from their Application to the Business of the State; laying aside the Dignity of their Characters, and trifling amongst their Friends even to Sports of dissipation.

72. Virgil, and the
Lælius
ch Expre
bold in
76. Cum
a Rom

TREB.

How much I dread,
thy Days are short, some Lord shall strike thee dead
With freezing Look——

HORACE.

What ! when with honest Rage,
Lucilius lash'd the Vices of his Age ;
from conscious Villains tore the Mask away,
and stript them naked to the Glare of Day,
Where Lælius, or his Friend (whose glorious Name
from conquer'd Carthage deathless rose to Fame)
Were they displeas'd, when Villains and their Crimes
Were cover'd o'er with Infamy and Rhimes ?
The titled Knave he boldly made his Prize,
and durst the People Tribe by Tribe chastise ;
While he to Virtue and to Virtue's Friends,
and them alone, with Reverence he bends :
Not soon as Scipio, once in Arms approv'd,
and Lælius, for his milder Wisdom lov'd,
could from the noisy World with him retreat,
they laugh'd at all the busy Farce of State,
enjoy'd the vacant Hour, the social Jest,
until their Herbs, their frugal Feast, were drest.
What though with great Lucilius I disclaim
all saucy Rivalship of Birth or Fame,
pite of herself, even Envy must confess,
that I the Friendship of the Great possess,

And,

[72. *Virtus Scipiadae.*] The Virtue of Scipio for the virtuous Scipio, and the mild Wisdom of Lælius, *mitis sapientia Lælii*, for the mild Lælius. He was surnamed the Wise, Caius Lælius Sapiens. Such Expressions, however beautiful in the Original, might appear too bold in a Translation.

[76. *Cum magnis vixisse.*] Lucilius was of a Patrician Family, and a Roman Knight, which makes our Poet allow him a Superiority

Invidia ; & fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido : nisi quid tu, docte Trebatî,
Dissentis.

TREB.

Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne fortè negoti
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum :
Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
Judiciumque.

HORAT.

Esse, si quis mala : sed bona si quis
Judice condiderit laudatus Cæsare ? si quis
Opprobriis dignum lataverit, integer ipse ?
Solventur risu tabulæ : tu missus abibis.

riority of Birth and Fortune ; but he might compare with him more valuable Advantages. It appears by some Fragments of Letters, that Horace did not live in less domestic Familiarity with Augustus and Mæcenas, than Lucilius did with Scipio and Lælius. he does not boast so much of this Honour, it is an Effect of Discretion and his Modesty.

77. *Fragili quærens illidere dentem.*] In Allusion to the Fable of the Serpent and the File.

79. *Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.*] These and the following Words manifestly shew, that the Answer of Trebatius begins *equidem*. *Diffingere*, which signifies to refute, is of the great Number of Manuscripts, and all elder Editions, as we are assured by Dr. Bentley, *tam editiones vetustæ omnes, quam codicum pariter*. The Sense of the Passage may be thus explained : Indeed, Trebatius, I cannot deny what you have said. You may therefore proceed in writing Satires, without any Apprehension of offending the Great. Lucilius is a powerful Example to encourage you. Consider, that there are Laws against Satirists and the Licentiousness of their Writings.

82. *Si mala condiderit.*] Trebatius, with much Solemnity, cites the Laws of the twelve Tables, as his last Argument. A Law could produce nothing more strong, and Horace being unable to defend himself by a direct Answer, finds a Way of getting out of this Difficulty by playing on the Word: *malum carmen*, and giving it a different Sense from what they had in the Text of the Law. The Pleasantry of this Turn depends on a Pun, which could not be preserved in a Translation. Bad Verses would not be under-

and, if she dare attempt my honest Fame,
 shall break her Teeth against my solid Name.
 This is my Plea : on this I rest my Cause —
 What says my Council, learned in the Laws ?

TREB.

Your Case is clearer ; yet let me advise ;
 For strange Mishaps from Ignorance arise.
 Hold the Pains, and Penalties decreed
 To Libellers.

HORACE.

To Libellers indeed.

But, if with Truth his Characters he draws,
 Even Cæsar shall support the Poet's Cause ;
 The formal Process shall be turn'd to Sport,
 And you dismiss with Honour by the Court.

SAT.

English to mean, as they do in the Original, Verses written with
 satirical Design of injuring the Reputation of others.

34. *Laudatus.*] Such is the Reading of seven or eight Manuscripts. *Laudatur* makes a Transposition, as disagreeable as unnecessary. What the Poet here seems to say by Chance was probably designed, to insinuate to the People, who censured him, that he was well assured of the Protection and Approbation of Augustus. The Turn is modest and artful.

SAN.

35. *Integer ipse.*] A Poet, whose Conduct is regular and unmeasurable, hath a Kind of Right to censure the Faults of others ; at least, this is the best Method of engaging all honest Men on his side. On the contrary, a Satirist, who is not more virtuous than those whom he chastises, is an impudent Hypocrite.

SAN.

36. *Solventur risu tabulae.*] *Tabulae* are the Process and Information laid before the Judge, which, says the Poet, shall be torn in pieces. Mr. Dacier observes, that this Line is an Imitation of Aristophanes, where a Father dissuades his Son from an Excess of satire, by representing to him a thousand Disorders, which it occasions, quarrelling, breaking Houses open. No, says the Son, this never happens, when we converse with Men of Honour ; for either they will satisfy the People, whom they have offended, or turn their Hair into Ridicule, and by some happy Jest make the Judges, and even the Prosecutors, laugh. The Process is dismissed, and you escape without being punished.

S A T. II.

QUÆ virtus & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic sermo est, sed quæ præceptum
Ofellus

Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassâque Minervâ)
Discite, non inter lances mensasque nitentes ;
Cum stupet infans acies fulgoribus, & cum
Acclinus falsis animus meliora recusat :
Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc ?
Dicam si potero. Malè verum examinat omnis
Corruptus iudex. Leporem sectatus, equove

Lassus

The Praise of Temperance is a common Topic of Morality Epictetus and Seneca, and others, educated in the School of Zeno have given us a Number of Precepts on the Subject more ingenious than solid. Our Poet hath taken a Road, which leads more directly to Persuasion. He says, that a frugal Entertainment may satisfy the Appetite, and that it yields besides the greatest Advantages both to Mind and Body. These two Maxims, natural as simple as they are, lay the Foundation of the following Piece, in which a meer Country Peasant, without any Tincture of Philosophy but full of good Sense, without going out of his Character, and without dogmatizing, gives us Reflexions worthy of the best Understanding, but with an Easiness of Manner, which makes them perfectly amiable.

VERS. 2. *Nec meus hic sermo.*] Horace, with much good Reason, avoids making himself an Apologist for Temperance. He was a speculative Epicurean, but a practical Disciple of Aristippus, and after giving us most excellent Precepts of Frugality, would not unwillingly have left his Plate of Herbs for a more luxurious Entertainment. Besides, he would give Weight to his Maxims by the sober Example of the Speaker.

Quæ præceptum Ofellus.] This Reading has an Authority of Manuscripts and Editions. *Sermonem præcipere* is a Manner of Expression unknown to the Genius and Usage of the Latin Tongue. *Quæ præceptum*, as Torrentius observes, gives Variety to the Sentence, and awakes an Attention in the Reader.

3. Abnormis

SAT. II.

WHAT, and how great the Virtue, Friends, to live

On what the Gods with frugal Bounty give,
Nor are they mine, but sage Ofellus' Rules,
Of Mother-Wit, and wise without the Schools)
Come learn with me, but learn before ye dine,
Ere with luxurious Pomp the Table shine ;
Ere yet its madding Splendours are display'd,
That dull the Sense and the weak Mind mislead.
Yet why before we dine ? I'll tell ye, Friends,
A Judge, when brib'd, but ill to Truth attends.

Pursue

3. *Abnormis.*] A Philosopher without Rules. Ofellus was an Epicurean without knowing it, but his Morality was in a Medium between the very rigid and very dissolute Followers of that Sect.

DAC.

Crassaque Minerva.] Rude but natural ; without Art or Discipline. A Kind of Mother-Wit unimproved by Education or Study.

6. *Acclinis falsis animus.*] When the Mind is contented to yield to Things, which deceive and seduce it. *Acclinis* being somewhat less known than *acclinis*, the Copyists changed it in all but one Manuscript, although it makes a disagreeable Consonance with the next Word, *acclinis falsis*.

CUN. SAY.

9. *Leporem sectatus.*] The Poet proposes to People of good Cheer three Methods of recovering an Appetite, grown weak and languid by Repletion ; hunting, riding, and military Exercises. The last of these is not directly mentioned, but being in the Poet's Intention, should be understood in his Expression. *Feras venare, equos agita, exerce te ad belli munia ; si vero tibi nec venatio arridet, nec equitatio, nec militaris disciplina, adsueto scilicet belluari ac peragitari Græcorum more : pila vel disco lude.* Such Remarks as these are necessary, that we may see the Justness of the Poet's Reasoning, although it were to be wished he had spared us the Trouble of making them.

SAN.

Lassus ab indomito; vel si Romana fatigat
 Militia adfuetum græcari: seu pila velox,
 Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
 Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco:
 Cum labor extuderit fastidia; siccus, inanis
 Sperne cibum vilem: nisi Hymettia mella Falerno
 Ne biberis diluta. Foris est promus, & atrum
 Defendens pisces hyemat mare: cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. Unde putas, aut
 Quî partum? Non in caro nidore voluptas
 Summa, sed in te ipso est. Tu pulmentaria quære
 Sudando. Pinguem vitis albumque neque ostrea,
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois:
 Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
 Hoc potiùs, quàm gallinâ tergere palatum,
 Corruptus vanis rerum; quia veneat auro
 Rara avis, & pictâ pandat spectacula caudâ:
 Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris
 istâ,
 Quam laudas, plumâ? coctove num adest honor idem
 Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac magis illa;

11. *Græcari.*] *To drink like a Greek*, a frequent Expression among the Romans for drinking largely.

13. *Agit.*] *For trahit, delectat, allicit.*

19. *Caro nidore.*] This Epithet is extremely happy. The Flavour of the Meat raises the Price of it, although it neither makes it more nourishing, nor more wholesome.

22. *Lagois.*] We do not find this Word in any other Author. It was probably a foreign Bird, whose Flesh tasted and looked like that of an Hare; a favourite Dish amongst the Romans. *Ostrea* is of two Syllables, as in Virgil, *Bis patria cecidere manus: quin prece tenus omnia.*

23. *Posito pavone.*] Quintus Hortensius was the first who gave the Romans a Taste for Peacocks, and it soon became so fashionable a Dish, that all People of Fortune had it at their Tables. Cicero pleasantly says, he had the Boldness to invite Hirtius to sup with him, even without a Peacock, *Sed vide audaciam, etiam Hirtius*

Pursue the Chace: th' unmanag'd Courser rein:
 Or, if the Roman War ill-suit thy Vein,
 To Grecian Revels form'd, at Tennis play,
 Or at the manly Discus waste the Day;
 With Vigour hurl it through the yielding Air,
 The Sport shall make the Labour less severe;
 Then, when the Loathings, that from Surfeits rise,
 Are quell'd by Toil, a frugal Meal despise;
 Then the Falernian Grape with Pride disclaim,
 Unless with Honey we correct its Flame.

Your Butler strolls abroad; the wintry Sea
 Defends its Fish; but you can well allay
 The Stomach's angry Roar with Bread and Salt —

Whence can this rise, you ask; from whence the Fault?
 In you consists the Pleasure of the Treat,
 Not in the Price, or Flavour of the Meat.

Let the strong Toil give Relish to the Dish,
 Hence nor the various Luxuries of Fish,
 Nor foreign Wild-fowl can delight the pale,
 Surfeit-swoln Guest: yet shall I ne'er prevail

To bid our Men of Taste a Pullet chuse,
 And the gay Peacock, with its Train refuse;
 Or the rare Bird at mighty Price is sold,
 And lo! what Wonders from its Tail unfold!

What can these Whims a higher Gusto raise,
 Unless you eat the Plumage that you praise?

Do its Glories, when 'tis boil'd, remain?
 No; 'tis th' unequal'd Beauty of his Train

Deludes

Virgo canam dedi sine pavone. M. Aufidius Latro made a prodigious Fortune by fattening them for Sale.

[29. *Carnetamen quamvis.*] Nothing can be clearer than this Passage, which hath been perplexed only by the too much Learning of commentators. *Quamvis* should be construed in its usual Sense with *dispar* and *patet*. *Esse* does not signify a Point decided,

Imparibus formis deceptum te patet : esto.

Unde datum sentis, lupo hic, Tiberinus, an alto

Captus hiet ? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis

Ostia sub Tusci ? Laudas, insane, trilibrem

Mullum, in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est

Ducit te species, video. Quo pertinet ergo

Proceros odisse lupos ? quia scilicet illis

Majorem Natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.

Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino

Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos

Præsentem, Austri, coquite horum obsonia : quamquam

Putet aper, rhombusque recens, mala copia quando

Ægrum sollicitat stomachum ; cum rapula plenus

Atque

but is rather a Term of Concession. *Although there be no Difference of Taste between a Pullet and a Peacock ; although it is plain you are deceived by outward Beauties only, yet I am willing to allow the Preference which you give to the Peacock. Concedo, permitto tibi ut forma hic decipiaris.*

BENT. SANADON

31. *Unde datum sentis.*] *Unde tibi concessum, ut sentias.* Whether it were Fancy, or a real Delicacy of Taste, a Pike taken between the Bridges of the Tiber, was more esteemed than those caught at the Opening of the River or in the Sea. Horace tells these People of Luxury ; When I allow the Preference you give to the Peacock for the Beauty of his Feathers, yet certainly you will not assert that you have equal Right to prefer a Pike, which was caught in some particular Part of the River, to any other, since the Fish and the Form of it is always the same. It is true, that this Fish, as well as all other Animals, although of the same Shape and Species, may have many different Qualities, according to the different Place where it has been fed. But Horace is talking to People who judge of Meat by their Eye, *imparibus formis deceptum, ducit te species*, and would convince them, that Taste alone can decide between Pike of Rivers or the Sea. Thus the Poet recovers the Concession he had made, and artfully refutes what he seemed to allow. SANADON

32. *Captus hier.*] Mr. Sanadon imagines, that Horace would show the Voraciousness of this Fish by the Word *hiere* ; or intended, with a Playfulness of Words, not unusual to him, to describe it, as if it were caught in the very Moment when it was catching its Prey, *quasi captus esset dum inhiaret præda.*

Deludes your Eye, and charms you to the Feast,
For Hens and Peacocks are of equal Tasse.

But say, by what Discernment are you taught
To know, that this voracious Pike was caught
Where the full River's lenient Waters glide,
Or where the Bridges break the rapid Tide;
In the mid Ocean, or where Tiber pays,
With broader Course, his Tribute to the Seas?

Madly you praise the Mullet's three Pound Weight,
And yet you stew it piece-meal ere you eat,
Your Eye deceives You; wherefore else dislike
The natural Greatness of a full-grown Pike,
Yet in a Mullet so much Joy expresses?

"Pikes are by Nature large, and Mullers less."

Give me, the Harpy-throated Glutton cries,
In a large Dish a Mullet's mighty Size:
Descend, ye southern Winds, propitious haste,
And with unwholesome Rankness taint the Feast.
And yet it needs not; for when such Excess
Shall his o'er-jaded Appetite oppress,

The

38. *Porretum magno.*] These four Lines are extremely beautiful. The first, by the spondaic Slowness of its Cadence, carries along with it an Image of what it would describe: The second strongly compares a Glutton to the Harpies, those Monsters of the Fable, known by their Voraciousness. The third is a lively Start of Indignation; and the fourth, by an unexpected Contradiction, gives Force both to the Comparison and Imprecation.

Dr. Bentley and Mr. Sanadon leave out the next Line of the common Editions, *Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaris temnit*, which interrupts the Regularity of the Thoughts, and has a vicious Ambiguity of Expression. The Scholiasts themselves know not whether *raro* should be construed with *temnit* or *jejunus*. When Children were taught to read the Manuscript Copies of Authors, their Masters often wrote on the Margin some proverbial or sententious Verse, which seemed to have a Reference to the Poet's Thought, and was contained in few Words. From thence they were afterwards taken into the Text by the Mistake or Ignorance of Copyists.

Atque acidas mavult inulas. Necdum omnis abacta
 Pauperies epulis regum; nam vilibus ovis,
 Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem 45
 Galloni præconis erat acipensere mensa
 Infamis. Quid? tum rhombos minùs æquora alebant?
 Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido:
 Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius. Ergo
 Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit assos;
 Parebit pravi docilis Romana juvenus.
 Sordidus à tenui victu distabit, Ofello
 Judice. Nam frustra vitium vitaveris illud,
 Si te alio pravus detorseris. Avidienus,
 Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret, 55
 Quinquennes oleas est, & sylvestria corna:
 Ac, nisi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; &
 Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
 Ille repotia, natales, aliosve dierum
 Festos albatu celebret) cornu ipse bilibri 60

43. *Nec dum omnis abacta pauperies.*] This luxurious Contempt of cheap, simple Food was introduced but lately among the Romans, and consequently rose more from a capricious Love of Novelty, than from Nature. The Poet, by the Word *Pauperies*, exactly sets the present expensive Luxury in opposition to ancient Frugality; as if a modern single Dish would have purchased an Entertainment for a Family of ancient Times. DAC.

45. *Nigris oleis.*] Olives, intended for the Table, were gathered when they began to ripen and turn black. CRUG.

47. *Quid? tum rhombos.*] The fanciful, fashionable Taste is but of short Continuance; that of Nature is unalterable. You are now as fond of Turbot, as Gallonius was of Sturgeon. But were there no Turbets in his Time? Certainly there were, but no Coxcomb had made them fashionable, and the Prætor decided in favour of Sturgeon. Another Glutton brought Turbets and Storks into vogue, and perhaps we only wait for a third Man of Taste to assure us, that a roasted Cormorant is infinitely more delicious than Sturgeon, Turbets and Storks. DAC. SAN.

49. *Auctor prætorius.*] The Storks built their Nests in Safety until the Time of Augustus, when your Prætor taught you to eat them.

the new-caught Boar is tainted ere he eat,
 and bitter Herbs are a delicious Treat.
 But still some ancient Poverty remains;
 an Egg and Olive yet a Place maintains
 on wealthy Tables; nor, till late, the Fame
 of a whole Sturgeon damn'd a Prætor's Name.
 Did Ocean then a smaller Turbot yield?
 did not the towering Stork in safety build
 her airy Nest, or was the Turbot caught,
 till your great Prætor better Precepts taught?
 Proclaim, that roasted Cormorants are a Feast,
 and docile Youth obey the Man of Taste;
 but sage Ofellus marks a decent Mean
 between the frugal Meal and the
 profuse Expence in vain You shun,
 into sordid Avarice you run.

Avidienus, who with Surname just
 was call'd THE DOG, in Filthiness of Guff,
 Wild Cornels: Olive five Years old, devour'd,
 and with four Wine his vile Libations pour'd,
 when robe'd in white, he mark'd, with festal Mirth,
 his Day of Marriage, or his Hour of Birth,
 from his one Bottle, of some two-pound Weight,
 With Oil, of execrable Stench, replete,

With

them. Afnius Sempronius, or according to others, Rutilius Rufus,
 when Candidate for the Prætorship, entertained the People with a
 dish of Storks. But the People, according to an ancient Epigram,
 avenged the Death of the poor Birds, by refusing the Prætorship to
 their Murderer. From this Refusal, the Poet pleasantly calls him
 a Prætor.

Tor,

54. *Sic te alio pravus detorseris.*] This Reading is of manuscript
 authority; has greater Elegance, and more of our Author's Man-
 ner of Writing than *pravum*, and more justly expresses his Thought.
præsum in the next Line is likewise a manuscript Reading. BENT-

60. *Ille repotia.*] *Repotia* was a Festival the Day after the Nep-
 tuns, when they drank and eat whatever remained of Yesterday's

Entertain-

Caulibus instillat, veteris non parvus aceti.
Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, & horum
Utrum imitabitur? Hac urget lupo, hac canis, aiunt
Mundus erit, quâ non offendant sordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miser. Hic neque servis,
Albuci senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævus erit; nec sic ut simplex Nævius, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque mag-
num.

Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ, quantaque secum
Adferat. In primis valeas bene: nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ
Quæ simplex olim tibi federit. At simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis:
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. Vides ut pallidus omnis
Cœnâ defurgat dubiâ? Quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat unâ,

Entertainment, quia iterum potaretur. The Construction is remarkable, *alios dierum festos*, for *alios qui ex diebus festi sunt*. *Abatus*, White was usually the Colour of the Roman Robe even at funeral Feast. *Ipse*, is a Circumstance that strongly marks the Avarice of Avidienus. Afraid that his Guests or his Servants should be too profuse of his Oil, he pours it himself. The Poet tells us, the Bottle was of two Pound Weight, as if it were his whole Store, although he was extremely rich; and the Vessel was of Horn, that it might last a long Time. All these Particulars are in Character.

61. *Veteris non parvus aceti.*] Oldest Vinegar is sharpest and best, but Vinegar was cheaper than Oil, and the Strength of one corrects the bad Qualities of the other.

64. *Mundus erit, quâ non offendant sordibus.*] This Reading is well supported by Manuscripts. The Poet means, *sapiens catenatus mundus erit, quâ non offendant sordibus*. The Rule, that he proposes for a wife Man, is a decent Cleanliness, *mundities non sordida*, which explains the Line before, *sordidus a tenui victu distabit*. *Cultus* is a Noun Substantive, either of good or bad Sense, and is here undetermined. - *Sapiens in neutram partem cultus miser erit; non erit miferere aut avarus aut profusus.*

With cautious Hand he drop'd his Cabbage o'er,
 But spar'd his oldest Vinegar no more.

How shall the Wise decide, thus urg'd between
 The Proverb's ravening Wolf, and Dog obscene?

Let him avoid an equal Wretchedness
 Of sordid Filth, or prodigal Excess;

For his poor Slaves, like old Albucius, rate,
 When he gives Orders for some curious Treat;

For yet like Nævius, carelessly unclean,
 His Guests with greasy Water entertain.

This too is vile. Now mark, what Blessings flow
 From frugal Meals; and first they can bestow

That Prime of Blessings, Health: for you'll confess
 That various Meats the Stomach must oppress,

If you reflect how light, how well you were,
 When plain and simple was the chearful Fare;

But roast, and boil'd, when you promiscuous eat,
 When Fowl and Shell-fish in Confusion meet,

Sweets, turn'd to Choler, with cold Phlegm engage,
 And in the Stomach civil Warfare wage.

Behold how pale the fated Guests arise
 From Suppers, puzzled with Varieties!

The Body too, with Yesterday's Excess
 Burthen'd and tir'd, shall the pure Soul depress;

Weigh

67. *Simplex Nævius.*] We know not either Albucius or Nævius,
 but one was polite to Affectation, the other careless to Filthiness.
 Such are the Extremes of Prodigality and Avarice.

74. *Stomachoque tumultum.*] Horace hath taken this Idea from a
 passage in Hippocrates, *Different Meats breed a Sedition in the Sto-*
mach; some digest sooner and others later. Tor.

76. *Cænâ defurgat dubiâ.*] *Surgat de cænâ dubiâ*, as *emetiri*
terro for *metiri ex acervo*, and *deproperare apio coronas*, in the
 Ides. *Cænâ dubia* seems to have been first used by Terence; *Ubi*
dubitas quid sumas potissimum.

78. *Divina*

affigit

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
 Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
 Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.
 Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;
 Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,
 Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus, ubive
 Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas
 Imbecilla volet: tibi quidnam accedet ad istam
 Quam puer & validus præsumis, mollitiem? seu
 Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus.
 Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant; non quia nasus
 Illis nullus erat; sed, credo, hac mente, quod hospes
 Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
 Integrum edax dominus consumeret. Hos utinam
 inter

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset!
 Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem
 Occupat humanam? grandes rhombi patinæque
 Grande ferunt unâ cum damno dedecus. Adde
 Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
 Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
 As, laquei pretium. Jure, inquit, Trausius istis
 Jurgatur verbis: ego vestigalia magna,
 Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. Ergo

78. *Divinæ particulam auræ.*] To raise the Nobleness of the Mind, Horace hath borrowed the Language of Plato, who says that it is a Portion of the universal Soul of the World, that is, of the Divinity himself.

83. *Ubiue.*] Dr. Bentley proposed this Reading upon the Authority of the Scholiast, who seems to have had it in his Copies, by his Explanation of it, *Cum languescere cæperis aut senescere.* *Ubiue* makes a disagreeable Ambiguity.

91. *Integrum edax dominus.*] *Integer* hath two Significations here, *entire* and *sweet*, which are both preserved in the Translation.

92. *Prima tellus.*] In the first Ages of Rome, as if the Earth were younger and more vigorous,

weigh down this Portion of celestial Birth,
 his Breath of God, and fix it to the Earth.
 Who down to sleep from a short Supper lies,
 on to the next Day's Business vigorous rise,
 jovial wander, when the rolling Year
 brings back the festal Day, to better Cheery
 when his wasted Strength he would restore,
 when Years approach, and Age's feeble Hour
 softer Treatment claim. But if, in Prime
 Youth and Health, you take before your Time
 the Luxuries of Life, where is their Aid
 when Age or Sicknes shall your Strength invade?
 Our Fathers lov'd (and yet they had a Nose)
 stunted Boar: but I believe they chose
 the mouldy Fragments with a Friend to eat,
 or by themselves devour it whole, and sweet.
 Al! that the Earth, when vigorous and young,
 had borne me this heroic Race among!
 Do You the Voice of Fame with Pleasure hear?
 sweeter than Verse, it charms the human Ear)
 behold, what Infamy and Ruin rise
 from a large Dish, where the large Turbot lies;
 our Friends, your Neighbours all your Folly hate,
 and you yourself, in vain shall curse your Fate,
 when, though You wish for Death, You want the Pelf
 to purchase even a Rope to hang yourself.
 "These Precepts well may wretched Traufius rate;
 But why to me? So large is my Estate,
 And such an ample Revenue it brings,
 To satiate even the Avarice of Kings."

Then

8. *Jure, inquit, Traufius istis.*] The Sense requires *inquit*, but
 Usage of the Latin Tongue gives the same Force to the third
 son, *inquit*, as in the ninety-ninth Line of the fourth Satire,
 Book.

Quod superat non est melius quo insumere possis ?
 Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite ? quare
 Templâ ruunt antiqua Deum ? cur, improbe, cara
 Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo ?
 Uni nimirum tibi rectè semper erunt res ?
 O magnus post hac inimicis risus ! Uterne
 Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius ? hic qui
 Pluribus adfuerit mentem corpusque superbum ;
 An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri,
 In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello ?
 Quò magis his credas : puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum
 Integris opibus novi non latius usum,
 Quàm nunc accisis. Videas metato in agello
 Cum pecore & natis fortem mercede colonum,
 Non ego, narrantem, temerè edi luce profestâ
 Quidquam, præter olus, fumosæ cum pede pernz.
 At mihi seu longum post tempus venerat hospes,
 Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem
 Vicinus ; bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,
 Sed pullo atque hædo : tum pensilis uva secundas
 Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplici ficu.

103. *Templa ruunt antiqua Deum.*] Mr. Dacier well observes that Horace here makes his Court to Augustus, who had restored many Temples and ancient Monuments.

113. *Metato in agello.*] Ofellus was involved in the same Disgrace and Ruin as Virgil, Tibullus, and Propertius. Their Estates were given by Octavius to the Veterans, who had served against Brutus and Cassius in the Battle of Philippi. That of Ofellus was given to Umbrenus, who hired its former Master to till the Ground for him, *mercede colonum*. As each Soldier had a certain Number of Acres, the Land was measured, *metato agello*, before it was divided.

117. *At mihi seu longum.*] *Seu* is of all the Manuscripts and ancient Editions. It is hard to say whence *cum* was introduced. Mr. Cunningham and Sanadon read *longo post tempore* for *longum post tempus*, a conjectural Reading proposed by a Friend of Lambinus.

121. *Cum duplici ficu.*] *Very large*, for so the Latins used the Word *duplex*. *Figat clavibus duplicibus, ne cadant.* CATO. And

Then why not better use this proud Excess
 of worthless Wealth? Why lives in deep Distress
 Man unworthy to be poor, or why
 our sacred Shrines in aged Ruins lie?
 Why not of such a massy Treasure spare
 to thy dear Country, Wretch, a moderate Share?
 Hast thou alone no Change of Fortune know?
 Thou future Laughter to thy deadliest Foe!
 But who, with conscious Spirit self-secure,
 Change of Fortune better shall endure?
 He who with such Variety of Food
 ampers his Follies, and enflames his Blood,
 or he, contented with his frugal Store,
 and wisely cautious of the future Hour,
 Who, in the Time of Peace, with prudent Care
 all for th' Extremities of War prepare?
 But, deeper to impress this useful Truth,
 I knew the sage Ofellus in my Youth,
 living, when wealthy, at no larger Rate,
 than in his present more contracted State.
 I saw the hardy Hireling till the Ground
 (Twas once his own Estate) and while around
 his Cattle graz'd, his Children listning stood,
 the chearful Swain his pleasing Tale pursued.
 On Working-days I had no idle Treat,
 but a smok'd Leg of Pork, and Greens I eat;
 yet when arriv'd some long-expected Guest,
 or rainy Weather gave an Hour of Rest,
 or a kind Neighbour then a Visit paid,
 an Entertainment more profuse I made;
 though with a Kid, or Pullet well content,
 ne'er for luxurious Fish to Rome I sent;
 With Nuts and Figs I crown'd the chearful Board,
 the largest, that the Season could afford.

The

Post hoc ludus erat culpâ potare magistrâ :
 Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo surgeret alto,
 Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.
 Sæviat, atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus ;
 Quantum hinc imminuet ? quanto aut ego parcius, au-

vos,

O pueri, nituistis, ut huc novus incola venit ?
 Nam propriæ telluris herum Natura neque illum,
 Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. Nos expulit ille ;
 Illum aut nequities, aut vafri inscitia juris,
 Postremum expellet certè vivacior heres.
 Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
 Dictus, erit nulli proprius ; sed cedit in usum
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii. Quocirca vivite fortes,
 Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

Virgil we find *duplex dorsum, duplex spina, duplex corona*, in the same Sense. This large Fig was little esteemed, consequently cheap and therefore fit for the Table of a poor, frugal Farmer.

122. *Culpâ potare magistrâ.*] *Potare citra culpam, culpa remota ut sola culpa potationem moderetur & cœrceat.* The present Reading is of all the Manuscripts, but hath been very differently explained. Turnebus imagines *culpa* is made the Mistress of the Feast *magistra bibendi*, to punish any Faults the Guests committed, by making them drink a Glass extraordinary. But he shamefully mistakes the Meaning of a Passage in Plautus, which he quotes as Proof of this good Custom. *Si peccassis, multam hic retinebo illi* if you commit a Fault, I shall punish you by refusing you the Glass in your Turn. Besides, either of these Customs might rather breed Disputes and Quarrels than Mirth and Good-Humour, *ludus*. Laetius binus proposes a conjectural Reading *cuppa*, which is received by Mr. Dacier and others. But *cuppa* signifies a Cask, which a sober frugal Farmer would hardly drink out in one Day. Dr. Bentley with much Caution recommends *Cupa*, as if it signified, *Copa, canopona*, a Woman who kept a Tavern, and to whom Ofellus sent for Wine. The present Edition takes the Manuscript Reading, with the Sense of Mr. Sanadon, which well agrees with the Frugality of our Host. However the Palm is yet undecided, and, in the Language of Dr. Bentley, may be given to the best Gueßer.

The social Glass went round with Chearfulness,
 and our sole Rule was to avoid Excess.
 Our due Libations were to Ceres paid,
 To bless our Corn, and fill the rising Blade,
 While the gay Wine dispel'd each anxious Care,
 And smooth'd the wrinkled Forehead too severe.
 Let Fortune rage, and new Disorders make,
 From such a Life how little can she take?
 Or have we liv'd at a more frugal Rate
 Since this new Stranger seiz'd on our Estate?
 Nature will no perpetual Heir assign,
 Or make the Farm his Property or mine.
 He turn'd us out; but Follies all his own,
 Or Law-suits and their Knaveries yet unknown,
 Or, all his Follies and his Law-suits past,
 Some long-liv'd Heir shall turn him out at last.
 The Farm, once mine, now bears Umbrenus' Name;
 The Use alone, not Property we claim;
 When be not with your present Lot deprest,
 And meet the future with undaunted Breast.

SAT.

123. *Ita culmo surget alto.*] Is of all the Manuscripts, and the
 best means *Ita surget, ut pura mente Dea colebatur.* Horace uses
applicuit for explicabat, and attributes to Ceres the Effects of that
 wine, which was drunk in Honour of her. Those Hopes of a
 plentiful Harvest, with which they were inspired, dispelled their
 cares.

SAR.

134. *Quocirca vivite fortes.*] The Conclusion naturally follows
 from the Principles, which he laid down. For since it is certain,
 that all Things are perpetually changing, he is a Fool who imagines
 expects, that they shall be fixed for his particular Happiness.

That amiable Character, which Horace hath given Ofellus, and
 the pleasing Picture he hath drawn of him, would engage us to be-
 lieve, he designed to do him some good Office with Augustus, and
 to persuade that Prince to soften the Misfortunes of a Man so worthy
 of his Favour and Protection. I would give something valuable, says
 the Poet, that Augustus had established him in his little Farm.

The

SAT. III.

DAMASIPPUS. HORATIUS.

DAMAS.

SI rarò scribes, ut toto non quater anno
 Membranam poscas, scriptorum quæque retexens
 Iratus tibi, quòd vini somnique benignus
 Nîl dignum sermone canas : quid fiet ? At ipsi
 Saturnalibus huc fugisti sobrius. Ergo
 Dic aliquid dignum promissis. Incipe.

HORA

The whole World is interested in the present Satire. No Man will make the Application himself, but others take care to read him the charitable Office, and oblige him to take his Place. The Poet intends to prove, that all Mankind are Fools. Such a Proposition is little pleasing in itself, and Horace therefore pleasantly gives it to an Original, who would believe himself a great Philosopher because he carries a great Beard, and has a good Memory to retain and a Facility of expressing the Maxims of the Stoic Schools. He is a Kind of Misanthrope, who draws up a Process against Mankind; he is a Fool, who proves very sensibly, that others are out of the Senses, and who shews, that he himself is of the Number. The general Proposition is distributed into so many different Pictures, which the principal Passions, that tyrannise over the Heart of Man, are represented. These Pictures are of exquisite Taste, and Nature appears through them all. The Poet himself is equally various; Jovial, serious, delicate, and even trifling; he amuses, attacks, flatters, and while he trifles, has always some instructive, sensible Moral in View.

It appears by the hundred eighty-fifth Line, that Horace wrote this Satire in 720, when he was about one or two and thirty Years of Age.

Verf. 1. *Si rarò scribes.*] Seven Manuscripts have preserved this Reading, and it hath been received into the Text by some of our Editors. It refers to *quid fiet*, and *ut* signifies *adeo ut*. This reproach, which Damasippus makes to Horace, however unjust, is common

SAT. III.

DAMASIPPUS. HORACE.

DAMAS.

IF hardly once a Quarter of a Year,
 So idle grown, a single Sheet appear ;
 Angry at yourself, that Sleep and Wine
 Enjoy your Hours, while anxious to refine
 Your Labours past, no more your Voice you raise
 To aught that may deserve the public Praise,
 What shall be done ? When Saturn's jovial Feast
 Seem'd too luxuriant to your sober Taste,
 Whether you fled. Then try the pleasing Strain :
 Come on : begin.

HORACE.

Common. From the Moment a Man becomes an Author, he seems
 to have given a Pledge to a Company of Idlers to find Amusements
 to their Idleness.

SAN.

2. *Retexens.*] Is a Term in weaving, and here metaphorically
 used for correcting, retouching a Work. This Care costs Authors
 much Trouble, nor are they all equally capable of it. But it is not
 so dangerous to correct too much, than not to correct at all ; for it
 often happens, that the Phlegm of Correction deadens the Fire of
 Composition.

SAN.

4. *At ipsi.*] *At* is here put instead of *ab*, and the Stop is placed
 after *sobrius*. Thus Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cuninghame and Sanadon
 have restored the Text upon Authority of some excellent Copies.
 The Sense requires, that *sobrius* should be separated from *fugisti*.

5. *Saturnalibus.*] Horace did not love these noisy Diversions,
 and this was a better Reason for his retiring into the Country, than
 that Sobriety with which Damasippus compliments him.

SAN.

S. *Iratis*

HORAT.

Nil est:

Culpantur frustra calami, immeritusque laborat
Iratis natus paries Dis atque poetis.

DAMAS.

Atqui vultus erat multa ac præclara minantis,
Si vacuum tepido cepisset villula testo.
Quorsum pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro?
Eupolin Archilochos? comites educere tantos?
Invidiam placare paras virtute relictâ?
Contemnere miser. Vitanda est improba Siren
Desidia; aut, quidquid vitâ meliore parasti,
Ponendum æquo animo.

HORAT.

Dî te, Damasippe, Deaq

Verum ob consilium donent tonfore. Sed unde
Tam bene me nosti?

DAMAS.

Postquam omnis res mea Janum

8. *Iratis natus paries Dis.*] The Walls of a Poet's Chamber are built with the Curse of the Gods upon them, since the Gods have subjected them to the capricious Passions of the rhiming Title, who curse and strike them in their poetical Fits, as if they were the Cause of their Sterility. Quintilian describes them in the Heat of Imagination, throwing about their Arms, making a thousand Contortions, and muttering Curses to themselves. All this says he, is very ridiculous, if they be not alone. Some of our Interpreters understand this Wall, as a truly poetical Wall, covered with Wax, on which the Poets wrote their Midnight Inspirations.

13. *Virtute relictâ.*] *Virtus* for *labor*, as *vita melior* in the following Verse for *vita laboriosa*. Business is a great Friend to Virtue, and a Life of Idleness can hardly be a Life of Innocence. Seneca, passing by the House of Servilius Vacia, who had retired into the Country, said not unhappily, *Vacia hic situs est, Vacia in relictâ*; for indeed an Idler's Life hath more of Death than Life in it.

DAC. SA

16. *Damasippe.*] Julius Damasippus, a Senator, whom Cicero mentions in his Epistles.

HORACE.

Alas! 'tis all in vain,

While I with Impotence of Rage abuse
My harmless Pens; the guiltless Walls accuse;
Walls, that seem rais'd in angry Heaven's Despite,
The Curse of peevish Poets, when they write.

DAMAS.

And yet you threaten'd something wondrous great,
When you should warm you in your Country-seat.
Why croud the Volumes of the Grecian Sage,
Stang'd with the Writers of the comic Stage?
Think you the Wrath of Envy to appease,
Your Virtue lost in Idleness and Ease?
Wretch as thou art, to sure Contempt you run,
Then learn the Siren Idleness to shun,
Or poorly be content to lose the Fame,
Which your past Hours of better Life might claim.

HORACE.

Oge Damasippus, may the Powers divine,
For this same excellent Advice of thine,
Give thee a Barber, in their special Grace,
To nurse your Beard, that Wisdom of the Face.
Yet, prithee, tell me whence I'm so well known.

DAMAS.

When I had lost all Business of my own,

And

[17. *Donent tonsore.*] Our Poet knows not better how to express
Gratitude, for the solemn, charitable Advice, that Damasippus
gave him, than by wishing him a good Barber; for the Stoics
valued nothing so much, as this wise and venerable Length of Hair.
Hence the Proverb, *Barba tenus sapientes*, and all the plea-
sant Ridicule in Lucian upon this Mark of Wisdom. We shall find
Beard itself called wise, in the thirty-fifth Line.

[18. *Janum ad medium.*] The Name of Janus was sometimes gi-
ven to those great Arcades, which crossed the Streets of Rome.
As Vitruvius tells us there were three of them erected in the Forum, the
left, the middle, and the right.

Ad medium fracta est, aliena negotia curo,
 Excussus propriis. Olim nam quærere amabam,
 Quo vaser ille pedes lavisset Sisyphus ære ;
 Quid sculptum infabre, quid fustum durius esset :
 Callidus huic signo ponebam millia centum :
 Hortos egregiasque domos mercarier unus
 Cum lucro noram : unde frequentia Mercuriali
 Imposuerè mihi cognomen compita.

HORAT.

Novi,

Et miror morbi purgatum te illius.

DAMAS.

Atqui

Emovit veterem mirè novus, ut solet, in cor
 Trajecto lateris miseri capitivæ dolore :
 Ut lethargicus hic cum sit pugil, & medicum urget.

HORAT.

Dum ne quid simile huic, esto ut libet.

DAMAS.

O bone, ne

riddle of which Horace means, and which he distinguishes from
 the *Janus summus*, and *Janus imus*. The Reader may see the Note
 on the fifty-fourth Line, first Epistle, first Book.

19. *Aliena negotia curo.*] This is in perfect Character. When
 he had nothing of his own to do, he was impertinently busy in the
 Affairs of others. A wise Occupation for a Philosopher. DAMAS.

23. *Callidus.*] Damasippus is an Original. He confesses he was
 ruined by bad Bargains, yet boasts of his Skill and Cunning, as if
 he never had been deceived. *Callidus cum lucro.* DAMAS.

25. *Mercuriali.*] Such is the Reading of Mr. Cunningham and
 Sanadon, as of more Elegance than *Mercuriale*, or *Mercurialis*.
 Damasippus, ever in Character, boasts of a Surname, which was
 given him in Raillery. Mercury was the God of Commerce, and
 when a Man had an uncommon Skill in buying and selling, he was
 usually called *Mercurialis*, or *Favourite of Mercury*. A Number
 of Merchants, in 259, formed themselves into a Body with the

And at th' Exchange my ship-wreck'd Fortunes broke,
 minded the Affairs of other Folk:
 In rare Antiques full curious was my Taste,
 Here the rude Chizzel's rougher Strokes I trac'd;
 In flowing Brass a vicious Hardness found,
 Or bought a Statue for five hundred Pound.
 A perfect Connoisseur, at gainful Rate
 purchas'd Gardens, or a Mansion-Seat.
 Thus through the City was I known to Fame:
 And Mercury's Favourite my public Name:

HORACE.

knew your Illness, and amaz'd beheld
 Your sudden Cure.

DAMAS.

A new Disease expell'd
 My old Distemper: as when changing Pains
 Fly to the Stomach from the Head and Reins.
 Thus the Lethargic, starting from his Bed
 In boxing Frenzy, broke his Doctor's Head.

HORACE.

Compare but this Frenzy, use me as you please—

DAMAS.

Good Sir, don't triumph in your own Disease.

For

title, and dedicated a Temple to the God. Mercury was himself a
 God of many Surnames, which are pleasantly reckoned up in the
 Iulus of Aristophanes.

23, Cor.] The Latins used the Word *Cor*, in Imitation of the
 Greek *καρδια*, to signify the Stomach.

30. *Ut lethargicus hic.*] It is not impossible, but that such a Fact
 might have happened, for there is great Danger, that the hot and
 violent Remedies, used for rousing a Patient out of a Lethargy,
 may throw him into the contrary Disorder, a Frensy. DAC.

Frustrere; infans & tu, stultique prope omnes,
 Si quid Stertinius veri crepat; unde ego mira
 Descripsi docilis præcepta hæc, tempore quo me
 Solatus jussit sapientem pascere barbam,
 Atque à Fabricio non tristem ponte reverti.
 Nam, malè re gestâ, cum vellem mittere opero
 Me capite in flumen, dexter stetit, &:

STERT.

Cave faxis

Te quidquam indignum; pudor, inquit, te malus angit
 Insanos qui inter vereare infans haberi.
 Primum nam inquiram, quid sit furere: hoc si erit in
 Solo; nil verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam.
 Quem mala stultitia, & quæcunque inscitia veri
 Cæcum agit, insanum Chryssippi porticus & grex

Aure

32. *Stultique prope omnes.*] It was an absurd and ridiculous Maxim among the Stoics, that all vicious People were equally Fools and Madmen. *Prope* does not therefore lessen the Universality of the Proposition, for the Latins frequently use *prope* and *fere* for *semper*. In the next Line *si* is not said in any Manner of Doubt, but has the Force of an Affirmative.

36. *A Fabricio ponte.*] It is now called in Italian, *The Bridge of the four Heads*, from a four-faced Statue of Janus erected near it.

37. *Operto capite.*] They, who devoted themselves to Death for the Good of their Country, covered their Heads with their Robes and it is pleasant enough to see Damasippus doing that, in an Excess of Despair and Folly, which Decius did in a Transport of Religion and Generosity. This Image gives Rise to the Raillery of Stertinius, when he says, *nil verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam*, SAT.

38. *Dexter.*] *Opportunus, propitius.* The Right was by the Ancients esteemed the lucky Side.

Cave faxis.] The Stoics despised Death, when it was honorable or necessary, but to drown himself in Despair was a villainous Death for a Philosopher. But the Pleasantry of the Scene is, that Stertinius is going to convince him he is a Fool, and then advises him not to do any thing, which may dishonour his Character.

SAN. DA

For all are Fools or Mad, as well as you,
At least, if what Stertinus says, be true,
Whose wonderous Precepts I with Pleasure heard,
What time he bad me nurse this reverend Beard,
Chearful from the Fabrician Bridge depart,
And with the Words of Comfort fill'd my Heart.
For when, my Fortunes lost, resolv'd I stobd,
Covering my Head, to plunge into the Flood,
Propitious he address me.—

STERTINIUS.

Friend, take heed,
Nor wrong yourself by this unworthy Deed,
Tis but a vicious Modesty to fear
Among the Mad a Madman to appear.
But listen heedful first, while I explain
What Madnes is: what Errour of the Brain;
And if in you alone appear its Power,
Then bravely perish: I shall say no more.
Whom vicious Passions, or whom Falshood, blind,
Are by the Stoics held of madding Kind.

All

39. *Angit.*] Is of several Manuscripts, and received by many excellent Editions, instead of *urget*, which could not with Elegance be repeated here, since the Poet used it in the thirtieth Line.

41. *Hoc si erit in te solo.*] This is a Conclusion worthy of the Principles he has laid down. Instead of curing the Follies of his Disciple, Stertinus rather authorises, at least excuses them, by saying, they are almost universal. A Physician, who, instead of curing his Patient, should comfort him, by telling him, that all the World were sick of the same Distemper, would appear a very bad Physician. But to comfort a Man in his Vices by saying, there are numberless Examples of them, might indeed cure his Sense of shame, his *pudor malus*, but would as certainly ruin his Morals, as such a Physician must destroy the Health of his Patient.

44. *Cbryssipi porticus.*] The *Porticus* was a famous Gallery at Athens, where Zeno held his School, which from the Greek Word *poros*, Porticus, took the Name of Stoic. No other Philosophy taught Mankind more Pride, by pretending to give them an Empire

Autumat. Hæc populos, hæc magnos formula reges,
 Excepto sapiente, tenet. Nunc accipe, quare
 Desipiant omnes æquè ac tu, qui tibi nomen
 Insano posuere. Velut sylvis, ubi passim
 Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
 Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit; unus utrimque
 Error, sed variis illudit partibus: hoc te
 Crede modo insanum; nihilò ut sapientior ille,
 Qui te deridet, caudam trahat. Est genus unum
 Stultitiæ nihilum metuenda timentis; ut ignes,
 Ut rupes, fluviosque in campo obstare queratur;
 Alterum & huic varium & nihilò sapientiùs, ignes
 Per medios fluviosque ruentis. Clamet amica
 Mater, honesta soror, cum cognatis pater, uxor:
 Hic fossa est ingens, hic rupes maxima, ferva:
 Non magis audierit, quàm Fufius ebrius olim
 Cùm Ilionam edormit; Catienis mille ducentis,
 MATER, TE ADPELLO, clamantibus. Huic ego vulgus

over themselves, and their Passions. But this pretended Empire only rendered them really unhappy, by amusing them with chimerical Ideas of an impracticable Virtue.

45. *Formula.*] Was a Law-Word, signifying the Rules of Practice in conducting a Process.

50. *Utrimque.*] Mr. Cuninghame made this little Alteration. *Possum palantes* give an Idea of a Number of Travellers, and such an Idea better agrees with the Sense of the Poet, than either *utrimque* or *utrisque*. *Hic* and *ille* may be understood as Plurals, *hi* and *illi*.

53. *Caudam trahat.*] A Metaphor, as the old Commentator observes, taken from a Custom amongst Children, who tied a Tail behind a Person whom they had a Mind to laugh at.

Est genus unum.] Stertinius, better to prove his Assertion, begins with establishing it by two Examples, which cannot be disputed. From thence, as from an acknowledged Principle, he would prove by Comparison, that there are more Fools in the World, than we generally imagine.

61. *Ilionam edormit.*] The Translator hath hazarded this Expression, because it is of peculiar Force and Beauty.

All but the Wise are by this Process bound,
The subject Nations, and the Monarch crown'd,
And they who call you Fool, with equal Claim
May plead an ample Title to the Name.

When in a Wood we leave the certain Way
One Errour fools us, though we various stray,
Some to the left; and some to t'other side;
So he, who dares thy Madness to deride,
Though you may frankly own yourself a Fool,
Behind him trails his Mark of Ridicule.
For various Follies fill the human Breast,
As, with unreal Terrours when possess'd,
A Wretch in superstitious Frenzy cries,
Lo! in the Plain what Rocks, what Rivers rise!
A different Madness, though not less, inspires
The Wretch, who rushing wild through Streams and
Fires,

His Mother, Sister, Father, Friends and Wife,
Cry out in vain, Ah! yet preserve thy Life.
That head-long Ditch! how dreadful it appears!
That hanging Precipice! no more he hears,
Than drunken Fufius lately at a Play,
Who fairly slept Ilione away,
While the full Pit, with clamorous thousands, cries,
ARISE, dear Mother, to my Aid, arise.

Now

Fufius, for such is the Name in seven Manuscripts, was an Actor, who playing the Character of Ilione, was supposed to be asleep, when the Ghost of her Son Polydore called to her, *Dear Mother, bear me*. Fufius having drank too much, fell really asleep; and Catienus, who played Polydore, having called to him, without waking him, the whole House, as if each of them was a Catienus, cried out, *Dear Mother, bear me*. The Number of two hundred thousand is a pleasant Exaggeration. Accius or Pacuvius, wrote a Tragedy on the Story of Ilione, and the whole Passage is preserved to us in Cicero, which, perhaps, the Reader may be willing to see.

Errori similem cunctum insanire docebo.

Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo.

Integer est mentis Damasippi creditor? Esto:

Accipe, quod numquam reddas mihi, si tibi dicam:

Tunc insanus eris, si acceperis? an magis excors

Rejectâ prædâ, quam præsens Mercurius fert?

Scribe decem à Nerio: non est satis; adde Cicuta

Nodosi tabulas, centum mille adde catenas:

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

Cùm rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis;

Fiet aper, modò avis, modò saxum, & cùm volet,
arbor.

Si malè rem gerere infani est; contra, bene fani;

Putidius multò cerebrum (mihi crede) Perilli est

Dictantis, quod tu numquam rescribere possis.

Audire,

*Mater, te adpello, tu qua somno curam suspensam levas,
Neque te mei miseret, surge & sepeli natum
Priusquam fera volucresque.*—

Polydore calls his Sister, Mother, because he was educated under her Care, or because it was a general Name of Tenderneſs and Reſpect. One thing more we may learn from this Paſſage, that Men played the Characters of Women, although there were Actreſſes on the Roman Stage.

66. *Accipe quod numquam reddas.*] Stertinius goes on to prove not only that Damasippus is not a Fool, in buying Statues, ſince he does not pay for them, but that he would be a Fool indeed, to reſuſe the Favour, which Mercury offers him in the Credulity of Perillius.

69. *Scribe decem à Nerio.*] *A Nerii manu; Nerii de menſa*, from the Bank of Nerius. There are now three Perſons on the Scene; Damasippus, the Borrower; Perillius, the Lender; and Nerius, the Banker, in whoſe Hands Perillius had lodged his Money, and in whoſe Books, the Perſon, who borrowed any Sum, was obliged to write his Name, and ſpecify the Sum. As for Inſtance, *I Damasippus have received from Nerius the Banker ten thouſand Seſtertii belonging to Perillius.* *Scribe decem à Nerio*, are the Words of Perillius to Damasippus, which Horace puts into the Mouth of Stertinius, as an Answer to what he had juſt ſaid, that Perillius was a Fool to lend ſo much Money to Damasippus. I am not ſuch a Fool

Now listen while full clearly I maintain,
Such is the vulgar Error of the Brain.
Some rare Antique, suppose your Madness buys;
He who lends the Money, less unwise?
Or if the Usurer Perillius said,
Take what I ne'er expect shall be repaid,
Are you a Fool to take it, or not more
To affront the God, who sends the shining Store?

PERILLIUS.

Yes; but I make him on a Banker draw—

STERT.

'Tis not enough: add all the Forms of Law;
The knotty Contracts of Cicuta's Brain,
This wicked Proteus shall escape the Chain:
Drag him to Justice; he's a Bird, a Stone;
And laughs, as if his Cheeks were not his own.
If bad OEconomists are held unwise,
In good OEconomy some Wisdom lies,
And then Perillius is of tainted Brain,
Who takes your Bond, to sue for it in vain.

Come

As you imagine, says Perillius, for I made him write a Receipt
For it in the Banker's Registry.

DAC.

Non est satis.] Stertinus addresses himself to Perillius, and this
quick, unmarked Change of the Speaker hath made great Part of
the Difficulty, which the Commentators have always acknowledged
in this Passage. The Translator hath made Perillius himself speak,
the Words, *Scribe decem à Nerio*, but he would not venture to take
such a Liberty with the Original, although the next Words, *non est
satis*, might seem to authorize it.

70. *Cicutæ nodosi tabulas.*] Cicuta was an old Notary, who knew
so well the Practice of Bonds, to neglect any Clauses or Forms,
capable of binding these Engagements. Such is the Force of *nodosus*.
tabulae are the Bonds or Contracts, from whence Notaries were
called *Tabularii*.

72. *Malis ridentem alienis.*] People are not usually too careful
what belongs to others, from whence this Kind of proverbial Ex-
pression,

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
 Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore ;
 Quisquis luxuriâ, tristive superstitione,
 Aut alio mentis morbo calet ; huc propius me,
 Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
 Danda est ellebori multò pars maxima avaris :
 Nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.
 Heredes Staberî summam incidere sepulcro ;
 Nî sic fecissent, gladiatorum dare centum
 Damnati populo paria, atque epulum, arbitrio Arri, &
 Frumenti quantum metit Africa. Sive ego pravè,
 Seu rectè, hoc volui, ne sis patruus mihi. Credo
 Hoc Staberî prudentem animum vidisse.

DAMAS.

pression, *Laughing with another Man's Cheeks*. Mr. Dacier very well observes, that our Poet hath translated it from Homer, when he says of Penelope's Lovers,

Οἱ δ' ἦδη γυαθμοῖσι γέλαον ἀλλοτρίοις.

Odyss. XX. Lib. 346. V.

77. *Togam componere.*] Stertinius is so well persuaded of the Truth and Importance of the Maxims, which he is preparing to display, that he demands a long Audience, and declares he will not be interrupted. It is true, he says many excellent Things, but that pedantic, original Air with which he says them, only convinces us, he is not less a Fool, than those whom he pretends to instruct.

Dac.

81. *Dum doceo insanire omnes.*] In a modest and obliging Resolution of convincing Mankind, that they are Fools and Madmen, he calls to all, who have either Follies or Vices, and desires them to attend his Lecture. A large Audience indeed, but to prevent Confusion, he bids them approach in Order, *vos ordine adite*.

82. *Danda est ellebori.*] Hellebore was not only used in Sicknes by the Ancients, but to give Force and Vigour to the Wit, when they were in Health. Valerius Maximus tells us Carneades used it with great Success, whenever he was to dispute with Chryippus, from whence it was in great Esteem among all, who had a Passion for solid Praise.

86. Dam.

Come all, whose Breasts with bad Ambition rise,
Or the pale Passion, that for Money dies,
With Luxury, or Superstition's Gloom,
Whate'er Disease your Health of Mind consume,
Compose your Robes, in decent Ranks draw near,
And, that ye all are mad, with Reverence hear.

Misers make whole Anticyra their own;
Its Hellebore reserv'd for them alone.

Staberius thus compell'd his Heirs t' engrave
On his proud Tomb, what Legacies he gave,
Or stand condemn'd to give the Croud a Feast,
By Arrius form'd in Elegance of Taste,
And Gladiators, even an hundred Pair,
With all the Corn of Afric's fruitful Year,
Such is my Will, and whether Fool or Wise,
I scorn your Censures the Testator cries.

Wisely perceiving ———

DAMAS.

86. *Damnati populo.*] Alluding to the Form of the Will in which the Testator required any thing of his Heir, *HERES DAMNATUS*. Staberius is another Original; he orders his Heirs to lay out that Wealth in a vain, ridiculous Extravagance, which he had raised by denying himself the Necessaries of Life. Yet there is nothing too ridiculous for Imitation. Torrentius hath found an Epitaph of a Physician, almost in the same Form as that of Staberius; what Sums of Money he had given to the Public in his Life, and what he was possessed of at his Death.

Arbitrio Arri.] Arrius, whom Staberius makes his Executor, was probably one of the Priests, called *Septemviri epulones*, who were appointed to regulate the *Lectisternia*, those religious Feasts, in which the Statues of the Gods were invited to sit with their Worshipers.

87. *Sive ego pravus.*] These Words are supposed to be spoken by Staberius; every Man is Master of his own Fortune, then why should you presume to censure me for the Disposal of mine? *Patruus*, an Uncle, was a sort of proverbial Name for any severe, ill-natured Censurer; because Uncles are generally less indulgent to their Nephews, than Parents are to their Children. We are obliged to Mr. Dacier for the Explanation of this whole Passage.

DAMAS.

Quid ergo

Senfit, cùm summam patrimonî inculpere saxo
Heredes voluit ?

STERT.

Quoad vixit, credidit ingens

Pauperiem vitium, & cavit nihil acrius : ut, si
Fortè minùs locuples uno quadrante perisset,
Ipse videretur sibi nequior. Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina, humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent ; quas qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, justus —

DAMAS.

Sapiensne ?

STERT.

Etiam & rex,

Et quidquid volet. Hoc, velati virtute paratum,
Speravit magnæ laudi fore. Quid simile isti
Græcus Aristippus ? qui servos projicere aurum
In mediâ jussit Libyâ ; quia tardius irent
Propter onus segnes. Uter est infanior horum ?

DAMAS.

Nil agit exemplum, litem quod lite resolvit.

STERT.

Si quis emat citharas, emtas comportet in unum,
Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli ;

91. *Quoad vixit.*] This making *quoad* one Syllable is a remarkable Instance of poetical Licence. We find it used by Lucretius in the same Manner, *quoad licet, ac potis es.*

100. *Græcus Aristippus.*] Aristippus was the Chief of the Cyrenaic Sect. He held that Pleasure was the *summum bonum*, and Virtue only valuable, as it was a Means of gaining that Pleasure. Epicurus was perfectly rigid, when compared to his Master Aristippus, and by our Author's Manner of mentioning him in many Parts of his Works, we may believe he was no Enemy to so convenient a Philosophy. Staberius, who was a Stoic, has given an

DAMAS.

What could he perceive,

Thus on his Tomb his Fortune to engrave?

STERT.

As long as he liv'd, he look'd on Poverty,
And shun'd it as a Crime of blackest Dye;
And had he died one Farthing less in Pelf,
Had seem'd a worthless Villain to himself;
For Virtue, Glory, Beauty, all divine
And human Powers, immortal Gold! are thine;
And he who piles the shining Heap, shall rise
Noble, Brave, Just —

DAMAS.

You will not call him Wise.

STERT.

Yes; any thing; a Monarch, if he please;
And thus Staberius, nobly fond of Praise,
By latest Times might hope to be admir'd,
As if his Virtue had his Wealth acquir'd.
When Aristippus, on the Lybian Waste
Commands his Slaves, because it stop'd their Haste,
To throw away his Gold, does he not seem
To be as mad, in opposite Extreme?

DAMAS.

By such Examples, Truth can ne'er be try'd;
They but perplex the Question, not decide.

STERT.

If a Man fill'd his Cabinet with Lyres,
Whom neither Music charms, nor Muse inspires:

Should

He natur'd Turn to this Story, which is commended by Cicero; for
Aristippus had only one Slave, whom he commanded to throw away
as much of his Money as was too heavy to carry. *Dec. SAN.*
104. *Si quis erat citharas.*] Stertinius allows the Force of the
objection, that it is impossible to decide, who is the greater Fool,
Sta-

Si scalptra ac formas non sutor ; nautica vela
 Averfus mercaturis : delirus & amens
 Undique dicatur meritò. Quî discrepat istis,
 Qui nummos aurumque recondit, nescius uti
 Compositis, metuensque velut contingere sacrum ?
 Si quis ad ingentem frumenti semper acervum
 Porrectus vigilet longo cum fuste, neque illinc
 Audeat esuriens dominus contingere granum ?
 Ac potiùs foliis parcus vescatur amaris :
 Si positis intus Chii veterisque Falerni
 Mille cadis, nihil est, tercentum millibus, acre
 Potet acetum ; age, si & stramentis incubet unde
 Octoginta annos natus, cui stragula vestis,
 Blattarum ac tinearum epulæ, putrescat in arcâ :
 Nimirum insanus paucis videatur ; eò quòd
 Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.
 Filius, aut etiam hæc libertus ut ebibat heres,
 Dîs inimice senex, custodis ? ne tibi desit :
 Quantulum enim summæ curtabit quisque dierum,
 Ungere si caules oleo meliore, caputque
 Coeperis impexâ scædum porrigine ? quare,
 Si quidvis fatis est, perjuras, furripis, aufers
 Undique ? tun' sanus ? Populum si cædere saxis

Incipias

Staberius or Aristippus ; but he now gives other Instances to determine the Question in Favour of the Prodigal against the Miser. Money to a Miser, is like an Instrument of Music in the Hands of a Man, who knows not how to play on it. They both owe their Harmony to the Art of using them.

109. *Nummos aurumque recondit.*] To hide our Riches, is not only a Folly, but an Injustice and a Robbery, since Mankind have a natural Right to the Circulation of what was taken out of the Earth for public Use.

114. *Foliis amaris.*] Are usually explained, *Wild Herbs*, that are not so sweet as those of the Garden, but Mr. Dacier thinks the Poet means, *Herbs undrest ; without Oil or Butter.*

Should he buy Lasts and Knives, who never made
A Shoe ; or if a Wight, who hated Trade,
The Sails and Tackle, for a Vessel bought,
Madman or Fool, he might be justly thought.

But, prithee, where's the Difference, to behold
A Wretch, who heaps and hides his darling Gold ;
Unknowing how to use the massy Store,
Yet dreads to violate the sacred Ore ?

With a long Club, and ever open Eyes,
To guard his Corn its wretched Master lies,
Nor dares, though hungry, touch the hoarded Grain,
While bitter Herbs his frugal Life sustain ;
In his Cellar lie a thousand Flasks
Nay, let them rise to thrice a thousand Casks)

Of old Falernian, or the Chian Vine,
Yet if he drink meer Vinegar for Wine ;
At Fourscore of Straw he made his Bed,
While Moths upon his rotting Carpets fed,
A few, forsooth, a Madman he is thought,
Or half Mankind the same Disease have caught.

Thou Dotard, cursed in the Love of Pelf,
Or fear of starving, will you starve yourself ?
Or do you this ill-gotten Treasure save
For a luxurious Son, or favourite Slave ?
How little would thy Mass of Money waste,
Did you on better Oil and Cabbage feast ;
Or on thy clotted Hair and Dandriff-Head,
Sweeter Essence more profusely shed ?

If Nature wish for no immoderate Store,
Then why forswear, and rob, and steal for more ?

Still

128. *Tun' insanus ?*] We have here a new Scene. Stertinius
addresses himself to another of those, whom he had called to pass in
review before him, *Vos ordine aditis*. He now speaks to one, who
had

Incipias, servosque, tuo quos ære pararis:
 Infanum te omnes pueri, clamentque puellæ.
 Cùm laqueo uxorem interimis, matremque veneno,
 Incolumi capite es? Quid enim? neque tu hoc facis

Argis,

Nec ferro, ut demens, genitricem occidis, Orestes
 An tu reris eum occisâ infanisse parente?
 Ac non ante malis dementem actum Furiis, quàm
 In matris jugulo ferrum te perfecit acutum?
 Quin, ex quo est habitus malè tutæ mentis Orestes.
 Nil sanè fecit quod tu reprehendere possis;
 Non Pyladen ferro violare, aususve sororem est
 Electram; tantùm maledicit utrique, vocando
 Hanc Furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida billæ
 Pauper Opimius argenti positi intus & auri,
 Qui Veientanum festis potare diebus
 Campanâ solitus trullâ, vappamque profectis,
 Quondam lethargo grandi est oppressus; ut heres
 Jam circùm loculos & claves lætus ovanſque

Currens

had poisoned his Mother, and to another, who had strangled his Wife, to get into Possession of a large Estate, or a rich Portion. Thus Avarice is regularly conducted through all its Degrees, until it rise to Murder and Parricide.

129. *Tuo quos.*] Is a conjectural Reading, but nothing more true says Dr. Bentley, ever came from the Tripod of Apollo. It has been received into the Text by all our best Editors, and the Doctor would lay any Wager, that Horace never wrote *tuo*.

132. *Quid enim?*] Mr. Dacier here introduces, without any Necessity, a third Person, whom he calls Stæva, and to whom he gives these Words. Stertinus continues to speak, and pleasantly softens this Murder, by saying it was not committed in Argos; that he did not shed his Mother's Blood; and that what Orestes did was the Violence of Madness, the Miser hath done in cold, temperate Folly. This Passage hath appeared difficult, by not observing, that Stertinus here distinguishes between Folly and Madness, which he had before confounded; and that our Poet speaks of this Tragedy as it was played on the Roman Stage, without following the Traditions of the Greek Theatre. *Occidis* is of seven Manuscripts. See

All are you found? But if your Folly raves,
 With Stones to kill the People or your Slaves;
 Those Slaves, whom you with Pelf, how precious!
 buy,
 Madman, Madman, even the Children cry,
 Your Head safe, although You hang your Wife,
 Or take by Poison your old Mother's Life?
 That! nor in Argos you commit the Deed,
 Nor did your Mother by a Dagger bleed;
 Nor by a mad Orestes was she slain——
 It was Orestes of untainted Brain,
 Or was he not by Furies dire possess'd,
 Before he plung'd the Dagger in her Breast?
 Yet from the Time you hold him hurt in Mind,
 His wildest Actions are of harmless Kind.
 He neither stabs his Sister, nor his Friend;
 A few Curses his worst Passions end;
 He calls her Fury, or whatever Names
 Now from a Breast, which Choler high enflames.
 Opimius, wanting even what he possess'd,
 Earthen Cups, on some more solemn Feast,
 Quaff'd the poor Juices of a meagre Vine,
 In Week-days dead and vapid was his Wine:
 Then with an heavy Lethargy oppress'd,
 His Heir in Triumph ran from Chest to Chest;

Swift

138. *Nil sanè fecit.*] From the Time, that Orestes was thought
 mad, all his Actions rather deserved our Compassion, than our In-
 dignation. But he was really mad before he killed his Mother, be-
 cause he was actuated by the most criminal and violent Passions,
 with which he was haunted as by so many Furies, which made him
 commit the Murder. Such is the State of all Madmen; when
 their Madness hath discovered itself, they are not so dangerous or
 mischievous, as when it was concealed under an Appearance of good
 sense and right Reason.

SAN.

Curreret. Hunc medicus multum celer atque fidelis
 Excitat hoc pacto; mensam poni jubet, atque
 Effundi saccos nummorum, accedere plures
 Ad numerandum; hominem sic erigit. Addit & illi
 Nî tua custodis, avidus jam jam auferet heres.
 Men' vivo? Ut vivas igitur, vigila: hoc age. Quid
 Deficient inopem venæ te, nî cibus atque
 Ingens accedit stomacho fultura ruenti.
 Tu cessas? Agedum: sume hoc ptisanarium oryza.
 Quanti emtæ? Parvo. Quanti ergo? Octassibus. Ehe
 Quid refert morbo, an furtis peream, an rapinis?

DAMAS.

Quisnam igitur sanus?

STERT.

Qui non stultus.

DAMAS.

STERT.

Stultus & insanus.

Quid avarus

DAMAS.

147. *Celer atque fidelis.*] Who had a Friendship for his Patient and an Application, to watch the Turns of his Disorder, while escape in a Moment, and on which the Success of a Medicine depends. Cicero says of his Physician, *In quâ cum ipsa scientia, etiam fidelitate benevolentiaque satisfecit.*

151. *Jam jam auferet.*] This Correction is taken from Heinf. *Hæc* or *hoc* is useless to the Sense or Construction, and only lessens the Vivacity of the Action.

CUN. SAN.

154. *Ingens accedit.*] *Powerful, strong.* Dr. Bentley, who understands it of a Quantity of Food, improper for a sick Man, would have us read *præsens*; Mr. Cunningham proposes *instans*, which received into the Text by Mr. Sanadon.

155. *Tu cessas.*] This Reading appears in all the Manuscripts and all Editions before Muretus, who thought proper to change for *quid tu*.

Prijs

Gift to his Aid his faithful Doctor flies,
And to restore him this Expedient tries;
From out his Bags he pours the shining Store,
And bids a Croud of People count it o'er;
Then placed the Table near his Patient's Bed,
And loud, as if he rouz'd him from the Dead,
Awake, and guard your Wealth; this Moment wake:
Your ravening Heir will every Shilling take."
That! while I live? "Then, wake, that you may
live.

Here take the best Prescription I can give.
Your bloodless Veins, your Appetite shall fail,
Unless you raise them by a powerful Meal.
Take this Ptisane—"What will it cost? Nay, hold.
A very Trifle." Sir, I will be told.—
Three Pence."—Alas! what does it signify,
Whether by Doctors, or by Thieves I die?

DAMAS.

Who then is found?

STERT.

Whoever's not a Fool.

DAMAS.

What think you of the Miser?

STERT.

By my Rule,

both Fool and Madman.

DAMAS.

Ptisanium oryzae.] The first of these Words is properly a Pti-
sane made of Barley; when it was made of any other Grain, they
always named it; to shew the Difference. Horace means a Kind
of Rice-water; but our Commentators usually understand it of
Oat-milk, a pleasant Remedy for a Man in a Lethargy. SAN.

156. *Oxyfibus.*] Such is the Reading of all the Manuscripts, and
ancient Editions. Lambinus first changed it for *oxyfibus*.

DAMAS.

Quid? si quis non sit avarus,

Continuò sanus?

STERT.

Minime.

DAMAS.

Cur, Stoice?

STERT.

Dicam.

Non est cardiacus (Craterum dixisse putato)

Hic æger: rectè est igitur, furgetque? Negabit:

Quòd latus, aut renes morbo tentantur acuto.

Non est perjurus, neque sordidus; immolet æquis

Hic porcam Laribus: verum ambitiosus & audax;

Naviget Anticyram. Quid enim differt, balatroni

Dones quidquid habet, an-numquam utare paratis?

Servius Oppidius Canusi duo prædia, dives

Antiquo censu, natis divisse duobus

Fertur

161. *Cardiacus.*] Is properly a Person of weak Appetite. The poet prescribes Wine as the only Remedy for this Disorder, and Varro says his Physician drank Chian Wine for it.

164. *Immolet æquis, &c.*] All the good and bad Accidents, that happened in Families, were generally attributed to the domestic Gods, and as these Gods were the Sons of the Goddess of Madness they were particularly worshipped by Persons disordered in the Understanding. Stertinius therefore advises the Man, who by the Favour of these Gods, is neither perjurer nor a Miser, grateful to sacrifice a Swine to them, which was their usual Sacrifice. *Fertur Laris avidaque porcâ.* Od. XXIII. Lib. II.

166. *Balatroni.*] Since the Time of the Scholiasts this Word hath been differently read; the present Reading is of two Manuscripts, and received by Mr. Cuninghame and Sanadon into the Text. The Latins used the Word for *homo nibili, nequam, coëtor, scurra.* Young Gentlemen of Fortune endeavoured to engage People of this Kind to support them, when they proposed to stand Candidates for an Employment or Office in the State. Horace therefore says, what Difference is there, whether Avarice deprives you of the Use of your Money, or Ambition squanders it away upon such Wretches? They who read *baratrones*, and understand

rottr

DAMAS. Is he found and well,
not a Miser?

STERT.

No.

DAMAS.

I prithee tell,

od Stoic, why.

STERT.

Let us suppose you heard

able Doctor, who perchance declar'd,

Patient's Stomach good; yet shall he rise,

is he well? Ah! no, the Doctor cries,

cause a keen Variety of Pains

rack the Wretch's Side, or vex his Reins.

You are not perjur'd, or to Gold a Slave;

Heaven your grateful Sacrifice receive.

if your Breast with bold Ambition glows,

fail where Hellebore abundant grows.

prithce, say, what Difference can you find,

gether to Scoundrels of the vilest Kind

throw away your Wealth in lewd Excess,

know not to enjoy what you possess?

When rich Oppidius, as old Tales relate,

his two Sons divided his Estate,

Two

for *gula*, *venter*, *abdomen*, mistake the Sense of the Poet
minius is not yet addressing himself to Debauchees and Libertines,
he reserves for the two hundred twenty-fourth Line, *nunc*
luxuriam, &c. We are obliged to Dr. Bentley for the greater
of this Note.

63. *Servius Oppidius*.] An attentive Father will remark in the
sons of his Children, those Motives and Springs of their Ac-
which are imperceptible to others, and which are capable of
ing them into great Misfortunes, if there be not early Care ta-
to determine their Force, and regulate their Motions. We know
ing more of this wise Father, nor of his Sons.

Fertur, & hoc moriens pueris dixisse vocatis
 Ad lectum : Postquam te talos, Aule, nucesque
 Ferre sinu laxo, donare, & ludere vidi :
 Te Tiberi, numerare, cavis abscondere tristem ;
 Extimui, ne vos ageret vefania discors ;
 Tu Nomentanum, tu ne sequerere Cicutam.
 Quare per Divos oratus uterque Penates,
 Tu cave ne minuas ; tu ne majus facias id,
 Quod fatis esse putat pater, & Natura coërcet.
 Præterea, ne vos titillet gloria, jure.
 Jurando obstringam ambo : uter ædilis fuerit, vel
 Vestrum prætor, is intestabilis & sacer esto.
 In cicere, atque fabâ, bona tu, perdasque lupinis,
 Latus ut in circo spatieri, & æneus ut stes.
 Nudus agris, nudus nummis, insane, paternis ?
 Scilicet ut plausus, quos fert Agrippa, feras tu,
 Astuta ingenuum vulpes imitata leonem ?
 Ne quis humasse velit Ajacem, Atrida, vetas cur ?

172. *Ludere.*] Dr. Bentley, with his usual Spirit of reforming the Text, would have us read *perdere* instead of *ludere*, and he supported it with so much Probability, that Mr. Cuninghame acknowledges some Correction necessary ; but unwilling to receive that of the Doctor, proposes *credere*, which is received by Mr. Sanadon. Such violent conjectural Alterations may do Honour to their critical Sagacity, but should never be received without great Necessity than appears in the present Instance. *Tali* does not properly signify Dice, but Bones with which Children used to play, as *nuces* were Balls of Ivory, *ocellatis*, or round Stones. As it could not be made intelligible to an English Reader, the Translator hath only mentioned Play-things in general.

179. *Ne vos titillet gloria.*] The last eight Lines of this Father's Discourse, as Mr. Sanadon well observes, is a smooth Transition to prepare us for the following Character, in which the Poet shews to what criminal Excesses we are carried by Ambition.

182. *Latus.*] Is generally understood *inflatus*, *tumidus*, *superbus*, but Mr. Sanadon thinks it a Participle of the Verb *ferre*, as Ovid, *huc latus & illuc*. Persons of Distinction were frequently carried by six Slaves in a Chair, from thence called *hexaphorus*.

17 to ancient Farms; he call'd them to his Bed,
 and dying thus with faltering Accent said;
 your loose Robe, when I have seen you bear
 your Play-things, Aulus, with an heedless Air,
 careless gave them to your Friends away,
 with a Gamester's desperate Spirit play;
 while you, Tiberius, anxious counted o'er
 your childish Wealth, and hid the little Store,
 different Madnes seem'd to be your Fate,
 Wasters or Spendthrifts born to imitate.
 Then, by your household Gods, my Sons, I charge,
 that you ne'er lessen: that you ne'er enlarge
 what seems sufficient to your tender Sire,
 and Nature's most unbounded Wants require.
 That Glory ne'er may tempt you, hear this Oath,
 whose eternal Power I bind ye both,
 ne'er'd be the Wretch: an Object of my Hate,
 whoe'er accepts an Office in the State.
 All you in Largesses exhaust your Store,
 that you may proudly stalk the Circus o'er?
 in the Capitol embronz'd may stand,
 toil'd of your Fortune and paternal Land?
 and thus, forsooth, Agrippa's Praise engage,
 shew, with Reynard's Tricks, the Lion's Rage?
 Wherefore does Ajax thus unburied lie?

AGAM.

[Et *æneus ut fies.*] This is a Reading of two ancient Manuscripts.
 They who read *aut æneus* did not observe, that the ancient Poets
 used *æneus* in three Syllables, but have always said *æneus* or

85. *Plausus quos fere Agrippa.*] This Compliment to Agrippa
 introduced with great Art, as if it escaped accidentally, and it is
 enlivened by a Comparison, short but noble. Although Agrippa
 been Consul in 717, yet he condescended to accept the Office of
 Tribune in 720, when he entertained the People with a Magnificence
 Expence beyond what they had ever seen.

SAN.

87. *Ne quis humasse velit.*] Here opens another Scene, in which
 a King

AGAM.

Rex sum.

STERT.

Nil ultra quæro plebeius.

AGAM.

Et æquam

Rem imperito : ac si cui videor non justus, inulto
Dicere, quod sentit, permitto.

STERT.

Maxime regum,

Dî tibi dent captâ classem reducere Trojâ.

Ergo consulere, & mox respondere licebit ?

AGAM.

Consule.

STERT.

Cur Ajax heros ab Achille secundus

Putrescit, toties servatis clarus Achivis ;

Gaudeat ut populus Priami, Priamusque inhumato

Per quem tot juvenes patrio caruere sepulcro ?

AGAM.

Mille ovium infans morti dedit, inclytum Ulyssen

Et Menelaum unâ mecum se occidere clamans.

STER

a King and a Stoic are engaged, and in which the Philosopher proves in good Form, that this greatest of Monarchs is a Fool and Madman. The Debate arises from an Incident in a Play of Sophocles, in which Agamemnon refuses to let Ajax be buried.

188. *Nil ultra quæro plebeius.* Agamemnon finding his Answer *I am a King*, a little too tyrannical, adds, *Our Decree was* Perhaps, the Humility of the Philosopher, either ironical or serious in seeming to allow his Royal Manner of deciding the Question, distorted this Condescension from the Monarch.

190. *Maxime regum.* It was but reasonable to treat his Majesty with a little Complaisance, to make him some Satisfaction for disagreeable Things he was going to say to him.

AGAM.

We are a King.

STERT.

A base Plebeian I,

shall ask no more.

AGAM.

'Twas just what we decreed ;

at, if you think it an unrighteous Deed,

Safety speak. We here our Rights resign.

STERT.

greatest of Monarchs, may the Powers divine

safe Return permit you to enjoy,

with your victorious Fleet, from ruin'd Troy——

at may I ask, and answer without Fear ?

AGAM.

you may.

STERT.

Then wherefore rots great Ajax here,

many a Grecian sav'd who well might claim

brave Achilles the next Place in Fame ?

at that Priam, and the Sires of Troy,

view his Carcass with malignant Joy,

whom their Sons so oft destroy'd in Fight

their own Country want the funeral Rite ?

AGAM.

thousand Sheep the Frantick kill'd, and cry'd,

here both Atrides ; there Ulysses died."

STERT.

7. *Insanus.*] This Word alone justifies Ajax, and condemns
memnon. A Man, who revenges himself upon the dead Body
Madman, must be more mad than the Person was who injured

SAN,

STERT.

Tu cùm pro vitulâ statuis dulcem Aulide natam
Ante aras, spargisque molâ caput, improbe, falsâ,
Rectum animi servas ?

AGAM.

Quorsum ?

STERT.

Insanus quid enim Ajax
Fecit ? cùm stravit ferro pecus : abstinuit vim
Uxore & nato : mala multa precatus Atridis :
Non ille aut Teucrum, aut ipsum violavit Ulyssen.

AGAM.

Verùm ego, ut hærentes adverso litore naves
Eriperem, prudens placavi sanguine Divos.

STERT.

Nempe tuo furioso.

AGAM.

Meo, sed non furiosus.

STERT.

Qui species alias veri scelerisque, tumultu
Permistas, capiet, commotus habebitur : atque

202. *Abstinet vim uxore & nato.*] Sophocles makes him talk
his Wife Tecmessa, and his Son Euryfaces, with much good Sense
and Tenderness,

Ω παῖ γένειο πατρός ευτυχέστερος,
Τα δ' ἄλλ' ὁμοίως.

Which Virgil hath imitated,

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis.

208. *Qui species alias.*] Much good Learning hath been thrown
away upon this Passage, but the Commentators may be
reconciled by a single Comma between *sceleris* and *tumultu*,
for which they are obliged to Mr. Sanadon. The Construc-
tion is no longer perplexed, and the Thought is perfectly
just. *Quicumque tum veri, tum sceleris species capiet tum*
permistas, commotus habebitur. Alias tor diversas, be-

STERT.

When your own Child you to the Altar led,
And pour'd the salted Meal upon her Head;
When you beheld the lovely Victim slain,
Unnatural Father! were you found of Brain?

AGAM.

Why not?

STERT.

Then what did frantic Ajax do,
When in his Rage a thousand Sheep he slew?
Or on his Wife or Son he drew his Sword,
Or on your Head his Imprecations pour'd;
Or on his Brother turn'd the vengeful Steel,
Or did Ulysses his Resentment feel.

AGAM.

At I, while adverse Winds tempestuous roar,
To loose our fated Navy from the Shore,
Safely with Blood the Powers divine atone—

STERT.

With your own Blood, you Madman?

AGAM.

Yes, my own

At yet not mad.

STERT.

'Tis a disorder'd Head,
Which by the Passions in Confusion led,

The

The Ideas of Vice and Virtue are different. *Tumultus* means the Disorder of the Passions, which makes us confound those Ideas, and to mistake Vice and Virtue for each other. This was exactly the Situation of Agamemnon. If he did not sacrifice his Daughter, he was afraid his Refusal would hinder his Election to command the Army. It would have been Virtue to have sacrificed his Ambition to his paternal Tenderness, and it was Vice to sacrifice that paternal tenderness to his Ambition. But in the Tumult and Disorder of

Stultitiâne erret, nihilum distabit, an irâ.

Ajax, cùm immeritos occidit, desipit, agnos;

Cùm prudens scelus ob titulos admittis inanes:

Stas animo? & purum est, vitio tibi cùm tumidum
cor?

Si quis lecticâ nitidam gestare amet agnam;

Huic vestem, ut natæ, paret ancillas, paret aurum;

Pupam aut pupillam adpellet, fortique marito

Destinet uxorem; interdicto huic omne adimat jus

Prætor, & ad sanos abeat tutela propinquos.

Quid? si quis natam pro mutâ devovet agnâ,

Integer est animi? Ne dixeris. Ergo ubi prava

Stultitia, hîc summa est insania: qui sceleratus,

Et furiosus erit. Cepit quem vitrea fama,

Hunc circùm tonuit gaudens Bellona cruentis.

Nunc, age, luxuriam & Nomentanum arripe mecum:

Vincet enim stultos ratio insanire nepotes.

Hic simul accepit patrimonî mille talenta,

Edicit, piscator uti, pomarius, auceps,

Unguentarius, ac Tusci turba impia vici,

Cum scurris fartor, cum Velabro omne macellum,

Manè domum veniant. Quid enim? Venere frequentes

Verba facit leno: Quidquid mihi, quidquid & horum

Cuique

the Passions, this detestable Crime was clothed with a specious Appearance of public Good, and disguised under the Names of Heroism and Generosity.

210. *Ira.*] Anger is here understood of any of the Passions. See

214. *Si quis lecticâ.*] The Stoic gives the Grecian Monarch a Quarter. He hath already shewn, that his Folly was criminal, now proves that it was ridiculous.

216. *Pupam aut pupillam.*] The Commentators have had much Trouble with these two Words; and the Manuscripts differ greatly. *Pupam aut pupillam, putam aut putillam, pupam aut pusinam, Rufam aut Rufillam, Rufam aut Posillam.* The present Reading is taken from the Manuscripts of Lambinus, and seems to have the Child

the Images of Right and Wrong mistakes,
 and Rage or Folly no great Difference makes.
 Was Ajax mad, when those poor Lambs he slew,
 and are your Senses right, while you pursue,
 With every Crime, an empty Title's Fame?
 the Heart pure high-swelling for a Name?
 Should a Man take a Lambkin in his Chair;
 With fondling Names caress the spotless Fair;
 Clothes, Maids and Gold, as for his Child provide,
 and a stout Husband for the lovely Bride,
 his civil Rights the Judge would take away,
 and to Trustees in Guardianship convey.
 When sure you will not call him sound of Brain,
 by whom his Daughter for a Lamb was slain.
 Wood-stain'd Bellona thunders round his Head,
 who is by glassy Fame in Triumph led.
 Now try the Sons of Luxury, you'll find,
 that Reason proves the Fool's of madding Kind.
 thousand Talents yonder Youth receives,
 eternal Wealth, and streight his Orders gives,
 that all the Trades of Elegance and Taste,
 all who with Wit and Humour joy a Feast,
 the impious Croud, that fills the Tuscan Street,
 and the whole Shambles at his House should meet.
 What then? They frequent his Command obey'd,
 and thus his Speech the wily Pander made.

What-

childishness of Language, which is usually spoken to Children.
Baby, pupa; my little Baby, pupillam.

23. *Hunc circumtonuit Bellona.*] None but a Stoic durst treat a
 god so familiarly. The last Compliment he makes him is, that
 ambition hath turned his Brain. The Poet hath raised this Verse,
 with greater Pomp of Images, Expression, and Cadence. *SAN*

24. *Nunc age, luxuriam.*] The People of Luxury now appear
 at the Bar, to be convicted of Madness.

Cuique domi est, id crede tuum ; & vel nunc pete, v
cras.

Accipe, quid contra juvenis responderit æquus :
Tu nive Lucanâ dormis ocreatus, ut aprum
Cœnem ego : tu pisces hyberno ex æquore verris :
Segnis ego, indignus qui tantum possideam. Aufer ;
Sume tibi decies ; tibi tantumdem ; tibi triplex,
Unde uxor mediâ currit de nocte vocata.
Filius Æsopi detractam ex aure Metellæ
(Scilicet ut decies solidum exforberet) aceto
Diluit insignem baccam : quî sanior, ac si
Illud idem in rapidum flumen, jaceretve cloacam ?
Quinti progenies Arrî, par nobile fratrum,
Nequitie & nugis, pravorum & amore gemellum,
Luscinias soliti impenso prandere coëmtras :
Quorsum abeant ? sanin' ? cretâ an carbone notandi
Ædificare casas, plotello adjungere mures,
Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longâ,
Si quem delectet barbatum ; amentia verset.
Si puerilius his ratio esse evincet amare ;

234. *Tu nive.*] It is thus quoted by Johnson in his Notes
Grotius, and has been received by our best modern Editors. It
be understood, and *tu* is necessary to distinguish the Persons to whom
our Prodigal speaks.

237. *Decies.*] *Centena millia sestertium*, about seven hundred
eighty-one Pounds five Shillings of our Money. The Translator
uses five hundred Pounds as a general Sum, which is, probably,
that the Original means.

238. *Unde uxor.*] The old Commentator tells us, that these
chants pretended they were married to their Slaves, that they might
sell them at an higher Price.

242. *Quinti progenies Arrî.*] We may believe they were the
of Arrius, mentioned in the eighty-sixth Verse. Their Luxury
eating Nightingales, probably, because they could sing, as if
Music of the Bird made the Taste more delicious ; and as Mr.
cier observes, they eat them at Dinner, against all sober Custom
the Romans.

Whate'er these People have ; whate'er is mine ;
To-day, to-morrow send, be sure is thine.
Hear the just Youth this generous Answer make,
In clumsy Boots, dear Hunter, for my sake,
You sleep in wild Lucania's snowy Waste,
That I at Night on a whole Boar may feast.
For Fish you boldly sweep the wintry Seas,
That I, unworthy, may enjoy my Ease.
Let each five hundred Pounds, with Pleasure, take,
To thee, dear Pander, I a Present make
Of twice a thousand, that with all her Charms
Your Wife at night may run into my Arms."

An Actor's Son dissolved a wealthy Pearl,
The precious Ear-ring of his favourite Girl,
In Vinegar, and thus luxurious quaff'd
A thousand solid Talents at a Draught.
Had he not equally his Wisdom shown,
Into the Sink or River were it thrown ?

A noble Pair of Brothers ; Twins in Truth,
In all th' Excesses, Trifles, Crimes of Youth,
On Nightingales of monstrous Purchase din'd ;
What is their Process ? Are they sound of Mind ?

Suppose, in childish Architecture skill'd,
A bearded Sage his Castle Cottage build ;
Play odd and even ; ride his reedy Cane,
And yoke his harness'd Mice, 'tis Madness plain.
But what if Reason, powerful Reason, prove
'Tis more than equal Childishness to love ?

If

246. *Cretâ an carbone notandi.*] Are they to be marked with Chalk, or Charcoal ? A proverbial Expression. Are they wise or foolish ?

247. *Ædificare casas.*] The Passion of Love is here represented both as Folly and Madness. In the first State, it diverts us with the Ridi.

Nec quidquam differre, utrumne in pulvere, trimus
 Quale prius, ludas opus, an meretricis amore
 Sollicitus plores : quæro, faciasne, quod olim
 Mutatus Polemo ? ponas insignia morbi,
 Fasciolas, cubital, focalia ? potus ut ille
 Dicitur ex collo furtim carpisse coronas,
 Postquam est impransi correptus voce magistri.
 Porrigis irato puero cum poma, recusat :
 Sume, Catelle ; negat : si non des, optet. Amator
 Exclusus qui distat ? agit ubi secum, eat, an non, 260
 Quò rediturus erat non arcessitus ; & hæret
 Invisis foribus : Ne nunc, cum me vocat ultro,
 Accedam ? an potius mediter finire labores ?
 Exclusit, revocat, redeam ? non, si obsecret. Ecce
 Servus non paulò sapientior : O here, quæ res 265
 Nec modum habet neque consilium, ratione modoque
 Tractari non vult. In amore hæc sunt mala : bellum,
 Pax rursus. Hæc si quis tempestatis prope ritu
 Mobilia, & cæca fluitantia sorte laboret

Reddere

Ridiculousness, which always attends it ; in the second, it inspires us with Horror, by the dreadful Effects it produces.

254. *Polemo.*] Polemon was a young Athenian, who running one Day through the Streets, inflamed with Wine, had the Curiosity to go into the School of Xenocrates to hear him. The Philosopher dextrously turn'd his Discourse upon Sobriety, and spoke with so much Force, that Polemon from that Moment renounced his Intemperance, and pursued his Studies with such Application, as to succeed Xenocrates in his School. Thus, as Valerius Maximus remarks, being cured by the wholesome Medicine of one Oration, he became a celebrated Philosopher, from an infamous Prodigal.

255. *Fasciolas, cubital, focalia.*] The Difficulty of this Passage consists in knowing whether these Words mean the Dress of a Lover or a sick Man ; and although the Translator hath chosen the first Sense, yet he dares not be positive, that he hath made the best Choice. If we understand the Passage as applied to a sick Person, our Poet must then argue in this Manner ; When a Patient recovers his Health, he throws off the Clothes he was obliged to wear in his Disorder. Will you do the same ? Will you quit the Marks

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If there's no Difference, whether in the Dust
 You sport your Infant Works, or high in Lust,
 An Harlot's Cruelty with Tears deplore,
 Will you, like much-chang'd Polemon of yore,
 Throw off the Ensigns of the dear Disease,
 The Arts of Dress, and Earnestness to please?
 For the gay Youth, though high with Liquor warm'd,
 Was by the sober Sage's Doctrine charm'd;
 Chastis'd he listen'd to th' instructive Lore,
 And from his Head the breathing Garland tore.
 A peevish Boy shall proffer'd Fruit despise;
 "Take it, dear Urchin." No, and yet he dies
 If you refuse it. Does not this discover
 The froward Soul of a discarded Lover,
 Thus reasoning with himself? What! when thus slighted
 Shall I return, return though uninvited?
 Yes, he shall sure return and lingring wait
 At the proud Doors he now presumes to hate.
 "Shall I not go if she submissive send,
 Or here resolve, my Injuries shall end?
 "Expell'd, recall'd, shall I go back again?
 "No; let her kneel; for she shall kneel in vain."
 When lo! his wily Servant well reply'd,
 Think not by Rule and Reason, Sir, to guide
 What ne'er by Reason or by Measure move;
 For Peace and War succeed by Turns in Love,
 And while tempestuous these Emotions roll,
 And float with blind Disorder in the Soul,

Who

of your Distemper; your foolish Passion of Love? Such as the *lucida funalia, vestes* and *arcus*, in the twenty-sixth Ode of the third Book.

260. *Agit ubi secum.*] This whole Passage is an Imitation of a Scene in the Eunuch of Terence.

261. *Non arcessitus.*] *Accersitus* was introduced by the Grammarians long after the Times of pure Latinity.

SAN.

K 5

276. *Ignem*

Reddere certa sibi, nihilò plus explicet, ac si
Insanire paret certâ ratione modoque.

Quid ? cùm Picens excerpens semina pomis,
Gaudes, si cameram percussî fortè, penes te es ?

Quid ? cùm balba feris annofo verba palato,
Ædificante casas quî sanior ? Adde cruorem
Stultitiæ, atque ignem gladio scrutare. Modò, inquam,

Hellade percussâ, Marius cùm præcipitat se,
Cerritus fuit ; an commotæ crimine mentis
Absolves hominem, & sceleris damnabis eundem,
Ex more imponens cognata vocabula rebus ?

Libertinus erat, qui circùm compita ficcus
Lautis manè senex manibus currebat, & : Unum
(Quid tam magnum ? addens) unum me surpите morti
Dis etenim facile est, orabat : sanus utrisque
Auribus atque oculis : mentem, nisi litigiosus,
Exciperet dominus, cùm venderet. Hoc quoque vulgus
Chrysippus ponit fecundâ in gente Menenî.

276. *Ignem gladio scutare.*] A proverbial Precept of Pythagoras do not stir the Fire with a Sword. Our Poet uses it as an easy Transition from the Folly, to the Madness of Lovers. We shall have another Proverb in the same Sense, *oleum adde camino*.

CRUQ. SAY

278. *Cerritus.*] *A Cerere percussus, lymphaticus, fanaticus*, who fancied he had seen Ceres, and that the Goddess had turned his Brain

Tor

280. *Cognata vocabula.*] Every wicked Man is a Fool, for Vice and Folly are synonymous Terms. But Mankind endeavour to divide these Ideas, thus nearly related, by giving to each of them, at particular Times, a softer Name. As, when they would find Marius guilty of Murder, they would acquit him of Madness. But Horace condemns him of both, since, in his Philosophy, Murder and Madness are the same.

281. *Libertinus erat.*] There is not a Word here, that does not aggravate the Folly of this Superstitious. He was old, *senex*, and should have better known what Prayer to make ; *ficcus*, his Folly was not an Effect of Wine ; *lautis manibus*, he washed his Hands with

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Who strives to fix them by one certain Rule,
May by right Rule and Reason play the Fool.

When from the Roof the darted Pippins bound,
Does the glad Omen prove your Senses sound?
With aged Tongue you breath the lisp'ing Phrases—
Is he more mad, who that Child-Cottage raises?
Then add the Murders of this fond Desire,
And with the Sword provoke the madding Fire.

When jealous Marius late his Mistress slew,
And from a Precipice himself he threw,
Was he not mad, or can you by your Rule
Condemn the Murderer, and absolve the Fool?
But though in civil Phrase you change the Name,
Madman and Fool for ever are the same.

With Hands clean wash'd, a sober, ancient Wight
Ran praying through the Streets at early Light,
"Snatch me from Death; grant me alone to live;
"No mighty Boon; with Ease the Gods can give."
Sound were his Senses, yet if he were sold,
His Master sure this Weakness must have told,
And if not fond a Law-suit to maintain,
Must have confess'd the Slave unsound of Brain.
This Croud is by the Doctrine of our Schools
Enroll'd in the large Family of Fools.

Her

with Temper, and a real Spirit of Religion; for washing was, by
the Heathens, esteemed a Ceremony of much Purity. He makes
this extravagant Petition, only because the Gods are able to grant
it; not that it is in itself just and reasonable. DAC:

287. *Fecundâ in gente Menenî.*] One would imagine by these
Words, that Folly was hereditary in the Family of Menenius. It
was a very ancient Name, and Menenius Agrippa is known in the
earliest Times of the Republic, by appeasing a Sedition with a Fable
of the Limbs declaring War against the Stomach.

Juppiter, ingentes qui dasque adimisque dolores,
 Mater ait pueri menses jam quinque cubantis,
 Frigida si puerum quartana reliquerit, illo 290
 Manè die, quo tu indicis jejunia, nudus
 In Tiberi stabit. Casus medicusve levarit
 Ægrum ex præcipiti; mater delira necabit
 In gelidâ fixum ripâ, febrimque reducet.
 Quone malo mentem concussa? timore Deorum. 295

DAMAS.

Hæc mihi Stertinus, sapientum octavus, amico
 Arma dedit: posthac ne compellarer inultus.
 Dixerit insanum qui me, totidem audiet; atque
 Respicere ignoto discet pendentia tergo.

HORAT.

Stoice, post damnum sic vendas omnia pluris. 300
 Quam me stultitiam (quoniam non est genus unum)

Infat.

288. *Juppiter ingentes.*] Another frightful Instance of Superstition. A Mother begs of Jupiter to cure her Son, and at the same time makes a Vow to kill him. DAC.

291. *Die quo tu indicis jejunia.*] The Romans had regular Fasts in Honour of Jupiter, which were usually celebrated on Thursday, which was consecrated to that God. They began on the Eve; and the next Morning, which was properly the Fast-day, was observed with great Rigour and Austerity. Aristophanes, in his Clouds, introduces the Chorus complaining, that they had a Fast, rather than a Feast; and in another of his Plays, he mentions a Fast, which was observed on the third Day of the Festival of Ceres. DAC. SAN.

293. *Ex præcipiti.*] Mr. Sanadon does not understand this of a dangerous Distemper, for that the Fears and Vows of the Mother must suppose, but *ex præcipiti* for *subito*, as *ex facili*, for *facile*. The Quickness of the Cure makes a Kind of Miracle, which imposes on her Understanding.

295. *Timore Deorum.*] What Stertinus here says of the Fear, may as justly be said of the Love of the Gods. For they are equally capable of misguiding us, when they exceed their proper Bounds. SAN.

226. *Hæc mihi Stertinus.*] Damasippus is wise enough to know his own Folly, but does not seem touched with the Truths, which Stertinus taught him. He values them only as Arms offensive and

Her Child beneath a Quartan Fever lies
 For five full Months, when the fond Mother cries,
 "Sickness and Health are thine, all-powerful Joye,
 Then from my Son this dire Disease remove,
 And when your Priests thy solemn Fast proclaim,
 "Naked the Boy shall stand in Tiber's Stream."
 Should Chance, or the Physician's Art up-raise
 Her Infant from this desperate Disease,
 The frantic Dame shall plunge her hapless Boy,
 Bring back the Fever, and the Child destroy.
 Tell me, what Horrors thus have turn'd her Head?
 Of the great Gods a superstitious Dread.

DAMAS.

These Arms Stertinius gave me, our eighth Sage;
 That none unpunish'd may provoke my Rage;
 Who calls me mad, shall hear himself a Fool,
 And know he trails his Mark of Ridicule.

HORACE.

Great Stoic, so may better Bargains raise
 Your ruin'd Fortune, tell me, if you please,
 Since Follies are thus various in their Kind,
 To what dear Madness am I most inclin'd.

For

defensive; to guard himself and throw back the Fool on him, who attacks him.

DAC.

299. *Respicere ignoto.*] This Passage may be explained by the fifty-third Line, *caudam tergo*, or by the Fable, which says, that Jupiter threw over the Shoulder of every Mortal two Bags; that the Faults of his Neighbour were put into the Bag before him, and his own into that behind him.

300. *Stoice, post damnum.*] The Poet wishes, that Damasippus may sell every thing hereafter for more than its Worth; a Wish, that insults the honest Wisdom of a Philosopher. Thus, in covert Terms, he advises him to return to his Merchandise, and trouble his Head no more about Philosophy. Damasippus understands the Ridicule, and is very sufficiently, though with not too much Delicacy, revenged.

SAN.

302. *Nam*

Insanire putas? ego nam videor mihi sanus.

DAMAS.

Quid? caput abscissum manibus cùm portat Agave
Nati infelicis, sibi tum furiosa videtur?

HORAT.

Stultum me fateor (liceat concedere veris)
Atque etiam insanum: tantùm hoc ediffere, quo me
Ægrotare putes animi vitio.

DAMAS.

Accipe: primùm

lotus

Ædificas; hoc est, longos imitaris, ab imo
Ad summum totius moduli bipedalis; & idem
Corpore majorem rides Turbonis in armis
Spiritus & incessum? quì ridiculus minùs illo?
An quodcunque facit Mæcenas, te quoque verum
Tantùm dissimilem, & tantò certare minorem?
Absentis ranæ pullis vituli pede pressis,
Unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat, ut ingens
Bellua cognatos eliserit. Illa rogare,

302. *Nam videor mihi sanus.*] The Eyes of the Mind are those of the Body; they neither of them can throw their Rays inward upon themselves, that they may see themselves. There is a Passage in Plato upon this Subject, which Mr. Dacier calls truly divine. *As the Eye cannot see itself, except in some outward Object perfectly like itself, such as another Eye; the same may be said of the human Mind. It must throw its Rays upon some outward Object which most resembles itself, and this Object can be no other than God.*

303. *Manibus cum portat Agave.*] Manibus is of sufficient Authority, and adds a great Horrour to the Fact; whereas *demens* not only perfectly useless, but lies with Weight upon the Sentence. Agave, in a Transport of Bacchanalian Fury, tore her Son Pentheus in pieces.

CRUQ. BENT

305. *Stultum me fateor.*] Horace owns himself a Fool, and the pleasantly asks, what his Follies are; but he will soon have Reason to repent of having made such a Concession.

DAC. SAT

308. *Longos imitaris.*] Longus, in Opposition to *moduli bipedalis* must signify tall, but as the Stoics were too grave a Race to be got

Joker

For I, methinks, my Reason will maintain —

DAMAS.

What! did Agave then suspect her Brain,
When by a Bacchanalian Frenzy led
In her own Hand she carried her Son's Head.

HORACE.

Since we must yield to Truth, 'tis here confess,
I am a Fool; with Madness too possess,
But since my Mind's distemper'd, if you please,
What seems the proper Kind of my Disease?

DAMAS.

First that you build, and scarce of two foot Height,
Mimic the mighty Stature of the Great.

While you, forsooth, a Dwarf in Arms deride

His haughty Spirit and gigantic Stride,

Yet are you less ridiculous, who dare,

Meer Mimic, with Mæcenas to compare?

Perchance, a Mother-Frog had stroll'd abroad,

When a fell Ox upon her young ones trod;

Yet one alone escap'd, who thus express'd

The doleful News—"Ah me! a monstrous Beast

"My

Jokers, there is a poor Quibble in the Word, by which Damasippus means great as well as tall. And he that has the good Fortune to be born six Foot high, was born to be a great Man. Our Poet was happy enough to be able to laugh at his own diminutive Stature, which was probably a Jest among his Acquaintance.

312. *An quodcunque facit.*] The Construction may have some Difficulty. *An verum & par est te facere quodcunque Mæcenas facit? te, inquam, tantum ei dissimilem, & tantò minorem certare cum ill.* There is a Græcism in these last Words; *tantò minor certare tam impar certamini*; a Manner of speaking very frequent in our Author, as *ludere doctior, spernere fortior.* BENT. SAN.

313. *Tantum dissimilem.*] This Reading is of two excellent Manuscripts, and *tantò dissimilem* is not even Latin. *Tantum* here signifies *tam*, as in *nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.*

CRUQ. BENT. CUN. SAN.

317. *Quantane?*

Quantane ? num tantum, sufflans se, magna fuit ? Tum
 Major dimidio : num tantum ? Cum magis atque
 Se magis inflaret : Non, si te ruperis, inquit,
 Par eris. Hæc à te non multum abludit imago. 32
 Adde poemata nunc ; hoc est, oleum adde camino ;
 Quæ si quis sanus fecit, sanus facis & tu.
 Non dico horrendam rabiem.

HORAT.

Jam define.

DAMAS.

Cultum

Majorem censu.

HORAT.

Teneas, Damasippe, tuis te.

DAMAS.

Mille puellarum, puerorum mille furores. 32

HORAT.

O major tandem parcas insane minori.

SAT

317. *Quantane ? num tantum.*] Our Commentators think the
 understand this Passage, and the best of them do not condescend
 take notice of it, although, perhaps, there is not another in Horace
 more sensibly defective. Almost all our Editions read,

Quantane ? Num tandem se inflans sic magna fuisset ?
Major dimidio. Num tanto ?

First, *tandem* cannot agree with the first Efforts, therefore Porphy-
 rion reads *tantum*, which is confirmed by several Manuscripts. Se-
 condly, the Correction, however necessary, does not make the Sen-
 tence more intelligible. A Grammarian must blush at such a Con-
 struction, as *tantum sic magna*. The Manuscripts of Cruquius, and
 many others, have *sufflans se*, and Dr. Bentley assures us, *inflans*
 is not in any of his Copies. But *sufflare* for *inflare*, and *tantum* for
tam is good Latin. Thirdly, *fuisset*, the best ascertained Word in
 the Passage, is not undisputed. After *quantane*, the Construction
 requires *num fuit*, not *num fuisset*. The Correction *tum* supports
 the Dialogue, and the same Reason for *tantum* in the first Line, we
 maintain it in the second, that it appears in the same Manuscripts.

My Brothers hath destroy'd. How large ? she cries
And swelling forth—was this the Monster's Size ?

Larger by half—What is he larger still ?

When more and more she strives her Bulk to fill ;

Nay, though you burst, you ne'er shall be so great."

No idle Image, Horace, of thy State.

Thy Verses too ; that Oil, which feeds the Flame ;

If ever Bard was wise, be thine the Name.

That horrid Rage of Temper——

HORACE.

Yet have done ?

DAMAS.

That vast Expence——

HORACE.

Good Stoic, mind your own.

DAMAS.

Those thousand furious Passions for the Fair ——

HORACE.

Thou mightier Fool, inferior Ideots spare.

SAT.

Anto hath caused great Difficulty in the Sense, and the Difficulty of the whole Sentence is much increased by the young Frog's not answering to its Mother, until it had seen her last Efforts exerted in vain. The Translator hath, however, thrown the whole into a Dialogue, to make it more intelligible to an English Reader. This Note is taken from some Corrections of Mr. Sanadon, intended for a second Edition of his Translation.

321. *Adde poemata.*] The Stoics, in their Pedantry of Wisdom, condemned all Kinds of Poetry, but there is a particular Ridicule in making Damasippus blame our Poet for writing, when he began the satire with reproaching him for not writing.

DAC.

326. *O major tandem parcas.*] The Poet begins this Line, as if he designed to compliment Damasippus with a Superiority of Wisdom, but he soon undeceives his impertinent Moralist, and breaks off the Dialogue with returning him the Title of Madman. If this Remark is not a little too refined, we are obliged to Mr. Dacier for it.

This

SAT. IV.

HORATIUS. CATIUS.

HORAT.

UNDE, & quò Catius?

CATIUS.

Non est mihi tempus aven

Ponere signa novis præceptis; qualia vincant
Pythagoran, Anytique reum, doctumque Platona.

HORAT.

Peccatum fateor, cùm te sic tempore lævo
Interpellarim: sed des veniam bonus, oro.

This Satire is sufficiently singular, both for the Subject, and the Manner in which it is treated. An Actor appears upon the Scene who is a perfect Original. He pretends to be an able Philosopher and an excellent Cook, but we find him as ignorant in the Science of the Kitchen, as in Philosophy. Our Poet treats him with more Respect, and begs he may be received, as a Disciple, into a School of such superior Wisdom, as hath at last found, that the supreme Happiness of Mankind consists in good eating. It would have been ridiculous gravely to refute a Doctrine of this extraordinary Kind, and therefore the Poet pleasantly takes his Leave of the Doctor, in a solemn Admiration of his profound Wisdom.

Verf. 1. *Catius.*] All the learned Enquiries of our Commentators only convince us, that it is impossible to know who Catius was. There are there any Marks in the Satire itself, by which we may fix the Date of it.

Non est mihi tempus.] His first Words are in a Style of Impertinence, and his Philosophy hath taken such Possession of him, that he hath not Time for the common Forms of saluting a Friend.

2. *Ponere signa novis præceptis.*] *Nova præcepta in animo consignare,* to impress on my Memory some admirable Precepts, which

SAT. IV.

HORACE. CATIUS.

HORACE.

WHENCE comes my Catus? Whither in such
Haste?

CATIUS.

I have no Time in idle Prate to waste.
I must away to treasure in my Mind
A Set of Precepts, novel and refin'd;
Such as Pythagoras could never reach,
Nor Socrates, nor scienc'd Plato teach.

HORACE.

I ask your Pardon, and confess my Crime,
To interrupt you at so cross a Time.
But yet, if aught escap'd through strange Neglect,
You shall with Ease the Wisdom recollect,

Whether

have just now heard. Much good Learning hath been employed to
render this Expression obscure, which is in itself clear and open.

SAN.

Novis præceptis.] This Philosopher so busy, as not to be able to
stop a Moment, is however impatient to display his Doctrine, and
makes the first Advances to raise our Poet's Curiosity. *Præcepta*
are Principles of Conduct, these Principles are just now discovered,
novæ; they are above all the Precepts of other Philosophers, *qualia*
vincant Pythagoræ, and they require a Penetration of Spirit to un-
derstand them, which few People possess, *res tenues tenui sermone*
peractas.

SAN.

3. *Anytique reum.*] Socrates, whom Anytus and Melitus ac-
cused.

II. *Longa*

Quòd si interciderit tibi nunc aliquid, repetes mox;
Sive est naturæ hoc, sive artis, mirus utroque.

CATIUS.

Quin id erat curæ, quo pacto cuncta tenerem;
Utpote res tenues, tenui sermone peractas.

HORAT.

Ede hominis nomen; simul & Romanus, an hospes.

CATIUS.

Ipfa memor præcepta canam: celabitur auctor.
Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
Ut fucci melioris, & ut magis alta rotundis,
Ponere; namque marem cohibent callosa vitellum.
Caule suburbano, qui siccis crevit in agris,
Dulcior: irriguo nihil est elutius in horto.
Si vespertinus subito te opprefferit hospes,
Ne gallina malum responset dura palato,
Doctus eris vivam musto mersare Falerno:
Hoc teneram faciet. Pratensibus optima fungis

Naturæ

12. *Longa quibus facies.*] Catius preserves at least some Order in delivering his Precepts, for we should not wrong him of the only good Thing he has taken from Philosophy. He begins with the first Course of the Roman Tables; he proceeds next to the Fruit, which was called the second Table, and ends with some general Reflexions upon Neatness and Elegance. But he opens with a Precept, which is contradicted by Experience. The round are male Eggs, and their Shell is harder than that of the long. However, the Decision of this new Legislator hath imposed upon Columella, Pliny, and other great Authors, who look upon these Words of Catius as the real Opinion of Horace.

Our Doctor opens his Lecture with much Solemnity, which the Translator hath endeavoured to preserve by a more numerous Pomp of Burlesque.

13. *Magis alta rotundis.*] *Alta* for *nutrita*, from the Verb *alere*. Horace hath used *altum* in the same Sense in his Odes. *Magis alta* is ridiculous.

CUN. SAN.

Whether you boast, from Nature or from Art,
This wonderous Gift of holding Things by Heart.

CATIUS.

meant to store them total in my Head,
The Matter nice, and wrought of subtle Thread.

HORACE.

But prithee, Catius, what's your Sage's Name?
Is he a Roman, or of foreign Fame?

CATIUS.

His Precepts I shall willingly reveal;
And sing his Doctrines, but his Name conceal.
Long be your Eggs, far sweeter than the round,
Cock-Eggs they are, more nourishing and sound.
In thirsty Fields a richer Cabbage grows,
Than where the watry Garden overflows.
If by an evening Guest perchance surpris'd,
Kest the tough Hen (I prithee be advis'd)
Should quarrel with his Teeth, let her be drown'd
In Lees of Wine, and she'll be tender found.

Best

15, *Caule suburbano*.] Another false Principle. Greens and Roots
of a natural Soil have always more Salts, and consequently an higher
taste; on the contrary, those which are raised by Force of wa-
tering are usually flat and insipid. But Catius heightens the Absur-
dity, by the Reason he gives for his Opinion, *irriguo nihil est elutius*
water, which is directly contrary to Matter of Fact. Pliny is again
received in following our Philosopher.

TOR. SAN.

19, *Musto mersare Falerno*.] The Character of Catius is perfectly
well supported. This Precept is true, but his Expression is faulty.
To make a Fowl tender, it was suffocated in Wine; but *mersare*,
which signifies only *to dip into Water*, is not full to his Meaning.
Musto for *misto* is a Correction received by four of our late Editors.

20, *Pratenfibus optima fungis*.] Nothing is more false. The best
mushrooms, generally speaking, are those gathered in Woods,
heaths, or Downs. They are more wholesome, and better fla-
voured than those of Meadows.

TOR. DAC.

Natura est ; aliis malè creditor. Ille salubres
 Æstates peraget, qui nigris prandia moris
 Finiet, ante gravem quæ legerit arbore solem.
 Aufidius forti miscebat mella Falerno,
 Mendosè ; quoniam vacuis committere venis
 Nîl nisi lene decet. Leni præcordia mulso
 Prolueris meliùs. Si dura morabitur alvus :
 Mitulus, & viles pellent obstantia conchæ,
 Et lapathi brevis herba ; sed albo non sine Coo.
 Lubrica nascentes implent conchyliâ lunæ :
 Sed non omne mare est generosæ fertile testæ.
 Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris ;
 Ostrea Circeiis, Miseno oriuntur echini ?
 Pectinibus patulis jactat se molle Tarentum.
 Nec sibi cœnarum quivis temerè arroget artem,
 Non priùs exactâ tenui ratione saporum.
 Nec satis est carâ pisces averrere mensâ,
 Ignarum quibus est jus aptius, & quibus assis
 Languidus in cubitum jam se conviva reponet.
 UMBER, & ilignâ nutritus glande, rotundas
 Curvet aper lances carnem vitantis inertem ;
 Nam Laurens malus est, ulvis & arundine pinguis.

Vine

22. *Qui nigris prandia moris finiet.*] The Ancients had only one Meal, but they, who could not wait for Supper, usually eat Breakfast Grapes, Figs, or Mulberries in the Morning. But our Doctor, who loved to dine in Form, taught another Method, and in contradiction to Galen and the Faculty, would have his Disciples eat Mulberries after Dinner.

25. *Mendosè.*] Marcus Aufidius Lurco was a Man extremely knowing in the Science of good Eating. Our Doctor Adventure here hazards a Decision with his usual Spirit. Aufidius invented the Morning Draught of strong Wine mixed with Honey, to fortify the Stomach and promote Digestion. Catius pleasantly steals the Honour of this Invention from him, and condemns the Custom of Aufidius, even while he recommends it himself.

30. *Lubrica nascentes.*] In Justice to Catius, it must be confessed, that this Error is of ancient Date, but contradicted by constant and universal Experience.

best flavour'd Mushrooms Meadow-Land supplies,
 those of Art a dangerous Poison lies.
 He shall with Vigour bear the Summer's Heat,
 The after-Dinner shall be sure to eat
 his Mulberries, of blackest, ripest Dyes,
 and gather'd ere the Morning Sun arise.
 Confidius first, most injudicious, quaff'd
 strong Wine and Honey for his Morning Draught.
 With lenient Beverage fill your empty Veins,
 and smother Mead shall better scour the Reins.
 Correl and White-Wine, if you costive prove,
 and Muscles, all Obstructions shall remove.
 the New Moon all Shell-fish fill with Juice,
 but not all Seas the richer Sort produce ;
 the largest in the Lucrine Lake we find,
 but the Circæan are of sweeter Kind.
 Crayfish are best on the Misenian Coasts,
 and soft Tarentum broadest Scollops boasts.
 Let none presume to understand a Feast,
 not exact and elegant of Taste.
 'Tis not enough to buy the precious Fish,
 but know what Sauce gives Flavour to the Dish,
 stew'd or roasted it shall relish best,
 and to the Table rouse the languid Guest.
 If the half-tainted Flesh of Boars you eat,
 let the round Dishes bend beneath the Weight
 of those with Acorns fed ; though fat, indeed,
 the rest are vapid from the marshy Reed.

The

32. *Murice Baiano.*] *Murex* and *peloris* were Shell-fish of different Kinds, for which we have not any Names in English.

37. *Nec satis est carâ, &c.*] *Averre* is of a great Number of Manuscripts and best Editions. By *mensa* the Poet means the Table, which Fishmongers expos'd their Fish for Sale.

Tor.

42. *Nam Laurens malus est.*] All People of Taste have ever esteem'd

Vineâ summittit capreas non semper edules.
 Fecundæ leporis sapiens sectabitur armos.
 Piscibus atque avibus quæ natura ac foret ætas,
 Ante meum nulli patuit quæsitâ palatum.
 Sunt quorum ingenium nova tantum crustula promit.
 Nequaquam satis in re unâ consumere curam;
 Ut si quis solum hoc, mala ne sint vina, laboret;
 Quali perfundat pisces securus olivo.
 Massica si cælo suppones vina sereno,
 Nocturnâ, si quid crassi est, tenuabitur aurâ,
 Et decedet odor nervis inimicus; at illa
 Integrum perdunt lino vitiata saporem.
 Surrentina vaser qui misceat facie Falernâ
 Vina, columbino limum bene colligit ovo;
 Quatenus ima petit volvens aliena vitellus.
 Tostis marcentem squillis recreabis & Afrâ
 Potorem cochleâ: nam lactuca innatat acri
 Post vinum stomacho: pernâ magis, ac magis hillis
 Flagitat immorsus refici: quin omnia mavult,
 Quæcunque immundis fervent adlata popinis.

esteemed Boars fed in marshy Ground, as of a higher Flavour, although Catius is of another Opinion.

44. *Fecundæ leporis.*] Is a Reading of two Manuscripts. We find *elephantus gravida* in Plautus, and *mus una*, *mus reperta* in Pliny, where *fœmina* must be understood. Our Philosopher is here of a singular Taste, when he prefers the Shoulders to any other Part of an Hare. Some of our Commentators, not entering into the Spirit of the Satire, would have *armos* signify the Back.

51. *Massica si cælo.*] Pliny advises, that all the best Campanian Wines should be exposed Night and Day to the Sun, Moon, Rain and Winds.

57. *Vitellus.*] Catius recommends the Yolks of Eggs, and our Vintners fine down their Wines with the White.

61. *Flagitat immorsus refici.*] Seven Manuscripts and nine learned Editors give us this Reading, *Immorsus* for *vellicatus*, *excitatus* for *punctus*, *pervulsus*. *In morsus* is incapable of any reasonable Sense.

The Vine-fed Goat's not always luscious Fare ;
 Wise Palates chuse the Wings of pregnant Hare.

None before me so sapient to engage
 To tell the various Nature or the Age
 Of Fish and Fowl ; that Secret was my own,
 Till my judicious Palate, quite unknown.

In some new Pastry that Man's Genius lies,
 Yet in one Art 'tis Meanness to be wise.
 For should we not be careful lest our Oil,
 Though excellent our Wine, the Fish should spoil ?

The Sky serene, put out your Massic Wine ;
 In the Night-Air its Foulness shall refine,
 And lose the Scent, unfriendly to the Nerves,
 But philtred no Flavour it preserves.

He who with Art would pour a stronger Wine
 On smooth Falernian Lees, should well refine
 Th' incorporated Mass with Pigeon's Eggs ;
 The falling Yolk will carry down the Dregs.

Stew'd Shrimps and Afric Cockles shall excite
 A jaded Drinker's languid Appetite ;

For Lettuce after Wine is cold and crude,
 But Ham or Sausage is provoking Food ;
 Perhaps, he may prefer with higher Zest,
 Whatever is in filthy Taverns drest.

Two

Dr. Bentley hath well proved. Catius, to rouse a jaded Drinker,
 recommends whatever is most capable of provoking his Appetite,
 and would rather send to a Tavern for some high-season'd Ragout,
 than suffer him to eat Lettuce, which being naturally cooling,
 might dispel the Fumes of his Wine, and temper its excessive
 heat.

Est operæ pretium duplicis pernoscere juris
 Naturam. Simplex è dulci constat olivo:
 At pingui miscere mero muriâque decebit,
 Non aliâ, quàm quâ Byzantia putuit orca.
 Hoc ubi confusum sectis inferbuit herbis,
 Corytioque croco sparsum stetit, insuper addes
 Pressa Venafranæ quod bacca remisit olivæ.
 Picenis cedunt pomis Tiburtia succo:
 Nam facie præstant. Venucula convenit ollis.
 Rectius Albanam fumo duraveris uvam;
 Hanc ego cum malis, ego facem primus & allec,
 Primus & invenior piper album, cum sale nigro
 Incretum puris circumposuisse catillis.
 Immane est vitium, dare millia terna macello,
 Angustoque vagos pisces urgere catino.
 Magna movet stomacho fastidia; seu puer unctis
 Tractavit calicem manibus, dum furta ligurit:
 Sive gravis veteri crateræ limus adhæsit.

Vilibo

65. *At pingui miscere mero.*] *At* instead of *quod* is authorized by an ancient Manuscript, and is so necessary, that the Passage is inexplicable without it. *Miscere* must be understood absolutely for *miscere jus, jus misum facere.* Juvenal uses *miscere* for *miscere p*
 cula.

BENT. CUN. SA

66. *Quâ Byzantia putuit orca.*] The common Editors read *putruit*, and give a very strange Meaning to the Words. They understand *orca* for a Fish not less than a Whale, of greater Strength and rarely seen, except in the main Ocean. The Brine of such Fish must be very extraordinary; but we still want to know why it should rot, *putruit*, in a Pickle intended to preserve it. Catullus hath Absurdities enough of his own, nor need we load him with more. *Putuit* is of almost all the Manuscripts. *Orca* is an earthen Pot. The Poet says, *muria quâ orca putuit*, because the Pickle gives a Vessel a disagreeable Scent, and he adds *Byzantia*, because Byzantium was famous for a great Quantity of Brine of different Fish.

70. *Picenis cedunt pomis.*] He now passes to the second Count of Table, as the Romans called it. *Poma* is a general Name for Sorts of Fruit, such as Apples, Pears, &c.

Two Sorts of Sauce are worthy to be known ;
Simple the first, of sweetest Oil alone :
The other's mix'd with full and generous Wine,
With the true Pickle of Byzantian Brine ;
Let it with Shreded Herbs and Saffron boil,
And when it cools pour in Venafran Oil.

Picenian Fruits with juicy Flavour grow,
But Tibur's with superior Beauty glow.
Some Grapes have with success in Pots been tried ;
Albanian better in the Smoke are dried,
With them and Apples and the Lees of Wine,
White Pepper, common Salt, and Herring-Brine,
I first invented a delicious Treat,
And gave to every Guest a separate Plate.
Monstrous, to spend a Fortune on a Dish,
Or croud the Table with a Load of Fish.

It strongly turns the Stomach, when a Slave
Shall on your Cup the greasy Tokens leave
Of what rich Sauce the luscious Caitiff stole ;
Or when vile Mould incrusts your antique Bowl.

Brooms,

73. *Facem primus & allec.*] Mr. Sanadon thinks, that Horace does not mean two different Things, but uses *fax* and *allec* for *fax cum allece*, Brine on its Lees ; Brine not clarified. Pliny calls *allec*, *imperfecta nec collata fax*. All antient Manuscripts write *allec* ; not *alec* or *balec*.

75. *Incretum.*] *Permistum, incerniculo purgatum.* LAMB.

77. *Angustoque vagos.*] Catius calls it a monstrous Folly, not to know how to make an Entertainment without an immense Expence in Meat, or almost crouding a Fishmonger's whole Shop in a single Dish. Perhaps, the Poet meant to play upon the Words, *vagos* and *angusto* ; that Creatures of their wandering Sort should be confined in a narrow Dish.

Vilibus in scopis, in mattis, in scobe, quantus
 Consistit sumtus? neglectis, flagitium ingens.
 Ten' lapides varios lutulentâ radere palmâ,
 Et Tyrias dare circum illota toralia vestes;
 Oblitum, quanto curam sumtumque minorem
 Hæc habeant, tantò reprimi justius illis,
 Quæ nisi divitibus nequeant contingere mensis?

HORAT.

Dofte Cati, per amicitiam Divosque rogatus,
 Ducere me ad auditum, perges cumcunque, memento
 Nam quamvis memori referas mihi pectore cuncta,
 Non tamen interpres tantumdem juveris. Adde
 Vultum habitumque hominis: quem tu vidisse beatus
 Non magni pendis, quia contigit: at mihi cura
 Non mediocris inest, fontes ut adire remotos,
 Atque haurire queam vitæ præcepta beatæ.

SAT

81. *In mattis.*] Is a Conjecture of Mr. Le Fevre: *Mappa* signifies a Napkin, but cannot be designed here, where the Poet speaks only of the Cleanliness of a Floor. When they had not Mats they threw Saw-dust on the Floor to soak the Wine.

85. *Oblitum quanto.*] It is worth remarking, that Horace does not make this Philosopher so ridiculous, but that he says some excellent Things. The Poet would not only divert, but instruct us.

88. *Dofte Cati.*] Our Author ends the Satire with an Irony, the last Malignity. He displays his Gratitude in the most lively Expression.

Brooms, Mats and Saw-dust are so cheaply bought,
That not to have them is a shameless Fault.

What! sweep with dirty Broom a Floor inlaid,
Or on foul Couch a Tyrian Carpet spread?

HORACE.

Catius, by Friendship, by the Powers divine,
Take me to hear this learned Sage of thine:

For though his Rules you faithfully express,
This meer repeating makes the Pleasure less.

Besides, what Joy to view his Air and Mien!
Trifles to you, because full often seen.

Nor mean that Ardour, which my Breast enflames,
To visit Wisdom's more remoter Streams,

And by your learned, friendly Guidance led,
Quaff the pure Precept at the Fountain-Head.

SAT.

expressions; he admires the uncommon Wisdom of Catius; he dies to be personally known to the Author of this enchanting Morality, that he may study his Principles, which he calls the Springs and Fountains of Happiness.

SAN.

89. *Cumcunque.*] *Quandocunque, quotiescunque, as often as.* Mr. Cuninghame proposed this natural, easy Correction, and it is received by Mr. Sanadon.

92. *Adde vultum habitumque hominis.*] Catius had declared, that he would not name the Author of this singular Morality; and Horace perceiving that it was Catius himself, maliciously presses to be introduced to him.

SAN.

SAT. V.

ULYSSES. TIRESIAS.

ULYS.

HOC quoque, Tiresia, præter narrata, petenti
 Responde: quibus amissas reparare queam res
 Artibus atque modis? Quid rides?

TIRES.

Janne, dolose,
 Non satis est Ithacam revehi, patriosque penates
 Aspicere?

ULYS.

O nulli quidquam mentite, vides ut
 Nudus inopsque domum redeo, te vate: neque illic
 Aut apotheca procis intacta est, aut pecus. Atqui
 Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior algâ est.

TIRES.

We have here a Dialogue in the delicate and lively Taste of Lucian. It is true the Poet recommends to Ulysses some Practices not extremely agreeable to the Spirit of a General, and a King; but, besides that the Knowledge we have of the Characters of the two Persons ought to make us perceive the Pleasantry concealed in the Satire, the Poet hath taken care not to violate the Rules of Probability. Ulysses preserves his Honour unblemished, by rejecting those infamous Methods of making his Fortune; and although he hath Patience to hear the Prophet, yet he does not condescend to answer him, or inform him whether he would follow his Advice.

We may conclude, by the sixty-second Verse, that the Satire was not written before the Year 734, when Augustus recovered the Roman Eagles from Phraates, King of Parthia.

SAND.

Verf. 1. *Hoc quoque, Tiresia.*] Homer made Ulysses descend into Hell, to consult Tiresias concerning the Success of his Voyage. Our Poet supposes, that when he had landed at Ithaca, and seen the melancholy State of his Affairs, he raises the Spirit of the Prophet.

SAT. V.

Translated by Dr. DUNKIN.

ULYSSES. TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

BESIDES the Precepts which you gave before,
 Resolve this Question, and I ask no more :
 Say, by what Arts and Methods I may straight
 Repair the Ruins of a lost Estate.
 How now, Tiresias ? whence these leering Smiles ?

TIRES.

Already vers'd in double-dealing Wiles,
 Are you not satisfied to reach again
 Your native Land, and view your dear Demaine ?

ULYSSES.

How poor and naked I return, behold,
 Unerring Prophet, as you first foretold.
 The wooing Tribe, in Revellings employ'd,
 My Stores have lavish'd, and my Herds destroy'd ;
 But high Descent and meritorious Deeds,
 Unblest with Wealth, are viler than Sea-Weeds.

TIRES.

phet to direct him how to put them into better Order. This Conversation is not a Continuance of the first, but only supposes it, *præter narrata*.

SAN.

7. *Neque illic aut apotheca.*] Ulysses must have been in Ithaca, by his knowing the Condition of his House and Family. This Remark is necessary, because many of our Commentators imagine this Satire is a Continuation of the Dialogue between Ulysses and Tiresias in Homer.

TIRES.

Quando pauperiem, missis ambagibus, horres;
 Accipe, quâ ratione queas ditescere. Turdus, 10
 Sive aliud privum dabitur tibi: devolet illuc,
 Res ubi magna nitet, domino sene: dulcia poma,
 Et quoscunque feret cultus tibi fundus honores,
 Ante Larem gustet venerabilior Lare dives.
 Qui quamvis perjurus erit, sine gente, cruentus 15
 Sanguine fraterno, fugitivus; ne tamen illi
 Tu comes exterior, si postulet, ire recuses.

ULYSS.

Utne tegam spurco Damæ latus? Haud ita Trojæ
 Me gessi, certans semper melioribus,

TIRES.

Ergo

Pauper eris.

ULYSS.

Fortem hoc animum tolerare jubebo: 20
 Et quondam majora tuli. Tu protinus, unde
 Divitias ærisque ruam, dic, augur, acervos.

TIRES.

9. *Missis ambagibus.*] Tiresias pleasantly means that oratorical Circumlocution of Ulysses, *Et genus & virtus*, when he might more simply have expressed the Fears he had of being poor. Nor is this Apprehension of Poverty quite out of Character, but seems to be taken from a Speech of Ulysses to the Phæacians in the Odyssey.

DAC.

11. *Privum.*] Horace puts *privus* in Opposition to *communis*, Thrushes, and all Kinds of wild Birds, were of common Property, *communis & publici juris*, but tame Fowl belonged to particular Persons, *sunt aliquid domesticum, proprium, privum*. The Beauty of *devolet* is happily preserved in the Translation.

17. *Comes exterior.*] In walking with a Companion, the Side, which is most exposed, as in walking near a River, or a Precipice, was called the outward Side. This, in general, is the left Side, because the Person, with whom we walk, hath his Right Hand at Liberty. When three People walk together, the Middle is, for the same Reason, the most honourable Place, and is therefore always given to the Person of most Distinction, *interior comes*.

20. *Fortem*

TIRES.

Since, to be brief, you shudder at the Thought
 Of Want, attend, how Riches may be caught.
 Suppose a Thrush, or any dainty Thing
 Be sent to you, dispatch it on the Wing
 To some rich Dotard; what your Garden yields,
 The choicest Honours of your cultur'd Fields,
 To him be sacrific'd, and let him taste,
 Before your Gods, the vegetable Feast.
 Though he be perjur'd, and ignobly born,
 Stain'd with fraternal Blood, the public Scorn,
 A Runagate; yet if requir'd, abide
 The Test, and dance Attendance by his Side
 With low Submission.

ULYSS.

What! obey the Call
 Of such a Wretch, and give a Slave the Wall?
 Not thus at Troy, I prov'd my lofty Mind,
 Contending ever with the nobler Kind.

TIRES.

Then Poverty shall be your Fate.

ULYSS.

If so,

Let me with Soul undaunted undergo
 This loathsome Evil, since my valiant Heart
 In greater Perils bore a manly Part.
 But instant tell me, Prophet, how to scrape
 Returning Wealth, and pile the splendid Heap.

TIRES.

20. *Portem hoc animum.*] Ulysses cannot descend to Meanness unworthy of his Rank, nor would it have been in Character. He had a Fond of Art and Dissimulation, and pretended to hear the sage Advice Tiresias gave him, as if he approved of it, but takes care, at parting, not to tell whether he was determined to follow it. DAC.SAN.

21. *Proterius.*] Tiresias laughed even before he spoke; but Ulysses, growing

TIRES.

Dixi equidem, & dico. Captes astutus ubique
 Testamenta senum : neu, si vafer unus & alter
 Insidiatorem præroso fugerit hamo,
 Aut spem deponas, aut artem illusos omittas.
 Magna minorve foro si res certabitur olim ;
 Vivet uter locuples sine natis, improbus, ultro
 Qui meliorem audax vocet in jus : illius esto
 Defensor : famâ civem causâque priorem
 Sperne, domi si natus erit, secundave conjux.
 Quinte, puta, aut Publi (gaudent prænominis molles
 Auriculæ) tibi me virtus tua fecit amicum :
 Jus anceps novi : causas defendere possum :
 Eripiet quivis oculos citiùs mihi, quàm te
 Contemptum casâ nuce pauperet : hæc mea cura est,
 Ne quid tu perdas, neu sis locus. Ire domum atque
 Pelliculam curare jube : si cognitor ipse :
 Persa, atque obdura : seu rubra canicula findet
 Infantes statuas ; seu pingui tentus omafo

Furius

growing impatient, and imagining that the Prophet still continued to treat him with too much Pleasantry, desires him to tell him, at once, *protinus*, whether there might not be some other Manner of making his Fortune. Tiresias is firm to the Advice he had given, *dixi equidem & dico*, as if he were seriously convinced, that this was the best Method, by which the Monarch could repair his broken Fortune.

32. *Quinte, puta, aut Publi.*] A Slave was no sooner made free, than he qualified himself with a Surname, such as Marcus, Quintus, Publius, which carried a Sort of Dignity with it. The Romans saluted each other by their Surnames.

33. *Si cognitor.*] *Si*, which is of all the Manuscripts, hath been changed into *si* and *sis* in different Editions. It is an imperative Mood of the Verb *fi*, and is often used by Plautus.

39. *Seu rubra canicula findet.*] Horace here laughs at a Couple of Poets ; one of whom had called Statues, *infantine*, or, *young*, to shew, that they were newly made ; an Expression affected, absurd and ridiculous. The other represented Jupiter spitting Snow upon the Alps ; an Idea low, harsh and extravagant. The latter of these

Bards

TIRES.

I told, and tell you: you may safely catch
 The Wills of Dotards, if you wisely watch;
 And if one Hunk or two perceive the Cheat,
 Avoid the Hook, yet nibble off the Bait,
 Lay not aside your golden Hope of Prey,
 Or drop your Art, though baffled in your Play.

Should either great, or less important Suit
 In Court become the Matter of Dispute,
 Espouse the Man of prosperous Affairs,
 Pregnant with Wealth, if indigent in Heirs;
 Though he should hamper with a wicked Cause
 The juster Party, and insult the Laws.
 Despise the Citizen of better Life,
 If clog'd with Children, or a fruitful Wife.
 Accost him thus (for he with Rapture hears
 A Title tingling in his tender Ears)
 Quintus, or Publius on my Faith depend,
 Your own Deserts have render'd me your Friend:
 I know the Doubles of the mazy Laws,
 Unty their Knots, and plead with vast Applause.
 Had you a Nut, the Villain might as well
 Pluck out my Eyes, as rob you of the Shell.
 This is the Business of my Life profess,
 That you lose nothing or become a Jest.
 Bid him go home, and take no farther Care;
 Conduct his Cause, proceed, and persevere,
 Should the rude Dog-star, infant Statues split,
 Or fat-paunch'd Furius in poetic Fit

Bom-

Bards was Furius Bibaculus, the Name of the former is unknown.
 Some of our Commentators understand *infantes statuas*, dumb, silent
 Statues.

JUNIVS. SAN,

Furius hybernas canâ nive conspuet Alpes.
 Nonne vides (aliquis cubito stantem prope tangens
 Inquiet) ut patiens, ut amicis aptus, ut acer?
 Plures adnabunt thynni, & cetaria crescent.
 Si cui præterea validus malè filius in re
 Præclarâ sublatus aletur; ne manifestum
 Cælibis obsequium nudet te, leniter in spem
 Adrepe officiosus, ut & scribare secundus
 Heres, & si quis casus puerum egerit Orco,
 In vacuum venias. Perrarò hæc alea fallit.
 Qui testamentum tradet tibi cunque legendum,
 Abnuere, & tabulas à te removere memento:
 Sic tamen, ut limis rapias, quid prima secundo
 Cera velit versu; solus multisne coheres,
 Veloci percurrere oculo. Plerumque recoctus
 Scriba ex quinqueviro corvum deludet hiantem;
 Captatorque dabit risus Nasica Corano.

ULYSS.

Num furis? an prudens ludis me, obscura canendo?

TIRES.

41. *Furius hybernas.*] *Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conspuet Alpes*, is the Line, which our Author has parodied. He pleasantly puts Furius himself in the Place of Jupiter spitting forth Snow, and the Term *conspuere* seems better to agree with the fat Paunch of Furius, than with a God. In the Lines before, he compares him to the Dog-star, as if his Poetry was cold as that Constellation in Winter. Servius tells us, in his Notes on *Æraque dissiliunt vulgo*, in Virgil, That Statues of Brass frequently crack'd with excessive Cold.

DAC.

46. *Sublatus.*] A Word taken from a Roman Custom of laying their new-born Infants on the Ground, and educating only those the Father took up.

53. *Quid prima secundo cera velit versu.*] *Prima cera* signifies the first Page of the Will, in which the Testator's Name was written. *Secundo versu* was the second Line, which contained the Names of the Heirs and Coheirs.

55. *Recoctus scriba ex quinqueviro.*] The *Quinqueviri* were a Kind of Tip-Staff or Bailiff, in the Colonies and municipal Towns.
 A Man,

Bombastic howl, and, while the Tempest blows,
 Be foam the Winter-Alps with hoary Snows.
 Some Person then, who chances to be nigh,
 Shall pull your Client by the Sleeve, and cry,
 " See with what Patience he pursues your Ends !
 " Was ever Man so active for his Friends ? "

Thus Gudgeons daily shall swim in a-pace,
 And stock your Fish-ponds with a fresh Increase.

This Lesson also well deserves your Care,
 If any Man should have a sickly Heir,
 And large Estate, lest you yourself betray,
 In making none but Batchelors your Prey,
 With weening Ease the pleasing Bane instil,
 In hopes to stand the second in his Will ;
 And if the Boy, by some Disaster hurl'd,
 Should take his Journey to the nether World,
 Your Name in full Reversion may supply
 The Void ; for seldom fails this lucky Die.

Should any Miser bid you to peruse
 His Will, be sure you modestly refuse,
 And push it from you ; but obliquely read
 The second Clause, and quick run o'er the Deed,
 Collecting, whether, to reward your Toil,
 You claim the whole, or must divide the Spoil.

A season'd Scrivener, bred in Office low,
 Full often dupes, and mocks the gaping Crow.
 Thus foil'd Nafica shall become the Sport
 Of old Coranus, while he pays his Court.

U L Y S S.

What ! are you mad, or purpos'd to propose
 Obscure Predictions, to deride my Woes ?

T I B E S.

A Man, who had passed through these little Offices, may well be
 supposed to be sufficiently knowing in what we call the Practice,
 and

TIRES.

O Laërtiade, quidquid dicam, aut erit, aut non:
Divinare etenim magnus mihi donat Apollo.

ULYSS.

Quid tamen ista velit sibi fabula, si licet, ede.

TIRES.

Tempore quo juvenis Parthis horrendus ab alto
Demissum genus Aeneâ, tellure marique
Magnus erit; forti nubet procera Corano
Filia Nasicæ, metuentis reddere solum. 65
Tum gener hoc faciet: tabulas focero dabit, atque
Ut legat orabit: multum Nastica negatas
Accipiet tandem; tacitus leget, invenietque
Nil sibi legatum, præter plorare, suisque.
Illud ad hæc jubeo: mulier si fortè dolosa, 70
Libertusve senem delirum temperet; illis
Accedas socius: laudes, lauderis ut absens.
Adjuvat hoc quoque: sed vincit longè prius ipsum
Expugnare caput. Scribet mala carmina vecors?

Laudato,

and from this Body public Notaries and Registers were chosen. Horace therefore means by *scriba recoctus* a Notary, sufficiently refined in Tricks and Cunning of the Law. *Recoctus* is properly double-dyed, that hath fully taken its Colour.

59. *Quidquid dicam, aut erit, aut non.*] It is well disputed, whether these Words be spoken in Jest by Tiresias to rally the Monarch, who consults him, or whether he too carelessly discovers his real Opinion of his Art. There is an acknowledged Ambiguity and double Meaning in this Expression, under which, perhaps, the Poet disguises his own Sentiments of the Skill of these Diviners, and the frequent Ambiguity of their Answers.

62. *Juvenis.*] In 734, Augustus was about four and forty Years of Age, when the Word *Juvenis* might be applied to him, as the Reader may find in the Notes on the second Ode.

64. *Nubet.*] As the Verb *nubere* does not always signify Marriage, Mr. Dacier understands it here of a criminal Commerce. The Words *gener* and *focer* are therefore Terms of Gallantry, as *Vallius* in *Fausa Sylva gener*,
 79. *Veni*

Tires.

O Son of great Laertes, every Thing
Shall come to pass, or never, as I sing;
For Phœbus, Monarch of the tuneful Nine,
Informs my Soul, and gives me to divine.

Ulyss.

But, good Tiresias, if you please, reveal
What means the Sequel of that mystic Tale.

Tires.

What Time a Youth, who shall sublimely trace
From fam'd Æneas his Heroic Race,
The Parthian's Dread, triumphant shall maintain
His boundless Empire over Land and Main:
Nasica, loth to re-imburse his Coin,
His blooming Daughter shall discreetly join
To brave Coranus, who shall sily smoke
The Harpy's Aim, and turn it to a Joke.
The Son-in-Law shall gravely give the Sire
His witness'd Will, and pressingly desire
That he would read it: coyly he complies,
And silent cons it with attentive Eyes,
But finds, alas! to him and his forlorn
No Legacy bequeath'd—except to mourn.

Add to these Precepts, if a crafty Lais,
Or Free-man manage a delirious As,
Be their Ally; their Faith applaud, that you,
When absent, may receive as much in lien;
'Tis good to take these Out-works to his Pelf,
But best to storm the Citadel itself.

Writes he vile Verses in a frantic Vein?
Augment his Madness, and approve the Strain:

Prevent

Laudato. Scortator erit? cave te roget: ultro
Penelopam facilis potiori trade.

ULYSS.

Putasne,

Perduci poterit tam frugi tamque pudica,
Quam nequiere proci recto depellere cursu?

TIRES.

Venit enim magnum donandi parca Juventus,
Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.
Sic tibi Penelopa frugi est: quæ si semel uno
De sene gustarit, tecum partita lucellum:
Ut canis, à corio numquam absterrebitur uncto.
Me sene, quod dicam, factum est. Anus improba
Thebis

Ex testamento sic est elata: cadaver
Unctum oleo largo nudis humeris tulit heres:
Scilicet elabi si posset mortua; credo
Quod nimium insliterat viventi. Cautus adito:
Neu desis operæ, neve immoderatus abundes.
Difficilem & morosum offendes garrulus; ultro
Non etiam fileas. Davus sis comicus, atque
Stes capite obstituto, multum similis metuenti.

Obsequio

79. *Venit enim magnum, &c.*] Although Tiresias gives Ulysses a better Reason of his Wife's Virtue, than the Avarice of her Lovers, yet the Monarch hears him patiently, since even this Reason proves her sufficiently virtuous. Our Poet probably took the Hint of this Passage from Homer, who makes Penelope reproach her Wooers with their Want of Generosity, and never having made her any Presents. The next Line is almost a Translation from the Odyssey.

85. *Elata.*] Carried out to the Funeral Pile: *Effertur, Immo.*

TERENT.

90. *Offendes.*] The Verbs *adito*, *desis*, *abundes*, *fileas* and *stis*, require *offendes*, which was found by Cruquius in a Manuscript of the Scholiast. Mr. Sanadon thinks *filere ultra*, or *filere intempestive*, *inopportune*, *obstinatè*, is well worth remarking.

92. *Obstituto capite.*] Hath been explained in the Note on the eighty-ninth Line of the third Satire, first Book.

Prevent his asking, if he loves a Wench,
And let your Wife his nobler Passion quench.

ULYSS.

Can you suppose, a Dame so chaste, so pure,
Could e'er be tempted to the guilty Lure,
Whom all the Suitors amorously strove
In vain to stagger in her plighted Love?

TIRES.

The Youth too sparing of their Presents came;
They lov'd the Banquet, rather than the Dame;
And thus your prudent honourable Spouse,
It seems, was faithful to her nuptial Vows.
But had she touch'd a wealthy Dotard's Fee,
Her Cully smack'd, and shar'd the Gains with thee,
She never after could be terrified,
Sagacious Beagle, from the reeking Hide.

I'll tell a Tale, well worthy to be told,
A Fact that happen'd, and I then was old:
An Hag at Thebes, a wicked one, no doubt,
Was thus, according to her Will, lugg'd out,
Stiff to the Pile: upon his naked Back
Her Heir sustain'd the well-anoointed Pack,
She likely took this Crotchet in her Head,
That she might slip, if possible, when dead
From him, who trudging through a filthy Road,
Had stuck too closely to the living Load.

Be cautious therefore, and advance with Art,
Nor sink beneath, nor over-act your Part.
A noisy Fellow must of course offend
The surly Temper of a sullen Friend:
Yet be not mute—like Davus in the Play
With Head inclin'd, his awful Nod obey,

Creep

Obsequio grassare : mone si increbuit aura,
 Cautus uti velet carum caput : extrahe turbâ
 Oppositis humeris : aurem substringe loquaci.
 Importunus amat laudari ? donec, ohe jam !
 Ad cœlum manibus sublatis dixerit, urge, &
 Crescentem tumidis infla sermonibus utrem.
 Cùm te servitio longo curâque levarit ;
 Et certum vigilans, quartæ esto partis Ulysses 100
 Audieris, heres : Ergo nunc Dama sodalis
 Nusquam est ? Unde mihi tam fortem tamque fidelem
 Sparge subinde : & si paulum potes, illacrymare. Est
 Gaudia prodentem vultum celare. Sepulcrum
 Permissum arbitrio, sine sordibus extrue : funus 10
 Egregiè factum laudet vicinia. Si quis
 Fortè coheredum senior malè tussiet ; huic tu
 Dic, ex parte tuâ, seu fundi, five domûs sit
 Emtor, gaudentem nummo te addicere. Sed me
 Imperiosa trahit Proserpina : vive, valeque.

95. *Aurem substringe loquaci.*] A familiar Expression for putting his Hair behind his Ears, that he might hear better.

100. *Quartæ esto partis Ulysses.*] This Reading is preserved in several Manuscripts. *Esto* was the Term used in Wills. BENT

103. *Sparge subinde.*] Throw out, by Breaks and Starts, such Expressions as these, *unde mihi tam fortem ?* &c. Such were the customary Lamentations at Funerals. CRUQ

109. *Nummo addicere.*] When a counterfeit Sale was made of any thing left by Will, the Forms of Law were to be observed. The Buyer and Seller went to a public Officer called *Libripens*, or Keeper of the Scales ; and the Purchaser in the Presence of Witnesses put a Piece of Money into the Scales, which the Seller took out, and the Sale was afterwards deemed legal. *Nummo addicere* means here *to sell for nothing*. DAC

110. *Imperiosa trahit Proserpina.*] Had the Dialogue continued any longer, Ulysses must either have refused to follow the Prophet's Advice, which would have been cold and unworthy of the Spirit of Satire ; or he must have complied with it in Violation of his own Character. Horace probably borrowed the very happy Manner of breaking off the Conversation from a Passage in the *Odyssey*, where Proserpine bids the Ghosts advance in Order before Ulysses, and orders them to retire. DAC

Creep into Favour : if a ruder Gale
Assault his Face, admonish him to veil
His precious Pate. Oppose your Shoulders, proud
To disengage him from the bursting Croud.
Still as he babbles, hang an Ear : should Lust
Of empty Glory be the Blockhead's Gust,
Indulge his eager Appetite, and puff
The growing Bladder with inspiring Stuff,
Till he with Hands uplifted to the Skies,
Enough ! enough ! in glutt'd Rapture cries.
When he shall free you from your servile Fear,
And tedious Toil ; when broad awake, you hear :
" To good Ulysses, my right trusty Slave,
" A fourth Division of my Lands I leave."

Is then (as void of Consolation roar)
My dearest Friend, my Dama now no more ?
Where shall I find another Man so just,
Firm in his Love, and faithful to his Trust ?
Squeeze out some Tears : 'tis fit in such a Case
To cloak your Joys beneath a mournful Face.
Though left to your discretionary Care,
Erect a Tomb, magnificently fair,
And let your Neighbours, to proclaim abroad
Your Fame, the pompous Funeral applaud.

If any Vassal of the Will-Compeers,
With Asthma gasping, and advanc'd in Years,
Should be dispos'd to purchase House or Land,
Tell him, that he may readily command
Whatever may to your Proportion come,
And for the Value, let him name the Sum—
But I am summon'd by the Queen of Hell
Back to the Shades. Live artful, and farewell.

SAT. VI.

HOC erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, & tectis vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
Dî melius fecere. Bene est: nihil amplius oro,
Maiâ nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
Si neque maiorem feci ratione malâ rem ;
Nec sum facturus vitio culpæ minorem :
Si veneror stultus nihil horum : O si angulus, ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum !
O si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret ! ut illi
Thesauris invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule : si quod adest, gratum juvat : hæc prece te oro.

Pingue

A moderate Fortune can give us all the rational Pleasures of Life, and our Passions only make us unsatisfied. This is a Subject plain and simple in itself; nor could we reasonably expect, after all he hath said on it in his Odes, that our Poet could here make it appear still pleasing and new. In the present Satire he sets the calm, tranquil Amusements of the Country in Opposition to the tumultuous Business, and irregular Pleasures of Rome.

We shall find by the fortieth and forty-fifth Line, that the Satire was written in 723.

Verf. 5. *Maiâ nate.*] He addresses his Prayer to Mercury, not only because this God was a Patron of Poets in general, and that our Poet, as we find in his Odes, was particularly obliged to his Protection, but because he presided over Industry and Merchandise, as Hercules did over any sudden, accidental Increase of Riches. Besides, he was a rural Deity, from whence, as Mr. Dacier observes, the Poet recommends the Preservation of his Cattle to him, in the fourteenth Verse.

9. *Denormat.*] We do not find this Word in any other Author.

SAT. VI.

Translated by Dr. DUNKIN.

I OFTEN with'd, I had a Farm,
A decent Dwelling, snug and warm,
A Garden, and a Spring as pure
As Crystal, running by my Door,
Besides a little ancient Grove,
Where at my Leisure I might rove.

The gracious Gods, to crown my Bliss,
Have granted this, and more than this.

I have enough in my possessing,

'Tis well : I ask no greater Blessing,

O Hermes ! than remote from Strife

To have and hold them for my Life.

If I was never known to raise

My Fortune by dishonest Ways,

Nor, like the Spend-thrifts of the Times,

Shall ever sink it by my Crimes :

If thus I neither pray, nor ponder :

O might I have that Angle yonder,

Which disproportions now my Field,

What Satisfaction it would yield !

Or that some lucky Chance but threw

A Pot of Silver in my View,

As lately to the Man, who bought

The very Land, in which he wrought !

If I am pleas'd with my Condition,

O! hear, and grant this last Petition :

Indulgent

Pingue pecus domino facias, & cætera, præter
 Ingenium; utque soles, custos mihi maximus, adfis, 15
 Ergo ubi me in montes & in arcem ex urbe removi,
 Quid prius illustrem satiris Musæque pedestri?
 Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
 Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.
 Matutine pater, seu Jane libentiùs audis,
 Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores
 Instituunt (sic Dis placitum) tu carminis esto
 Principium. Romæ sponforem me rapis; eia,
 Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urge;
 Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
 Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
 Postmodo, quòd mî obfit, clarè certumque loquuto,

Luctandum

14. *Et cætera præter ingenium.*] The Latins in speaking of Style have Expressions not unlike this, *pingue & adipatum dicendi genus poetæ pingue quiddam sonantes*. And Midas, in Ovid, is described *pingue sed ingenium mansit*. This Playing on the double Meaning of the Word is much in our Author's Manner. Besides, Mercury was a good-humoured God, who understood Raillery, *de Dis nostris*. Yet for fear the Deity should understand the Word *cætera* in its full Extent, and without any Exception, the Petitioner pleasantly guards against the Fatness of his Understanding. *SAN*

16. *In arcem.*] He considers his Country-House as a Citadel inaccessible to the Cares that besieged him at Rome. *SAN*

17. *Musæque pedestri.*] The Muse of Satire, if such an Expression may be allowed, is a Muse on Foot. She borrows nothing from Poetry but the Measures of her Verses, the only Particular in which she differs from Prose. *SAN*

18. *Plumbeus.*] This Epithet very well expresses the Weight of Air in Autumn, when the South Wind was usually attended at Rome with pestilential Disorders. Our Poet's Country-House was covered by Mountains, in such a Manner, as that he had nothing to fear from its bad Effects. *SAN*

20. *Matutine pater.*] The Satire properly begins here, and before this Line is a Kind of Preface. Janus presided over Time and therefore Horace calls him God of the Morning, as if Time seemed to be renewed every Morning. *DAC. SAN*

The Superstition of calling the Gods by all their Names, for fear of disobliging them, by forgetting any of their Titles, hath been already remarked,

Indulgent let my Cattle batten,
Let all Things, but my Fancy, fatten,
And thou continue still to guard,
As thou art wont, thy suppliant Bard.

Whenever therefore I retreat
From Rome into my Sabine Seat,
By Mountains fenc'd on either Side,
And in my Castle fortify'd,
What should I write with greater Pleasure,
Than Satires in familiar Measure?
Nor mad Ambition there destroys,
Nor sickly Wind my Health annoys;
Nor noxious Autumn gives me Pain,
The ruthless Undertaker's Gain.
Whatever Title please thine Ear,
Father of Morning, Janus hear,
Since mortal Men, by Heaven's Decree,
Commence their Toils, imploring thee;
Director of the busy Throng,
Be thou the Prelude of my Song.

At Rome, you press me: "Without fail,

"A Friend expects you for his Bail,

"Be nimble to perform your Part,

"Lest any Rival get the Start.

"Though pinching Boreas cleaves the Ground,

"And Winter in a narrow Round

"Contracts the Day, through Storm, and Snow,

"At all Adventures, you must go."

When bound beyond Equivocation,

Or any mental Reservation,

By

23. *Eia, ne prior officio, &c.*] To shew that all his Distresses be-
gin with the Morning, the Poet introduces Janus, the God of the
Morning, pressing them upon him; *Urge, siue Aquilo, &c.* DAC.

26. *Interiore diem.*] The northern Part of the Circle, which the
Sun

Luctandum in turbâ, facienda injuria tardis.
 Quid tibi vis, quas res agis, insane? improbus urget
 Iratis precibus, Tu pulses omne quod obftet,
 Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
 Hoc juvat, & melli est, non mentiar. At simul atras
 Ventum est Esquilias, aliena negotia centum
 Per caput & circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam
 Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.
 De re communi scribæ magnâ atque novâ te
 Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
 Imprimat his, cura, Mæcenat signa tabellis.
 Dixeris, experiar; si vis, potes, addit, & instat.
 Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
 Ex quo Mæcenat me cœpit habere suorum
 In numero; dumtaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedâ

Vellet

Sun describes in Summer, is more distant from our Earth, than the southern Part, which he describes in Winter. From hence our Days are shorter in Winter than in Summer, and he may therefore be poetically said, to drive the Day in a smaller Course. Horace calls this Circle, *interiorem gyrum*, by a Figure taken from Chariot-Races, in which the Driver, who turned nearest the Goal, marked a narrower Circle, and was therefore called *interior quadrigæ* with Regard to those, who were obliged to take a larger *Compas exterioris*.

29. *Quas res agis, insane?*] Our Editors give us many various Readings of this Verse. That which the present Edition hath chosen, is authorised, as Torrentius assures us, by three excellent Manuscripts.

32. *Atras Esquilias.*] Hath been explained in the Notes on the fifth Ode, and the tenth Satire of the first Book.

35. *Ad Puteal.*] He describes a Part of the Forum by a Monument erected there to shew, that the Place had been struck with Thunder. Some of the Prætors held a Kind of Sessions there to decide private Causes.

36. *De re communi scribæ.*] Horace had purchased an Employment of Register or Secretary to the Treasury, from whence he desired to return early from Mæcenat, to consult about some important Affair, that concerned the whole Body.

Tor. Dac

38. Impri

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Vol. II

By all the Tyes of legal Traps,
 And to my Ruin too, perhaps,
 I still must baffle through the Croud,
 And press the Tardy ; when aloud
 Some wicked Fellow reimburses
 This Usage with a Peal of Curfes.
 " What Madnefs has possess'd thy Pate
 " To juggle People at this rate,
 " When puffing through the Streets you scour,
 " To meet Mæcenas at an Hour ?"

This pleases me, to tell the Truth,
 And is as Honey to my Tooth.

But when I breathe Esquilian Air,
 I find as little Quiet there ;
 An hundred Men's Affairs confound
 My Senses, and besiege me round.

" Roscius entreated, you should wait
 " At Court To-morrow before Eight——

" The Secretaries have implor'd
 " Your Presence at the Council-board :

" Pray take this Patent, and prevail
 " Upon your Friend to fix the Seal——

" Sir, I shall try——Replies the Man,
 " And urges : " If you please, you can——"

'Tis more than seven Years complete,
 It hardly wants a Month of eight,

Since good Mæcenas, fond of Sport,
 Receiv'd me first in friendly Sort,

Whom

[38. *Imprimat his, cura.*] Dion informs us, that Mæcenas was invested with the great Seal of the Roman Empire, and was a Kind Lord High Chancellor to Augustus.

[42. *Dumtaxat ad hoc.*] Our Poet did not abuse that Confidence with which Mæcenas honoured him, and it had been happy for this great Minister, if he had found all his Friends equally discreet.

Vol. III.

M

Au-

Vellet, iter faciens; & cui concedere nugas
Hoc genus: Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina Syro
par?

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent; 45
Et quæ rimosâ bene deponuntur in aurē.

Per totum hoc tempus subjectior in diem & horam
Invidiæ. Noster ludos spectaverit unâ,

Luserit in campo, Fortunæ filius, omnes.

Frigidus à Rostrois manet per compita rumor; 50

Quicunque obvius est, me consulit: O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Numquid de Dacis audisti? Nîl equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris derisor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,
Si quidquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetra 55
Prædia Cæsar, an est Italiâ tellure daturus?

Jurantem

Augustus would not have had Reason to complain, that he had not
Discretion enough to keep a Secret. DAC.

48. *Noster ludos spectaverit.*] The Construction is a little diffi-
cult by the Poet's neglecting to mark the regular Transitions; that
he might better preserve the Freedom and Vivacity of this Kind of
Conversation. *Si unâ cum Mæcenate spectaverim ludos, vel in campo
luserim, omnes continuo exclamant; Fortunæ filius est.* SAN.

49. *Luserit in campo.*] They played at Ball, of which both Mæ-
cenas and Horace were extremely fond.

53. *De Dacis.*] The Dacians had engaged in Anthony's Army
at the Battle of Actium in 723, and Octavius had disobliged them
by refusing some Favours, which they demanded by their Ambassa-
dors. He was obliged to send Marcus Crassus against them the
Year following. SAN.

55. *Militibus promissa Triquetra.*] Octavius promised the Sol-
diers, who had served under him in reducing Sicily, that he would
divide some of the conquer'd Lands amongst them. But the War
in which he was engaged against Anthony, obliged him to defer this
Division, and immediately after the Battle of Actium, the Troops
which he had sent to Brundisium, mutinied on this Occasion. He
went himself to stop the Beginning of a Revolt, which might have
been attended with most dangerous Consequences. This Affair was
all the News at Rome, when our Poet wrote the present Satire.

61

Whom he might carry in his Chair,
A Mile or two, to take the Air,
And might entrust with idle Chat,
Discourſing upon this or that,
As in a free familiar Way,

"How, tell me, Horace, goes the Day?"

"And can that Thracian Wight engage

"The Syrian Hector of the Stage?"

"The Morning Air is very bad

"For thoſe, who go but thinly clad—"

Our Converſation chiefly dwells

On theſe and ſuch like Bagatelles,

As might, without incurring Fears,

Be well repos'd in leaky Ears.

But ſince this Freedom firſt began,

And I was thought a lucky Man,

The more each Day, the more each Hour

I find myſelf in Envy's Power.

"Our Son of Fortune (with a Pox)

Sate with Mæcenas in the Box,

Juſt by the Stage: You might remark,

"They play'd together in the Park."

Should any Rumour, without Head

Or Tail, about the Streets be ſpread,

Whoever meets me gravely nods,

And ſays " (As you approach the Gods,

It is no Myſtery to you)

What do the Dacians mean to do?"

Indeed I know not—"How you joke,

And love to ſneer at ſimple Folk!"

But Vengeance ſeize this Head of mine,

I have heard or can divine—

Then prithee, where are Cæſar's Bands

Allotted their Debenture-Lands?"

Jurantem me scire nihil miratur, ut unum
 Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.
 Perditur hæc inter misero lux, non sine votis :
 O rus, quando ego te aspiciam ? quandoque licebit 60
 Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis
 Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ ?
 O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
 Unctis satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo ?
 O noctes, cœnæque Deum ! quibus ipse, meique 65
 Ante Larem proprium vescor ; vernasque procaces
 Pasco libatis dapibus. Prout cuique libido est,
 Siccat inæquales calices conviva, solutus
 Legibus insanis ; seu quis capit acria fortis
 Pocula ; seu modicis uvescit lætiùs. Ergo
 Sermo oritur, non de villis, domibusve alienis ;
 Nec malè necne Lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad nos

Pertinet

Sicily was called Triquetra from its triangular Figure, and in some ancient Coins it is represented under the Figure of a Woman with three Legs.

DAC. SAN

63. *Faba Pythagoræ cognata.*] This Expression is pleasant and satirical, in Allusion to the Metempsychosis of Pythagoras: Never did Kindred and Consanguinity extend so far as that of this Philosopher. Every living Creature was of his Family, and as he found in a Bean a certain whimsical Likeness of some Parts of living Bodies, he fancied it contained a Soul subjected to the Vicissitudes of Transmigration, and therefore forbade his Disciples to eat Beans, lest they might eat some of their Relations.

HEINSIUS. SAN

67. *Libatis dapibus.*] It is not necessary to suppose, that Horace admitted his Domestics to his own Table, but when he had a Mind to entertain them with better Cheer, he gave them Dishes of Meat of which he only paid the first Offerings to the Gods, *libatis dapibus*. The first Portion of the Supper thus offered to the Lards was thrown into the Fire. Others understand *libatis*, which the Poet himself had only tasted.

68. *Solutus legibus insanis.*] The Greeks had more good Manners in their Cups than the Romans, for they never compelled the Guests to drink. Their Maxim was, *aut bibe, aut abi*, either drink or leave the Company.

72. *Malè necne Lepos saltet.*] Such is usually our polite Conversation.

SATIR

Although I swear, I know no more
Of that, than what was ask'd before,
They stand amaz'd, and think me then
The most reserv'd of mortal Men.

Bewilder'd thus amidst a Maze,
I lose the Sun-shine of my Days,
And often wish : " O ! when again
" Shall I behold the rural Plain ?
" And when with Books of Sages deep,
" Sequester'd Ease, and gentle Sleep,
" In sweet Oblivion, blissful Balm,
" The busy Cares of Life becalm ;
" O ! when shall Pythagoric Beans,
" With wholesome Juice enrich my Veins ?
" And Bacon-Ham and sav'ry Pottage
" Be serv'd beneath my simple Cottage ?
" O Nights, that furnish such a Feast
" As even Gods themselves might taste !
Thus fare my Friends, and feed my Slaves,
Alert on what their Master leaves !
Each Person there may drink, and fill
As much, or little, as he will,
Exempted from the Bedlam-Rules
Of roaring Prodigals and Fools :
Whether, in merry Mood or Whim,
He takes a Bumper to the Brim,
Or, better pleas'd to let it pass,
Grows mellow with a scanty Glass.

Nor this Man's House, nor that's Estate
Becomes the Subject of Debate ;
Nor whether Lepos, the Buffoon
Can dance, or not, a Riggadoon ;

Pertinet, ac nescire malum est, agitamur: utrumne
 Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati;
 Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos; 75
 Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.
 Cervius, hæc inter, vicinus garrit aniles
 Ex re fabellas. Si quis nam laudat Arelli
 Sollicitas ignarus opes; sic incipit: Olim
 Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur 80
 Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum;
 Asper, & attentus quæsit; ut tamen arctum
 Solveret hospitii animum. Quid multa? neque ille
 Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
 Aridum & ore ferens acinum, femesaque lardi 85
 Frustra dedit, cupiens variâ fastidia cœnâ
 Vincere tangentis malè singula dente superbo:
 Cum pater ipse domûs paleâ porrectus in hornâ
 Effet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.

Tandem

sation. Take away Plays, Operas, Fashions, and two Thirds of the World would have nothing to say. We may, with Mr. Sandon, lament the People, whose Education has not made them capable of talking of any thing else, nor are they less to be pitied, who are obliged to listen to such Companions.

75. *Usus rectumne.*] Friendship is an Inclination of the Heart and the great Mover of the Heart is Pleasure. Thus our Self-Love finds its Account in Friendship. When Zeno says, that it can arise only from Virtue, he does not contradict Epicurus, who places it among the Virtues, and even gives it the Preference to all others. They had only different Ideas of that Virtue. SANDON

77. *Aniles fabellas.*] Traditionary Stories, ab avorum memoriis repetitas.

82. *Ut tamen arctum.*] Ita tamen ut. This contracted Spirit *arctus*, which enlarges itself, *solvitur*, at Sight of a Friend, is a metaphorical Expression of much Beauty and Energy. SANDON

83. *Neque ille sepositi, &c.*] Ille is of more than twelve Manuscripts. It has more Elegance, and that Elegance has more of the Manner of Horace than illi. *Sepositum cicer & longa avena* is for *avena & cicer in longum tempus seposita*. The first Epithet agrees equally with both Substantives. BENT. SANDON

But what concerns us more, I trow,
And were a Scandal not to know ;
75 If Happiness consist in Store
Of Riches, or in Virtue more :
Whether Esteem, or private Ends
Direct us in the Choice of Friends :
What's real Good without Disguise,
80 And where its great Perfection lies.
While thus we spend the social Night,
Still mixing Profit with Delight,
My Neighbour Cervius never fails,
To club his Part in pithy Tales :
85 Suppose Arellius, one should praise
Your anxious Opulence : he says——

A Country-Mouse, as Authors tell,
Of old invited to her Cell
A City-Mouse, and with her best
Would entertain the courtly Guest.
Thrifty she was, and full of Cares,
To make the most of her Affairs :
Yet in the midst of her Frugality
Would give a Loose to Hospitality :
In short, she goes, and freely fetches
Whole Ears of hoarded Oats, and Vetches ;
Dry Grapes and Raisins cross her Chaps,
And dainty Bacon, but in Scraps ;
If Delicacies could invite
My squeamish Lady's Appetite,
Who turn'd her Nose at ev'ry Dish,
And saucy piddled, with a——Pish !

The Matron of the House, reclin'd
On downy Chaff, discreetly din'd
On Wheat, and Darnel from a Manger,
And left the Dainties for the Stranger.

Tandem urbanus ad hunc: Quid te juvat, inquit,
amice,

90

Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?

Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere sylvis?

Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando

Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est

Aut magno aut parvo leti fuga. Quo, bone, circa, 95

Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:

Vive memor, quàm sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta

Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exilit: inde

Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes

Mœnia nocturni subrepere. Jamque tenebat 100

Nox medium cœli spatium; cùm ponit uterque

In locupleto domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco

Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos;

Multaque de magnâ superessent fercula cœnâ,

Quæ procul exstructis inerant hesternæ canistris. 105

Ergo ubi purpureâ porrectum in veste locavit

Agrestem;

92. *Vis tu.*] The City-Mouse does not ask the Country-Mouse whether he be willing to follow him, but, by a common Manner of Expression, exhorts, and almost commands him. They who read *vin' tu* mistake the Sense of the Passage, and contradict the greater Number of Manuscripts.

BENT.

100. *Jamque tenebat, &c.*] The Time in which our Travellers performed their Journey, was a Matter of great Importance, and the Poet has therefore marked it with much Pomp of Cadence and Expression.

DAC.

The Cit, displeas'd at this Repast,
Attacks our simple Host at last.

"What Pleasure can you find, alack!

"To live behind a Mountain's Back?

"Would you prefer the Town, and Men,

"To this unsocial dreary Den,

"No longer, moaping, loiter here,

"But come with me to better Chear.

"Since Animals but draw their Breath,

"And have no Being after Death;

"Nor yet the Little, nor the Great,

"Can shun the Rigour of their Fate;

"At least be merry while you may,

"The Life of Mice is but a Day;

"Reflect on this, maturely live,

"And all that Day to Pleasure give."

Encourag'd thus, the nimble Mouse,

Transported, sallies from her House:

They both set out, in hopes to crawl,

At Night beneath the City-Wall;

And now the Night, elaps'd Eleven,

Possess'd the middle Space of Heaven,

When, harass'd with a Length of Road,

They came beneath a grand Abode,

Where Ivory Couches, overspread

With Tyrian Carpets, glowing, fed

The dazled Eye. To lure the Taste,

The Trophies of a costly Feast,

Remaining, fresh but Yesterday,

In Baskets, pil'd on Baskets, lay.

When Madam plac'd her Friend in State,

The Rustic, on a Purple Seat;

Agrestem ; veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
 Continuatque dapes : nec non verniliter ipsis
 Fungitur officiis, prælibans omne quod adfert.
 Ille cubans gaudet mutatâ sorte, bonisque 110
 Rebus agit lætum convivam : cum subito ingens
 Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
 Currere per totum pavidi conclavæ ; magisque
 Exanimis trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
 Personuit canibus. Tum rusticus : Haud mihi vitâ
 Est opus hac, ait, & valeas : me sylva cavusque 115
 Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

108. *Nec non verniliter.*] Our City-Mouse would treat his Guest with all the Politeness of a Courtier, *verniliter*, and therefore performs all the Ceremonials due to a Prince, *fungi officiis*. SAN.

109. *Prælibans.*] Is of an excellent Manuscript, and received by our best Editors. They who read *prælibans* mistake the Meaning of the Word, which is used only for *radere*, *mordere*, when speaking of a River, that washes away its Banks. Besides, the Scholiast explains the Word by *præguſtans*. Or if we should understand *prælibans* in the Signification, which is here given to it, yet it presents to us an Idea of a Slave, not of a Master of the Feast ; whereas *præguſtans* naturally signifies the Formalities observed at the Tables of Kings, who had proper Officers appointed to taste their Meat and their Wines, called by Suetonius, *præguſtatores*.

BENT.

SAT. VII.

DAVUS. HORACE.

DAVUS.

JAM DUDUM ausculto, & cupiens tibi dicere
 servus

Fauca, reformido.

HORAT.

The particular Design of the Saturnalia was to represent that Equality, which reigned amongst Mankind in the Reign of Saturn, when they lived according to the Laws of Nature, without Distinction of Conditions. Horace here introduces a Slave, asserting that

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Menaces

She buſtles, like a buſy Hoſt,
 Supplying Diſhes boil'd and roaſt ;
 Nor yet omits the Courtier's Duty
 Of taſting, ere ſhe brings the Booty.

The Country-Mouſe, with Rapture ſtrange,
 Rejoices in her fair Exchange,
 And lolliſg like an eaſy Gueſt,
 Enjoys the Chear, and cracks her Jeſt.
 When, on a ſudden, op'ning Gates,
 Loud-jarring, ſhook them from their Seats.

They ran, affrighted, through the Room,
 And, apprehenſive of their Doom,
 Now trembled more and more ; when, hark !
 The Maſtiff-Dogs began to bark :
 The Dome, to raiſe the Tumult more,
 Reſounded to the ſurly Roar.

The Bumpkin then concludes, Adieu !
 This Life, perhaps, agrees with you :
 My Grove, and Cave, ſecure from Snares,
 Shall comfort me with Chaff and Tares.

SAT. VII.

DAVUS. HORATIUS.

DAVUS.

I'LL hear no more, and with Impatience burn,
 Slave as I am, to answer in my Turn ;
 And yet I fear——

HORAT.

that a wiſe Man alone is free, and that real Liberty conſiſts in not obeying our Paſſions, or being enſlaved to Vice. He boldly reproaches his Maſter with his Faults and Follies. His Reaſoning is ſo natural, ſenſible, and preſſing, that Horace not being able to answer him, at laſt loſes his Temper, and is obliged to make uſe of Menaces to ſilence him.

DAC. SAN.

M 6

Verſ. I.

HORAT.

Davusne ?

DAVUS.

Ita, Davus, amicum
Mancipium domino, & frugi, quod sit satis ; hoc est,
Ut vitale putes.

HORAT.

Age, libertate Decembri,
(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere ; narra.

DAVUS.

Pars hominum vitiis gaudet constanter, & urget
Propositum ; pars multa natat, modò recta capeffens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus
Cum tribus annellis, modò lævâ Priscus inani,
Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas : 10
Ædibus ex magnis subitò se conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honestè :
Jam mæchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athénis
Vivere ; Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus iniquis.
Scurra Volanerius, postquam illi iusta cheragra 15
Contudit articulos, qui pro se tolleret atque
Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurnâ

Con-

Verf. 1. *Jamdudum ausculo.*] Tired of the fantastic Humours of a whimsical Poet, our Slave is determined to enjoy the Liberty of speaking his Mind, and saying a few Words, as he calls them. Few indeed in comparison of all he had heard in the Course of a Year, although his Master thinks him very sufficiently tedious. SAN.

3. *Frugi, quod sit satis ; hoc est.*] The common People have always imagined, that Persons of eminent Merit do not live so long as others. From thence the Proverb, *too witty to live long.* FOR.

9. *Lævâ Priscus inani.*] Before the Time of Horace it was infamous to wear more than one Ring, and when they began to wear more, they carried them only on the left Hand, which was less exposed to public View, as if they would seem ashamed of such Marks of Effeminacy. BOND.

13. *Doctus Athenis.*] If Davus, as Mr. Sanadon imagines, was a Grecian, we should not be surprized to find him preferring Athens to

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HORACE.

What! Davus, is it you?

DAVUS.

Yes, Davus, Sir, the faithful and the true.
With Wit enough no sudden Death to fear—

HORACE.

Well. Since this jovial Season of the Year
Permits it, and our Ancestors ordain,
No more the dear Impertinence restrain.

DAVUS.

Among Mankind, while some with steady View
One constant Course of darling Vice pursue,
Most others float along the changing Tide,
And now to Virtue, now to Vice they glide.
Lo! from three Rings how Priscus plays the Light;
Now shews his naked Hand—The various Wight
With every Hour a different Habit wears:
Now in a Palace haughtily appears,
Then hides him in some vile and filthy Place,
Where a clean Slave would blush to shew his Face.
Now rakes at Rome, and now to Athens flies;
Intensely studies with the Learn'd and Wise.
Sure all the Gods, who rule this varying Earth,
In deep despite presided at his Birth.

Old Volanerius, once that Man of Joke,
When the just Gout his crippled Fingers broke,

Main-

to Rome. The Conjecture, which is confirmed by his counting by Drachmas in the forty-third Line, gives a Spirit and Poignancy to the Passage, as it is an additional Insult to Horace, that his Slave should describe Rome by its Vices, and Athens by its Learning.

14. *Vertumnis natus iniquis.*] Vertumnus presided over the regular Seasons of the Year, established by the Laws of Nature. Priscus was therefore born in despite of the God, because all his Changes was an Effect of Oddness and Whim. Horace multiplies this God, *Vertumni*, from the different Forms under which he was represented.

BOND. SAN

Conductum pavit: quantò constantior idem
In vitiis, tantò levius miser, ac prior ille,
Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat.

26

HORAT.

Non dices hodie, quorsum hæc tam putida tendant,
Furcifer?

DAVUS.

Ad te, inquam.

HORAT.

Quo pacto, pessime?

DAVUS.

Laudas

Fortunam ac mores antiquæ plebis, & idem,
Si quis ad illa Deus subitò te agat, usque recuses:
Aut quia non sentis, quod clamas, rectius esse;
Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis, & hæres,
Nequicquam cœno cupiens evellere plantam.
Romæ rus optas; absentem rusticus urbem
Tollis ad astra levis. Si nusquam es fortè vocatus
Ad cœnam, laudas securum olus; ac, velut usquam
Vinctus eas, ita te felicem ducis amasque,
Quòd nusquam tibi sit potandum. Jusserit ad se
Mæcenæ serum sub lumina prima venire

25

31

Con-

19. *Tantò levius miser, &c.*] Davus does not absolutely mean, that a Man in one constant Course of Vice is less miserable than he who continually changes from Vice to Virtue, from Virtue to Vice, but that he is less sensible of his Misery; because the other is perpetually struggling with himself, and labouring between two Extremes.

Ac prior ille.] *Ac* in our Author is frequently used for *quàm*, and *prior* must be referred to *Priscus*.
SAN.

20. *Qui jam contento.*] A Man enslaved to his Passions, and struggling to get free, is like a Beast chained, which is always equally miserable, *laborat*, whether it endeavours to break its Chain, or lies quietly under it. Horace takes his Comparison from an Image of Misery, which cannot agree with the Sports of Children, by which Mr. Dacier would explain it.
SAN.

Sat.

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33. Sub

Maintain'd a Slave to gather up the Dice,
So constant was he to his darling Vice.
Yet less a Wretch than he, who now maintains
A steady Course; now drives with looser Reins.

HORACE.

Tell me, thou tedious Varlet, whither tends
This wretched Stuff?

DAVUS.

At you direct it bends.

HORACE.

At me, you Scoundrel?

DAVUS.

When with lavish Praise

You vaunt the Happiness of ancient Days,
Suppose some God should take you at your Word,
Would you not scorn the Blessing you implor'd?
Whether not yet convinc'd, as you pretend,
Or weak the Cause of Virtue to defend;
Or, sinking in the Mire, you strive in vain,
Too deeply plung'd, to free your Foot again.

When you're at Rome, the Country has your Sighs;
A Rustic grown, you vaunt into the Skies
The absent Town. Perchance, if uninvited
To sup abroad, Oh! then you're so delighted
With your own homely Meal, that one would think,
That he, who next engages you to drink,
Must tie you Neck and Heels; you seem so blest,
When with no Bumper-Invitation prest.

But should Mæcenas bid his Poet wait
(For Lords, like him, can never sup, 'till late)

Sput-

30. *Laudas securum olus.*] Our Poet is perfectly sincere in acknowledging the Faults of his own Character, as particularly where he says of himself, *tutus parvula laudo, cum res deficiunt.* SAN.

33. *Sub lumina prima.*] What the Latins called *supremo sole*,
the

Convivam? Nemone oleum fert ociùs? ecquis
 Audit? cum magno blateras clamore, fugisque. 35
 Mulvius & scurræ, tibi non referenda precati,
 Discedunt. Etenim fateor me, dixerit ille,
 Duci ventre levem: nasum nidore supinor:
 Imbecillus, iners, si quid vis, adde, popino.
 Tu, cum sis quod ego, & fortassis nequior, ultro 40
 Infectere, velut melior, verbisque decoris
 Obvolvas vitium? Quid? si me stultior ipse
 Quingentis emto drachmis deprenderis? Aufer
 Me vultu terrere; manum stomachumque teneto,
 Dum, quæ Crispini docuit me janitor, edo. 45
 Te conjux aliena capit, meretricula Davum:
 Peccat uter nostrum cruce dignius? Acris ubi me
 Natura incendit; sub clarâ nuda lacernâ
 Dimittit neque famosum, neque folicitum, ne
 Ditiore aut formæ melioris meiat eodem. 50
 Tu, cum projectis insignibus, annulo equestri,
 Romanoque habitu, prodixi ex iudice, Dama
 Turpis, odoratum caput obscurante lacernâ;
 Non es quod simulas? metuens induceris, atque
 Altercante libidinibus tremis ossa pavore. 55

Quid

the setting Sun; *ad facem primam*, at Candle-Light. The Romans generally supped at three or four in the Evening, but Mæcenas could not sup so early, as he was engaged in Business.

36. *Mulvius*.] Was a Buffoon, who intending to sup with Horace, loads him with Imprecations for disappointing him. *Mulvius* is of sufficient Authority, and is found in the best Manuscripts of several Authors, collated by Dr. Bentley.

45. *Quæ Crispini docuit me janitor*.] This is meer Malice in Davus, to insinuate that his Master's Vices must be publicly known, when the Porter of a Family, where he was very little acquainted, could be so well informed of them. But the Poet with equal Address disappoints the Accusation, by shewing, that it may be justly suspected, since it is formed against him by a Domestic of a Philosopher, who was his open Enemy, and whom he always treated with Contempt.

Sat. 7.
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Sputtering with idle Rage the House you rend,
 "Where is my Essence? Rogues, what, none attend?"
 While the Buffoons, you promis'd to have treated,
 Sneak off with Curses—not to be repeated.

I own to some a Belly-slave I seem;
 I throw my Nose up to a savoury Steam:
 Or Folks may call me, careless, idle Sot;
 Or say I pledge too oft the other Pot:
 But shall the Man of deeper Vice like you,
 With Malice unprovok'd my Faults pursue,
 Because with specious Phrase, and Terms of Art,
 You clothe, forsooth, the Vices of your Heart?

What if a greater Fool your Worship's found,
 Than the poor Slave you bought for twenty Pound?
 Think not to fright me with that threatening Air,
 Nay keep your Temper, Sir, your Fingers spare,
 While I the Maxims, sage and wise, repeat,
 Taught me by Crispin's Porter at his Gate.

You tempt your Neighbour's Wife; an humble
 Harlot

Contents poor Davus——Who's the greater Varlet?
 When Nature fires my Veins, I quench the Flame,
 And leave the Wanton with uninjur'd Fame,
 Nor shall one jealous Care disturb my Breast,
 By whom the Fair-one shall be next possess'd.

When you throw off those Ensigns of your Pride;
 Your Ring, your Judge's Robe, and basely hide,
 Beneath a Slave's vile Cap, your essenc'd Hair,
 Say, are you not the Wretch, whose Clothes you wear?
 And

52. *Prodis ex judice Dama.*] Davus calls his Master a Judge, because Augustus had granted him the Privilege of wearing a Ring, and a Robe, called Angusticlavium. Thus he was in some measure incorporated into the Body of Roman Knights, whom Augustus appointed to determine Civil Causes.

DAC.

56. *Uri*

Quid refert, uri virgis ferroque necari
 Auctoratus eas; an turpi clausus in arcâ,
 Quo te demisit peccati conscia herilis,
 Contractum genibus tangas caput? Estne marito
 Matronæ peccantis in ambos iusta potestas? 66
 In corruptorem vel justior. Illa tamen se
 Non habitu, mutæve loco, peccatæ supernè;
 Cùm te formidet mulier, neque credat amanti.
 Ibis sub furcam prudens, dominoque furenti
 Committes rem omnem & vitam & cum corpore famam.
 Evâsti? metues; credo doctusque cavebis: 66
 Quæres, quando iterum paveas, iterumque perire
 Possis. O toties servus! quæ bellua ruptis,
 Cùm semel effugit, reddit se prava catenis?
 Non sum mæchus, ais. Neque ego, Hercule, fur,
 ubi vasa 70
 Prætereo sapiens argentea. Tolle periculum,
 Jam vaga profiliet frænis natura remotis.
 Tune mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominumque
 Tot tantisque minor? quem ter vindicta quaterque
 Imposita haud umquam miserâ formidine privet? 75
 Adde super dictis quod non levius valeat: nam
 Sive vicarius est, qui servo paret, uti mos

Vester

56. *Uri virgis.*] The People who sold themselves to a Master of Gladiators, engaged in a Form or Bond, called *auctoramentum*, to suffer every thing, Sword, Fire, Whips, Chains, and Death. They were then received into the Profession, and styl'd *auctorati*. From thence the Terms came to be used for all Kinds of infamous Engagements. TOK.

70. *Non sum mæchus.*] Our Poet really looked upon Adultery with Horrour, but Davus imagines his Master's Virtue, like his own Honesty, was an Effect of Fear.

74. *Vindicta.*] Was a Rod which the Liêtor laid on the Head of a Person whom the Prætor made free. Plautus calls it *Festuca*.

77. *Nam sive vicarius.*] The Romans had generally a Master-Slave in every Family, *servus atriensis*, and all other Slaves were called by

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And where's the Difference, whether you engage
Through Scourges, Wounds and Death, to mount the
Stage,

Or by the conscious Chamber-maid be preſt
Quite double, Neck and Heels, into a Cheſt?

Does not the Husband's Power o'er both extend?
Yet ſhall his juſt Wrath on you deſcend;
For the ne'er ſtroles abroad in vile Diſguiſe,
And when her lewder Wiſhes higheſt riſe,
She dare but half indulge the Sin; afraid,
Even by the Man ſhe loves, to be betray'd.

You take the Yoke, and to the Husband's Rage
Your Fortune, Perſon, Life and Fame engage.

Have you eſcap'd? Methinks, your future Caré
Might wiſely teach You to avoid the Snare.

No, you with Ardour to the Danger run,
And dare a ſecond Time to be undone.

Repeated Slave! What Beaſt that breaks his Chain,
In Love with Bondage, would return again?

But you, it ſeems, ne'er touch the wedded Dame,
Then, by the Son of Jove, I here diſclaim
The Name of Thief, when, though with backward Eye,
I wiſely paſs the Silver Goblet by;

But take the Danger, and the Shame away,
And vagrant Nature bounds upon her Prey,
ſpurning the Reins. But ſay, ſhall you pretend
To be my Maſter, who thus tamely bend

To each proud Lord; to every changing Hour,
A very Slave? Not even the Prætor's Power,
With thrice-repeated Rites, thy Fears controul,
Or vindicate the Freedom of thy Soul.

But

by one common Name, *vicarii*. The firſt who commands,
is not leſs a Slave than thoſe who obey. To hear Men talk, they
ſeem to aſſert that Liberty for which they were born; to look into
their

260 Q. HORATII FLACCI SATIRARUM Lib. 2.
 Vester ait, seu conservus: tibi quid sum ego? Nempe
 Tu, mihi qui imperitas, aliis servis miser, atque
 Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile signum. 80

HORAT.

Quisnam igitur liber?

DAVUS.

Sapiens; sibi qui imperiosus;

Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, nec vincula terrent:
 Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
 Fortis, & in seipso totus; teres atque rotundus,
 Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari; 85
 In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna. Potesne
 Ex his, ut proprium, quid noscere? Quinque talenta
 Poscit te mulier, vexat, foribusque repulsum
 Perfundit gelidâ: rursus vocat. Eripe turpi
 Colla jugo: liber, liber sum, dic age. Non quis: 90
 Urget enim mentem dominus non lenis, & acres
 Subjectat lasso stimulos, versatque negantem.
 Vel cum Pausiacâ torpes, insane, tabellâ,
 Quâ peccas minus atque ego? cum Fulvî, Rutubæque,
 Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror 95
 Prælia, rubricâ picta aut carbone, velut si

Re

their Conduct, they willingly multiply their Dependances even to Slavery. In this general Servitude, the Great, properly speaking, are only Master-Slaves; and in Proportion to their Fortunes and Honours, pay a larger Tribute to their own Ambition and Vanity, as well as to the Pride and Insolence of their Superiours. They are only different from the rest of Mankind, as their Servitude is of larger Extent, and disguised under more specious Names. SAN.

80. *Nervis alienis mobile signum.*] *Lignum* of the common Editions does not determine the Meaning of the Poet; besides these Automaton, *neurospasta*, *figilla automata*, were often made of Metal or Ivory. That Men are acted by their Passions, as Puppets are by Wires, is a Sentiment in Plato.

84. *Teres atque rotundus.*] The Metaphor is taken from a Globe, and our Vices are those Inequalities which stop us in our Course of Virtue. Our ablest Critics Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cuninghame, and Sannadon, have corrected the Punctuation; for they who read in *seipso totus teres atque rotundus*, confound two Qualities of the wise Man,

But as the Slave, who lords it o'er the rest,
Is but a Slave, a Master-Slave at best,
So art thou, insolent, by me obey'd ;
Thou Thing of Wood and Wires, by others play'd.

HORACE.

Who then is free ?

DAVUS.

The Wife, who well maintains
An Empire o'er himself : whom neither Chains,
Nor Want, nor Death, with slavish Fear inspire ;
Who boldly answers to his warm Desire ;
Who can Ambition's vainest Gifts despise ;
Firm in himself, who on himself relies :
Polish'd and round, who runs his proper Course,
And breaks Misfortune with superiour Force.

What is there here, that you can justly claim,
Or call your own ? When an imperious Dame
Demands her Price ; with Insults vile pursues thee ;
Driven out of Doors with Water well bedews thee,
Then calls you back ; for shame, shake off her Chain,
And boldly tell her you are free—In vain ;
A Tyrant-Lord thy better Will restrains,
And spurs thee hard, and breaks thee to his Reins.

If some fam'd Piece the Painter's Art displays,
Transfix'd you stand ; with Admiration gaze ;
But is your Worship's Folly less than mine,
When I with Wonder view some rude Design
In Crayons or in Charcoal, to invite
The Croud to see the Gladiators fight ?

Me-

Man, which the Poet justly distinguishes. *Rotundus in seipso* does not form any reasonable Sense.

93. *Pausiacâ*.] Pausias was a famous Flower-Painter. Lucullus gave a thousand Crowns for a Picture in which he drew his Mistress Glycera sitting, and making a Wreath of Flowers. He was a Contemporary of Apelles.

96. *Prælia, rubricâ picta*.] Masters of Gladiators hung the Pictures

Re verâ pignent ; feriant vitentque moventes
Arma viri. Nequam, & cessator Davus : at ipse
Subtilis veterum judex, & callidus audis.

Nil ego, si ducor libo fumante : tibi ingens
Virtus, atque animus cœnis responsat opimis. 100

Obsequium ventris mihi perniciosius est cur ?
Tergo plector enim : quî tu impunitior illa,

Quæ parvo fumi nequeunt, obsonia captas ?
Nempe inamarefcunt epulæ sine fine petitz, 105

Illusique pedes vitiosum ferre recusant
Corpus. An hic peccat, sub noctem qui puer uvam

Furtivâ mutat strigili ? qui prædia vendit,
Nil fervile gulæ parens habet. Adde, quod idem

Non horam tecum esse potes, non otia rectè
Ponere ; teque ipsum vitas fugitivus & erro ; 110

Jam vino quærens, jam somno fallere curam :
Frustra : nam comes atra premit, sequiturque fugacem.

HORAT.

Unde mihi lapidem ?

DAVUS.

Quorsum est opus ?

HORAT.

Unde sagittas ?

DAVUS.

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.

HORAT.

tures of their best Champions, such as Fulvius, Rutuba, or Place-
deianus, at the Door of the House where they fought.

102. *Mibi perniciosus est cur ?*] Horace had no better Excuse for
indulging his Appetites than his not being afraid of the Lash, like a
Slave. Davus prevents this Objection, by shewing, he is sufficiently
chastised by the Distempers, which his Luxury produces. Surely then
the Terrours, which they feel, are at least equal.

107. *Uvam furtivâ mutat strigili.*] For *strigilem uvâ mutat*, as
in the Art of Poetry, *silvæ foliis mutantur*, for *folia mutantur in*
foliis.

116. Acco-

Methinks, in very Deed they mount the Stage,
And seem in real Combat to engage ;
Now in strong Attitude they dreadful bend ;
Wounded they wound ; they parry and defend :
Yet Davus is with Rogue and Rascal grac'd,
But you're a Critic, and a Man of Taste.

I am, forsooth, a good-for-nothing Knave,
When by a smoaking Pasty made a Slave :
In you it shews a Soul erect and great,
If you refuse even one luxurious Treat.
Why may not I, like you, my Guts obey ?
My Shoulders for the dear Indulgence pay.
But should not you with heavier Stripes be taught,
Who search for Luxuries full dearly bought ?
For soon this endless, this repeated Feast,
Its Relish lost, shall pall upon the Taste ;
Then shall your trembling Limbs refuse the Weight
Of a vile Carcase with Disease replete.

How seldom from the Lash a Slave escapes,
Who trucks some Trifle, that he stole, for Grapes ?
And shall we not the servile Glutton rate,
To please his Throat, who sells a good Estate ?
You cannot spend one vacant Hour alone ;
Nor can you make that vacant Hour your own.
A Self-Deferter from yourself you stray,
And now with Wine, and now with Sleep allay
Your Cares ; in vain ; Companions black as Night,
Thy pressing Cares, arrest thee in thy Flight.

HORAT.

Is there no Stone ?

DAVUS.

At whom, good Sir, to throw it ?

HORACE.

Have I no Dart ?

DAVUS.

What Mischief ails our Poet ?

He's

HORAT.

Ociùs hinc te . 115

Nî rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.

116. *Accedes opera.*] *Opera for servus.* Slaves, who were employ'd in tilling their Lands, were generally chain'd, so that the Threat was great enough to alarm Davus, and end the Conversation.
Dat.

SAT. VIII.

HORATIUS. FUNDANIUS.

HORAT.

UT Nasidieni juit te cœna beati?
Nam mihi cœnivam quærenti, dictus here illic
De mediò potare die.

FUND.

Sic, ut mihi numquam

In vitâ fuerit meliùs.

HORAT.

Dic (si grave non est)

Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit esca.

FUND.

In primis Lucanus aper; leni fuit Austro
Captus, ut aiebat cœnæ pater; acria circùm

Rapula,

Nasidienus having determin'd to give Mæcenas an elegant Entertainment, invited three Persons of Distinction, and most remarkable in the Court of Augustus, to entertain his illustrious Guest. Mæcenas carries with him two others of the same Character, and Nasidienus compleated the Set with a Couple of Parasites and Buffoons. The Feast is such as we generally call a Miser's Feast; an ill-judged Expence and Profusion; every Elegance of the Season, but either tainted by being kept too long, or spoiled by a Cook, who might well have forgotten his Trade in a Miser's Kitchen. Yet their Host commends every Dish with such an impertinent, ridiculous Affectation of Taste, that at last he talks his Guests out of his House.

Verf. 1. *Nasidieni.*] The Prosody of this Verse has much perplexed our Commentators. The second Foot is a Spondee, by uniting the

He's mad or making Verses.

HORACE.

Hence, you Knave,
Or to my Farm I'll send a ninth vile Slave.

S A T. VIII.

HORACE. FUNDANIUS.

HORACE.

THEY told me, that you spent the jovial Night
With Nasidienus, that same happy Wight,
From early Day, or you had been my Guest ;
But, prithee, tell me how you lik'd the Feast.

FUND.

Sure never better.

HORACE.

Tell me, if you please,
How did you first your Appetite appease.

FUND.

First a Lucanian Boar, of tender Kind,
Caught, says our Host, in a soft southern Wind.

Around

the third and fourth Syllables ; a Licence which our Author has
used in *consilium*, *principium*, *windemiator*, &c.

SAN.

3. *De medio petare die.*] Nasidienus, to give himself an Air of a
Rake, dines three or four Hours before the usual Time ; or perhaps
Fundanius would insinuate, that this was too solemn a Feast for
vulgar Hours.

6. *Leni fuit Austro captus.*] Either by buying it cheap, or keep-
ing it too long, the Boar was tainted ; but our Host would insi-
nuate, that it had a particular Flavour by being taken when the
Wind was in the South, which made it delicate and tender.

Rapula, lactuæ, radices, qualia lassum
 Pervellunt stomachum, sifer, alec, sæcula Coa.
 His ubi sublatis, puer altè cinctus acernam 10
 Gausape purpureo mensam perterfit, & alter
 Sublegit quodcunque jaceret inutile, quodque
 Posset cœnantes offendere : ut Attica virgo
 Cum sacris Cereris, procedit fuscus Hydaspes
 Cæcuba vina ferens ; Alcon, Chium maris experts. 15
 Hic herus : Albanum, Mæcnas, sive Falernum
 Te magis adpositis delectat : habemus utrumque :
 Divitias miseras.

HORAT.

Sed queis cœnantibus unà,
 Fundani, pulchrè fuerit tibi, nosse laboro.

FUND.

Summus ego, & prope me Viscus Thurinus, & infra 20
 (Si memini) Varius ; cum Servilio Balatrone
 Vibidius, quos Mæcnas adduxerat umbras :

Nomen-

11. *Gausape purpureo.*] The Table was made of Maple, a cheap and common Wood, but Nasidienus, in an Air of polite Extravagance, makes the Slaves wipe it with a purple Napkin. DAC

12. *Quodque posset cœnantes offendere.*] This was the Pretence that nothing might offend his Guests, but his Design was that nothing might be lost. DAC

15. *Chium maris experts.*] It was customary to mix Sea-Water with the strong Wines of Greece, but Fundanius, when he tells them, that the Wine Alcon carried had not a Drop of Water in it, would have us understand, that this Wine had never crossed the Seas, and that it was an Italian Wine, which Nasidienus recommended for Chian. LAMB

18. *Divitias miseras.*] Albanian and Falernian Wines were the best of Italy ; but Nasidienus calls them wretched, contemptible Riches, that he may better recommend his pretended Chian Wine. DAC. SAM

20. *Summus ego.*] If we should examine the Manner in which the Romans sat, or lay at Table, when they supped, by the Pictures which are said to be taken from some ancient Monuments, we shall find it impossible to explain the present Entertainment. Each Count

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Around him lay whatever could excite,
With pungent Force, the jaded Appetite,
Rapes, Lettuce, Radishes, Anchovy-Brine,
With Skerrets, and the Lees of Coan Wine.

This Dish remov'd, a Slave expert and able,
With purple Napkin wip'd a maple Table.

Another sweeps the Fragments of the Feast,
That nothing useless might offend the Guest.

At Ceres' Feast as Attic Virgin walks,
Solemn and slow, so black Hydaspes stalks
With right Cæcubian and the Wines of Greece—
Of foreign Growth, that never cross'd the Seas.
If Alban or Falernian please you more,
So says our Host, you may have both good Store.
Poor Wealth indeed——

HORACE.

But tell me who were there,
Thus happy to enjoy this luscious Fare?

FUND.

In the first Bed I haply lay between
Viscus and Varius, if aright I ween;
Servilius and Vibidius both were there,
Brought by Mæcenas, and with him they share

The

consisted of only a single Dish, and this Usage was so general, that Catus boasts he was the first, who divided a certain Sauce in different Plates. But it is impossible to conceive how every Guest, according to the common Representations, could reach to the same Dish. Secondly, Nomentanus pointed with his Finger to the Delicacies of each Service, but while he lies at a Corner of the Table (according to the Prints) how could he distinguish the delicious Parts of a Dish, that certainly was in the Middle of the Table, or how could he shew them to those, who lay on the other Beds?

As our understanding the Satire will in a great measure depend upon our knowing in what Manner the Guests were placed, a Plate has been engraved after a Design of Mr. Sanadon, which perfectly agrees with our present Entertainment, and is placed at the End of

Nomentanus erat supra ipsum ; Porcius infra,
Ridiculus totas semel absorbere placentas.

Nomentanus ad hoc, qui, si quid fortè lateret, 25
Indice monstraret digito. Nam cætera turba,
Nos, inquam, cœnamus aves, conchylia, pisces,
Longè dissimilem noto celantia succum :

Ut vel continuò patuit, cum passeris assi, atque
Ingustata mihi porrexerit ilia rhombi. 30

Post hoc me docuit melimela rubere ; minorem
Ad lunam delecta. Quid hoc intersit, ab ipso
Audieris meliùs. Tum Vibidius Balatroni :

Nos, nisi damnosè bibimus, moriemur inulti ;
Et calices poscit majores. Vertere pallor 35

Tum parochi faciem, nil sic metuentis ut acres
Potiores : vel quòd maledicunt liberiùs ; vel
Fervida quòd subtile exsurdant vina palatum.

Invertunt Allifanis vinaria tota

Vibidius Balatroque ; sequutis omnibus : imi 40
Convivæ lecti nihilum nocuere lagenis.

Adfertur squillas inter muræna natantes

In patinâ porrecta. Sub hoc herus : Hæc grvida, inquit,
Capta

this Volume. Nor have the common Figures any other Authority, than what depends on their Agreement with ancient Authors.

24. *Ridiculus totas.*] Our Parasites are well employed. One of them commends the most delicious Morfels ; the other thinks he cannot better shew how excellent the Pies and Custards are, than by swallowing them whole. DAC.

28. *Longè dissimilem noto.*] There is much Malice in the Ambiguity of this Expression. The Meats, being not over-excellent in their Kinds, were disguised and concealed by Sauces and Seasoning. Nomentanus declares their Taste is very singular, and Fundanius confesses, he had never eaten any thing like them. DAC. SAN.

31. *Post me docuit melimela.*] The Dish was garnished with these Apples. Seneca says expressly, that it was customary. SAN.

38. *Exsurdant vina palatum.*] This Manner of applying to one Sense what belongs to another, has a particular Boldness and Beauty.

39. *Invertunt Allifanis.*] *Allifana* were large Cups made at *Allifa*, a Samnite Town. *Vasa* must be understood to agree with *vinaria*,

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43.
Roman

The middle Bed. Our Master of the Feast
On the third Couch, in Seat of Honour plac'd,
Porcius betwixt and Nomentanus lies;
Porcius, who archly swallows Custard-pies.

Whate'er of curious Relish lay unknown
Is by Nomentane with his Finger shown,
For we, poor Folk, unknowing of our Feast,
Eat Fish and Wild-Fowl—of no common Taste;
But he to prove how luscious was the Treat,
With a broil'd Flounder's Entrails crouds my Plate
Then told me, Apples are more ruddy bright,
If gather'd by fair Luna's waning Light.

He best can tell you where the Difference lies——

But here Servilius to Vibidius cries,

"Sure to be poison'd, unreveng'd we die,

"Unless we drink the wretched Miser dry.

"Slave, give us larger Glasses"—Struck with Dread,

A fearful Pale our Landlord's Face o'erspread;

Great were his Terrours of such drinking Folk,

Because with too much Bitterness they joke,

Or that hot Wines, dishonouring his Feast,

Deafen the subtle Judgment of the Taste.

When our two Champions had their Facers crown'd,

We did them Justice, and the Glass went round;

His Parasites alone his Anger fear'd,

And the full Flask, unwillingly they spar'd.

In a large Dish an out-stretch'd Lamprey lies,

With Shrimps all floating round: The Master cries,

This

varia, and *poculis* with *Allifanis*. The Translator hath made use of a Word, perhaps, never printed before, but well known amongst the Friends of the Bottle. A Facer is a Kind of technical Term for a Glass so full, as not to be rais'd off the Table; the Person, who drinks it, must stoop, and lay his Face to it.

43. *Hæc gravida*.] Lampreys were a favourite Dish among the Romans, but when pregnant, or when they had just spawned,

Capta est ; deterior post partum carne futura.
 His mistum jus est oleo, quod prima Venafri
 Pressit cella ; garo de succis piscis Iberi ;
 Vino quinquenni, verum citra mare nato,
 Dum coquitur : cocto Chium sic convenit, ut non
 Hoc magis ullum aliud ; pipere albo, non sine aceto,
 Quod Methymnæam vitio mutaverit uvam. 50
 Erucas virides, inulas ego primus amaras
 Monstravi incoquere ; illotos Curtillus echinos,
 Ut melius mariâ, quam testa marina remittit.
 Interea suspensa graves aulæa ruinas
 In patinam fecere, trahentia pulveris atrii 55
 Quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris.
 Nos majus veriti, postquam nihil esse periculi
 Sensimus, erigimur. Rufus posito capite, ut si
 Filius immaturus obisset, flere. Quis esset
 Finis ? nî sapiens sic Nomentanus amicum 60
 Tolleret : Heu ! Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos
 Te Deus ? ut semper gaudes illudere rebus
 Humanis ! Varius mappâ compescere risum
 Vix poterat. Balatro suspendens omnia naso ;
 Hæc est conditio vivendi, aiebat ; eoque 65
 Responsura tuo numquam est par fama labori.
 Tene, ut ego accipiar lautè, torquerier omni
 Solitudine districtum ? ne panis adustus,
 Ne malè conditum jus adponatur ; ut omnes
 Præcincti rectè pueri comitque ministrent ? 70

Adde

were little esteemed. Perhaps, they were even thought dangerous,
 from an Apprehension, that they copulated with Serpents. DAC.

48. *Dum coquitur.*] Nasidienus, being resolved not to be too pro-
 digal of his Chian Wine, only poured a little of it into the Sauce
 when it was boiled. But he would willingly persuade his Guests,
 that his Frugality was Matter of Taste and Refinement. DAC.

54. *Interea suspensa graves.*] These Lines are of such heroic
 Pomp, as to alarm a Reader, and are therefore translated in a Pomp
 of Burlesque.

This Fish, Mæcenas, big with Spawn was caught,
For after Spawning-time its Flesh is naught.
The Sauce is mix'd with Olive-Oil; the best,
And purest from the Vats Venafran prest,
And, as it boil'd, we pour'd in Spanish Brine,
Nor less than five-year-old Italian Wine.
A little Chian's better when 'tis boil'd,
By any other it is often spoil'd.

Then with white Pepper o'er it gently pour'd,
And Vinegar, of Lesbian Vintage sour'd.

I first among the Men of Sapience knew,
Roquets and Herbs in Cockle-Brine to stew,
Though in the same rich Pickle, 'tis confest,
His unwash'd Cray-fish sage Curtillus drest.

But lo! the Canopy, that o'er us spread,
Tumbled, in hideous Ruin, on our Head,
With Dust, how black! not such the Clouds arise
When o'er the Plain a Northern Tempest flies.
Some Horrors, yet more horrible, we dread,
But raise us, when we found the Danger fled.

Poor Rufus droop'd his Head, and sadly cried,
As if his only Son untimely died.

Sure he had wept, till weeping ne'er had End,
But wife Nomentane thus up-rai'd his Friend;

"Fortune, thou cruelest of Powers divine,
"To joke poor Mortals is a Joke of thine."

While Varius with a Napkin scarce suppress
His Laughter, Balatro, who loves a Jest,
Cries, such the Lot of Life, nor must you claim,
For all your Toils, a fair Return of Fame.

While you are tortur'd thus, and torn with Pain,
A Guest like me, polite to entertain
With Bread well bak'd, with Sauces season'd right,
With Slaves in waiting elegantly tight,

Adde hos præterea casus ; aulæa ruant si,
 Ut modò ; si patinam pede lapsus frangat agaso,
 Sed convivoris, uti ducis, ingenium res
 Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.
 Nasidienus ad hæc : Tibi Dî, quæcunque preceris, 75
 Commoda dent ; ita vir bonus es, convivaque comis.
 Et soleas poscit. Tum in lecto quoque videres
 Stridere secretâ divisos aure susurros.
 Nullos his mallem ludos spectasse.

HORAT.

Sed illa

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

FUND.

Vibidius dum 80

Quærit de pueris, num sit quoque fracta lagena,
 Quòd sibi poscenti non dentur pocula ; dumque
 Ridetur fictis rerum, Balatrone secundo ;
 Nasidienne, redis mutatæ frontis, ut arte
 Emendaturus fortunam. Deinde sequenti 85
 Mazonomo pueri magno discerpta ferentes
 Membra gruvis sparfi sale multo, non fine farre,
 Pinguibus & ficis pastum jecur anseris albi,

Et

72. *Pede lapsus agaso.*] All this comfortable Speech is meer Irony. The Bread was burned ; the Sauce ill-made ; the Servants awkwardly drest, and brought from the Stable to wait at Supper, *agaso* ; yet poor Nasidienus takes it all in good Part, and thanks his Guests for their Good Nature.

77. *Soleas poscit.*] That he might rise from Table. The Guests laid their Slippers at the End of the Bed, when they went to Supper.

TOR.

81. *Num sit quoque fracta lagena.*] Vibidius asks whether the Groom had broken the Bottle, at the same time that he broke the Dish, for *quoque* certainly refers to *patinam pede lapsus frangat agaso*. He seems to insinuate, that Nasidienus had given Orders to his Slaves, not to be in too much haste to supply the Guests with Wine, but to let them call for it more than once.

Cruq. DAC.

34. *Nasi-*

Down rush the Canopies, a Trick of Fate,
Or a Groom-Footman stumbling breaks a Plate.
Good Fortune hides, Adversity calls forth,
A Landlord's Genius, and a Leader's Worth.

To this mine Host; "Thou ever-gentle Guest,
"May all thy Wishes by the Gods be blest,
"Thou best good Man."—But when we saw him rise,
From Bed to Bed the spreading Whisper flies.
No Play was half so fine.

HORACE.

But, prithee, say,
How afterwards you laugh'd the Time away.

FUND.

Slaves, cries Vibidius, have you broke the Cask?
How often must I call for t'other Flask?
While in a grave Disguise our Laugh was drest,
Servilius ever seconding the Jest,
Then you, great Host, return with alter'd Face,
As if to mend with Art your late Disgrace.

The Slaves behind in mighty Charger bore
A Crane in Pieces tore, and powder'd o'er
With Salt and Flour; of Gander white the Liver,
Stuff'd fat with Figs, bespoke the curious Giver;

Be-

84. *Nasidienus, redis.*] The Spirit with which Fundanius leaves the Narration, and speaks to Nasidienus, is an Apostrophe truly heroic. This Figure is frequently used by Homer and Virgil, to awake an Attention in their Readers.

Mutatae frontis.] As Mr. Sanadon remarks, is an Expression like *bomo excellentis ingenii*, nor is it necessary to apply to the Greek Language to explain the Mystery.

88. *Pinguibus & fcis.*] It appears by this Line, says Mr. Dacier, that the Romans were fond of the Liver of a Goose, fattened with green Figs. But as this must have been an expensive Dish, our frugal Host chose rather to give his Guests the Liver of a Goose, fed in the common manner; but to make it appear fat and plump, he stuffed it with Figs.

Anferia

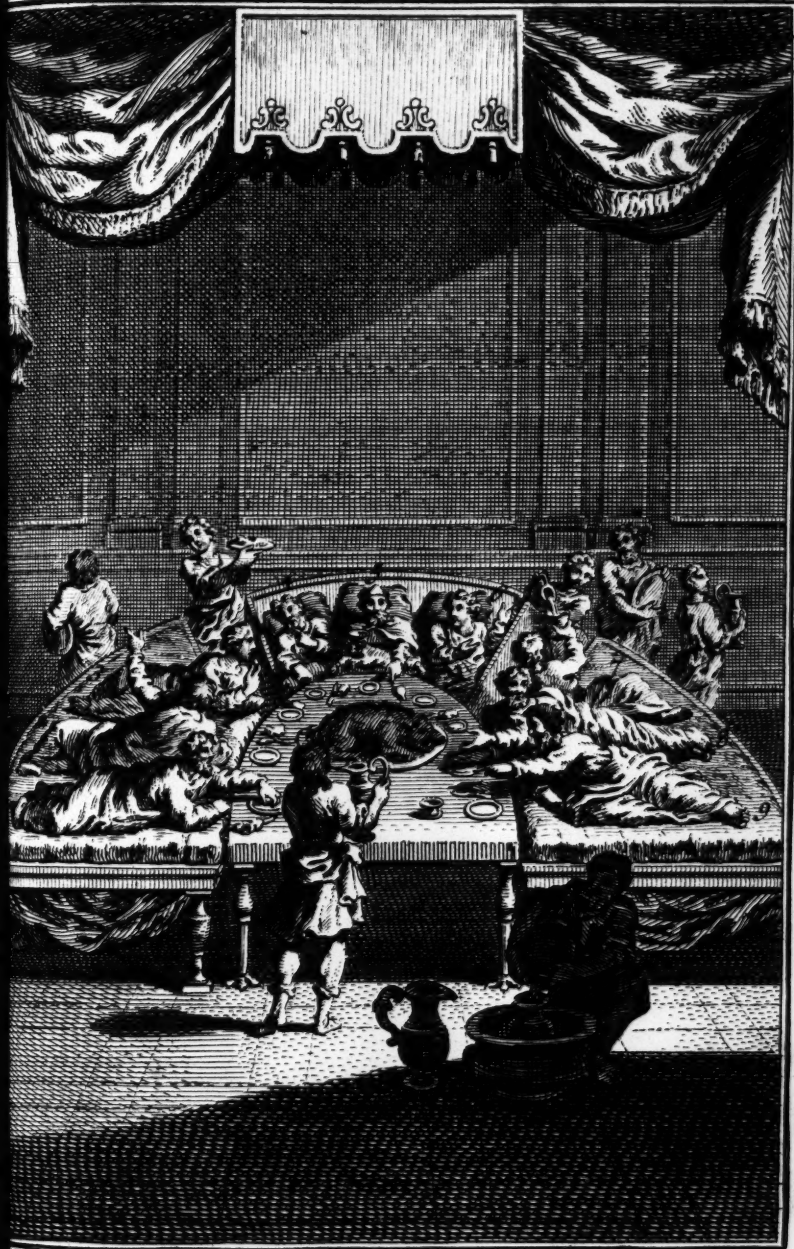
Et leporum avulsos, ut multò suavius, armos,
 Quàm si cum lumbis quis edit. Tum pectore adusto
 Vidimus & merulas poni, & sine clune palumbes ; 91
 Suaves res, si non causas narraret earum, &
 Naturas dominus : quem nos sic fugimus ulti,
 Ut nihil omnino gustaremus, velut illis
 Canidia adflasset, pejor serpentibus Afris. 95

[*Anseris albi.*] Our late Editions read *albæ*, but there seems a more whimsical Ridicule in the masculine Gender. People of Taste among the Romans were particularly fond of white Geese, as among us all white-legged Fowl are of politer Luxury.

89. *Et leporum avulsos.*] Nasidienus here improves upon the Maxims of Catius; for since the Wings of Hares are sweeter than the Back, he would have them dressed alone, *ut multò suavius quam si cum lumbis.*

91. *Sine clune palumbes.*] Our Host had probably bought these Ring-doves a cheap Pennyworth, since the Rumps, which are the most delicious Part of the Bird, were so tainted as not to be brought to Table.

The Dining-Room of NASIDIENUS *pl. 274.*



agnon Sculp.

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Fundanius. | 4. Servilius. | 7. Nomentanus. |
| 2. Viscus. | 5. Mæcenus. | 8. Nasidienus. |
| 3. Varius. | 6. Vibidius. | 9. Porcius. |

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Besides the Wings of Hares, for, so it seems,
No Man of Luxury the Back esteems.

Then saw we Black-birds with o'er-roasted Breast,
And lo ! without their Rumps the Ring-Doves dress'd,
Delicious Fare ! did not our Host explain
Their various Qualities in endless Strain,
Their various Natures ; but we fled the Feast,
Resolv'd in Vengeance nothing more to taste.
As if Canidia, with empoison'd Breath,
Worse than a Serpent's, blasted it with Death.

92. *Suaves res.*] These were delicious Rarities, to be sure ; but
their Host was even more insupportable than his Entertainment.
Therefore while he was impertinently philosophising on the various
Nature and Qualities of every Dish, his Guests left him to enjoy his
Wisdom, his Feast and his Parasites.

THE END of the THIRD VOLUME.



